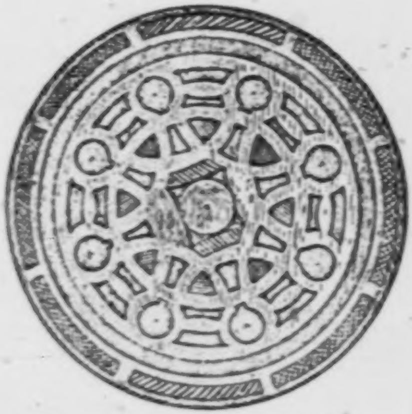
DJUKA

The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana 000

BY MORTON C. KAHN



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With an introduction
by Blair Niles and a foreword by Clark Wissler

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[Title Page]

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FOREWORD

EVER since the discovery of America, writers of books 114 have been busy tracking down clues to the transplanting of primitive cultures from the Old World to the New. For the most part these clues have proved false, but one case is made, the transplanting of pagan West African Negroes in northern South America. These Bush Negroes, as they are called, originated in slavery days as colonies formed by runaway slaves. There was room in the jungle and protection too. Something over two hundred years have elapsed since the first of these fugitive slaves set up communities of their own, twice as long ago as the founding of Chicago.

Several books have been written about the Bush Negroes, but none by an author so familiar with their intimate life as in the accompanying volume. For the reader to comprehend the Bush Negro, he must get the feel of the jungle; this he will have when he completes the first few chapters. Then our author carries him into the village where he looks in upon Bush Negro life and acquires some knowledge of quaint customs, most of which the slave ancestors of the present Bush Negroes brought with them from Africa.

CLARK WISSLER

Professor of Anthropology, Yale University; Curator in Chief, Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History.

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INTRODUCTION

I FIRST met the Djukas in St. Laurent, which is the prison 114
port of French Guiana, and the centre of the penitentiary
system which is popularly known as the Devil's Island Penal
Colony.

The Djukas come in to St. Laurent from the jungle. They
come to trade jungle rubber and timber for bright beads and
gunpowder and fish-hooks and the brilliant lengths of calico [439]
which they use as loin-cloths. When they have made their
purchases they often pause on their way back to the canoes
which they have left moored at the bank of the wide copper-coloured
river which separates French from Dutch Guiana.
They pause outside the penitentiary gates and stare at the
French convicts as they are marched out to the hard labour
which is part of their prison sentence.

And I could have had no more dramatic introduction than this to the wild free Djukas of the Guiana jungle.

The convicts march with the listless feet of diseased, under-nourished,
hopeless men. They are sad and silent. The Djukas 181
stand erect, confident, and free. In the primitive communism
of their forest life, they recognize no masters. It is in every
Djuka's power to live as well as does every other Djuka.
There is just enough social organization to keep order in the
tribe and no more. There are no anarchists among them. No

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181 one feels any grudge against society. There is small temptation to theft. There are, therefore, no questions of capital and labour, no leisure class, no organized industries, no exploitation either of men or of raw materials, no banks to rob, no checks to forge. Under such conditions economic crimes are practically eliminated. Man lives off the jungle and the streams which intersect it, and there are at his disposal uncounted miles of stream and of jungle. Such crimes as exist
[674 among the human inhabitants of these forests arise chiefly
578] in quarrels over women. But where divorce is free and in-
[586 stantaneous, and sexual relationships are taken lightly, even
833] the difficulties between men and women are enormously simplified.

114 And as these Djukas stood curiously staring outside the prison gates of St. Laurent, they seemed to me to stand in judgment. When I watched them get into their canoes and paddle upstream, returning to their green jungle fastnesses, and heard them call to one another from canoe to canoe, and heard their laughter ring out across the sunlit water, I felt that they went back to the forest, well content that their slave ancestors of two hundred years ago had fled from the white man and all his ways, back to the jungle, there to lead the primitive life of their African forbears.

I had gone to French Guiana to study the convict life of the Devil's Island Penal Colony. And when that had been completed, my husband and I made a journey through the interior of Dutch Guiana, travelling by the streams and trails used by fugitives from the French prisons. This is how we

happened to cover a fraction of the Djuka territory, so familiar 114
to Dr. Kahn.

We lived for a time at the Djuka village of Moengo Tappo, and from there visited other villages on neighbouring rivers and creeks. And there I felt again the sharp contrast between the primitive and the civilized. Through the Djukas, I saw civilization in perspective; and especially I saw that tragic phase of it which passes through prison gates.

Djuka life makes us stop to think all over again about everything. It makes us see what we have gained, as well as what we have lost.

There is, for example, no nonsense about white superiority among the Djukas. They are proud to the point of savage arrogance. Hatred and distrust of the white man are as much [209
a part of their inheritance as is their jungle lore. As among 186]
the Negroes of Haiti, you must win your way. But when you are finally accepted, not as a superior being, but as an equal, then how warm and charming a thing their friendship is!

The Djuka farewell to us is a beautiful memory. As we 576
passed down the river, between walls of forest where orchids 114
were in gorgeous blossom, the Djuka villagers came down to the water's edge to say good-bye, raising their hands high and bowing low to bring down blessings upon us.

Indirectly it was these Djukas who introduced me to Dr. 114
Kahn. At the time that we were in the Guiana forest Dr. Kahn was in another part of the same jungle, though neither of us knew of the presence or the existence of the other. Later, after our return to New York, our common interest in the

114 Djukas led a friend to arrange a dinner party for the purpose of bringing us together. And while we sat down to a glittering table and an elaborate meal, far away in the heart of the Guiana forest our mutual friends, the Djukas, were living the frugal life of the jungle. And our talk of them about that dinner table, brought, as every memory of them always brings, the same sense of acute contrast, and the same questioning of our own standards.

In our modern life of crowded interests, intense competition, and overproduction of all commodities, I feel strongly that a book must, from one angle or another, justify its existence.

And the justification for Dr. Kahn's *Djuka,* is not only that it is the best and most complete book on the subject, but that it gives us a perspective on our own problems. We have reached a point where we begin to realize that we must stop and take stock of this civilization, so painfully built by those who have gone before. We must be able to say what is good enough to survive, and what must be eliminated as a menace to human happiness. In what ways, for example, are the Djukas happier than we are? And how can we revise our life, so that we may include in it the b[illegible] of jungle life, without losing any of the good of our own civilization? We have come to a world crisis in which we must look at this subject very seriously and as clearly as may be. And if we are to get any light from primitive life, it is essential that the books to which we go for a picture of primitive conditions shall be accurate. Romanticized versions of tropic isles and idyllic jungles will be no more good to us than tales of Aladdin's lamp, or of godmothers with fairy wands, or of beneficent elves who, while we sleep, bring order out of our chaos. We need the truth and we have a right to demand it. And the outstanding quality of Dr. Kahn's book is this integrity which we so greatly need. He has applied to his study of the Djuka the same exactitude as that which has made him distinguished as a bacteriologist. And to this scientific exactitude he has added the zest of exploration, a feeling for beauty, and an affectionate understanding of the primitive Djuka.

He tells us that in the writing of the book he has been "inspired by sincere admiration of the manner and success of these escaped African people in the adaptation of their primitive culture to a new environment." But even more significant of the spirit of his work, is the fact that in his acknowledgments to Anthropologists and Colonial Secretaries and Governors, he includes gratitude to the black men who are the subjects of his book. "I am," he writes, "deeply indebted to the black men, particularly to Abaisa, the headman of Lombe; to Moi-Man and Bat-Jou of the Aucaners; to Ahleesie of the Boni tribe; and to old Captain Koffay of the Paramacca nation." But this sympathy with his subject never becomes sentimental. Dr. Kahn remains a scientist from the first page to the last: clear-sighted, without prejudice, and singularly free from self-consciousness or self-exploitation.

Dr. Kahn tells of this Djuka life as it is lived today in the depths of the Guiana forest. And he describes it in such accurate detail that the reader may stare at this jungle civiliza-

114- tion as the Djukas stand and gaze at the criminals of France.
And, through this study of the Djuka, the reader may know
Djuka life for himself. In the pages of Dr. Kahn's book he
114- journeys up tropical rivers to jungle villages whose names,
121 being translated are, "Try me," "God knows," "Don't Touch
[103] Me," and the "Village of the Foot that has no Resting-Place."
[55] He meets men whose names mean "Waving Flag," "He
Speaks the Truth," "Nice Fellow," "Laughs When He
Talks," and "Love Is Sweet."

Dr. Kahn takes his reader far into the interior, for his starting point is where superficial travellers end. The journey leads to the tribe which has two languages: one for ordinary use, and the other a secret language which they call "deepee talkee"; and to strange villages which a man must enter carrying a paddle before him as a symbol that he is voyaging. It is a journey among peoples proud and spirited and courageous, descended from ancestors so bold in their rebellion that they were able to conclude treaties whereby the white man paid them a tribute which their descendants still receive in the form of an annual gift from the Dutch authorities to the headmen of the various Djuka tribes. The reader thus finds himself among the only primitive people in the world to whom the white man pays tribute; among a people to whom magic is as real as science is to us; who believe that spirits, both good and evil, inhabit the very streams and trees of the forest; people who know how to manufacture courage through the hypnotic intoxication of the tomtom and how to get rid of fatigue in the ecstasy of the dance; people whose

art sense is devoted entirely to the decoration of gifts for their 114
women, while no pains are taken in the decoration of reli- 121
gious objects. The Djuka reasons that "if a God is a good God, well disposed toward the black man, he does not care whether his fetishes are well executed or not"; while, "if he is a bad God, he will continue to be bad, regardless of whether much time has been spent in adorning his fetishes."

All this is picturesque; but, let me repeat that Dr. Kahn does more than give a vivid and authentic study of this twentieth century primitive; somehow in a starkly true unbiased picture, without ever pointing a moral, or presenting a personal conclusion, he contrives to make us see ouselves at the same time that we see the Djuka. And in that achievement, I think, lies the great value of his book.

Blair Niles

New York City
November, 1930

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PREFACE

THE year 1929 witnessed the opening of the air-mail route 114
to Dutch Guiana, and it can be expected that before many years have passed the encroachments of industrial civilization will wipe out the last remnants of primitive West African culture in the New World. The Bush Negroes will be a vanished people, their culture gone, their habits and life forgotten. The African slave trade will then be only an historical memory.

Happily unaware of their probable extinction in a fast mechanizing world, these wild Bush Negroes still maintain in South America the ancient customs and venerable economy of the jungle dwellers of West Africa. Surinam is now an ethnological laboratory where one may study certain types of negroid jungle life in one of its purest forms. There the culture origins of the American Negro are preserved, as in a museum, by an historical accident.

In 1922, 1923 and 1925 I visited the South American tropics 121
for the purpose of studying public health measures as applied to tropical disease. These studies took me to the border of the Bush Negro countries. Although my contacts at that time were very brief, and my knowledge of the Bush Negro altogether limited, I was determined to return and study further the lives and customs of a people who, although only

121 glimpsed by me, seemed a problem worthy of being illuminated. Therefore in 1927 an expedition, under the auspices of Dr. Clark Wissler of the American Museum of Natural History, was undertaken with the financial aid of Mr. Myron I. Granger.

The short time allotted me during this expedition did not suffice for the gathering of much material on the history and culture of the Djukas; consequently in 1928 and 1930 further [122] expeditions under the same auspices and also financed by Mr. Granger were organized. Djuka is a composite picture of these several journeys.

101 As to the origin of the name "Djuka" there has been no little doubt. Many claim that it is a derivation of *Ouca* which was the name of the plantation where a treaty of peace was signed between the Bush Negroes and the whites nearly two hundred years ago. Perhaps that is true, for "Djuka" formerly applied solely to Bush Negroes of the Aucaner Auca tribe and is still so used by many but through widespread usage has come to designate not only the Aucaners, but all the Bush Negroes, collectively speaking.

121 This work makes no attempt at being an ethnological or anthropological account in the scientific sense of the words. It is a narrative of personal observation among these Bush Negro tribes set down with such accuracy as is possible for one trained in another field of science. Its purpose is to further the understanding of these primitive people and to acknowledge their superiority in their own scene. Finally, this book has been inspired by sincere admiration of the

manner and success of these escaped African people in the 121
adaptation of their primitive culture to a new environment.

I wish to express my deep appreciation to Dr. Clark Wis- 100
sler, Curator in Chief of Anthropology and Ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, for his advice and co-operation. The kind assistance of His Excellency, Baron van Heemstra, ex-Governor of Dutch Guiana, and His Excellency Dr. L. Rutgers, present Governor of Dutch Guiana will always be remembered. The aid offered me by Dr. F. van Haaren, Colonial Secretary, and James B. Lawton, American Consul to Dutch Guiana has been invaluable. Mr. Alexander Wolff of the Surinam Balata Company assisted me wherever possible in a most friendly manner, as did Mr. J. M. W. Strang of Paramaribo. Also Mr. R. M. Schmidt, missionary at the village of Gansee was very helpful.

To Mr. E. W. Rogalli I owe my profound gratitude as to a friend, guide, and adviser. With his thirty-five years of experience in the South American bush he helped me materially in gathering a considerable amount of the information which is incorporated in this book. His willing assistance greatly expedited and simplified my expeditions. I wish to express my thanks to my very good friend Dr. John C. Torrey, whose understanding and advice were of great value to me.

I am deeply indebted to the black men, particularly to 115
Abaisa, the headman of Lombe, to Moi-Man and Bat-Jou of the Aucaners; to Ahleesie of the Boni tribe; and to old Captain Koffay of the Paramacca nation, who, among other Bush Negroes acted as informants.

000 I wish to acknowledge also the co-operation of Dr. Melville Herskovits of Northwestern University who made an expedition with me in 1928 to gather material on the American Negro. My thanks are also directed to Blair Niles, whose understanding and knowledge of the black man added greatly to the spirit of my undertakings.

To my very good friend J. Blake Eggen, who has also visited Surinam, I wish to extend my warmest thanks and deep appreciation. His serious efforts assisted me greatly in the preparation of this manuscript. My gratitude is also extended to William Baake and to my wife, Ruth K. Kahn, for their drawings and to Dorothy Waring for her editorial assistance.

I appreciate greatly the aid afforded me by the officials of the Surinam Bauxite Company during my journey to the country of the Boni and Paramacca tribes of Bush Negroes.

One of the pleasures of writing this volume is the opportunity it gives me to acknowledge the aid of my friends, and in particular, of Mr. Myron I. Granger, whose understanding and generous interest in primitive people played a large part in making these expeditions possible.

Morton C. Kahn

Cornell University Medical College
New York City
1930

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DJUKA

The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana

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IN NORTH-EASTERN South America, more precisely in the hinterland of Dutch Guiana, there is a unique civilization little known to the white men of this continent. We know much of the strange life of the Congo and of the fascinating customs peculiar to the inhabitants of the Malay jungles, for a number of explorers have brought from the Eastern tropics the interesting accounts of their experiences. But of the Surinam Bush Negro, Djuka, as he calls himself, who nearly two hundred years ago fought his way out of slavery, of the survival of his African customs in the jungles of South America, little has been told. 114 101

The flush tides of imperialism have passed over these people, leaving them practically unaltered and unknown, unique among the Negro peoples of the world. They still maintain the life of jungle dwellers of the immemorial past.

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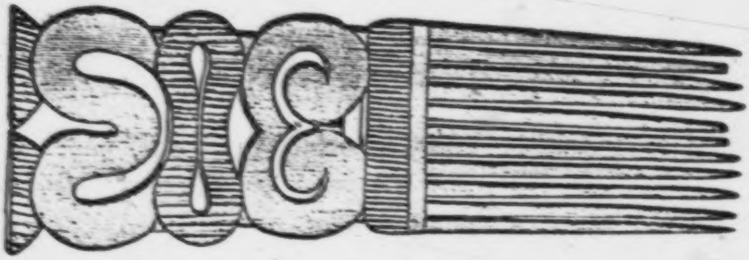
[1] [For caption, see category 16, p.204.--Analyst]

114 Today they are hunting game with the long bow. Tonight
101 their bodies will be contorted with the sinuous movements of African dances, to the dull thudding of the tomtom. The huts along the rivers of Surinam are like the huts beside the Congo, as they were in the days of Stanley and the early explorers. And in these huts, polygamously, the Bush Negroes live.

114 There is a vicious irony to that famous phrase which describes the backward peoples of the earth as "the white man's burden." The backward sections of the globe have been invaded for exploitation, and the exposure of the natives to civilization is invariably disastrous. In West Africa the process of civilizing the natives has in a single decade decimated many of the tribes. Exploitation has ravished them with disease and despair, the gifts of the white man to the sons of Ham. In strong contrast with this deplorable life along the Congo, the Bush Negroes of South America are a proud and hardy race, independent of the white man and usually contemptuous of him. They have come into contact with white civilization and survived. *They have fought the white man with his own weapons and defeated him, forcing him to sue for peace.* Transported to this hemisphere originally as slaves, they threw off their bondage and began life again in the New World. Slaves, they organized armies for conquest. Primitives, they were the first new people in the Western hemisphere to establish their independence.

They were enabled to do this by the wild and inaccessible jungle, the ancient abode of their ancestors. In the face of a desperate situation they established a civilization of their 114 own, which, because of the implacable necessities of the jungle, differs widely from our own. The Djuka tribes are unique. To call them savage because they do not live as we do is an error. Their way is the way of the jungle; they cannot do otherwise and survive.

The Bush Negroes are blood relatives of the Negroes of the United States, only a few generations removed. The West African slavers that supplied the Carolinas and West Indies got their human cargoes from the same Guinea coast. In Jamaica, Haiti, and the United States, the Negroes have had too much contact with white civilization to retain their own characteristics. Among the Djukas the Negro strain remains practically pure. Here in the jungle the white man is weak and dependent, and the Djukas, having tasted the white civilization, reject it in favour of their own.



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Chapter One

THE BLACK REBELLION

A GUINEA SLAVER, tacking up to Paramaribo. In the hold lay shackled Negroes, their bare bodies glistening with sweat. "Black Ivory" they were called. 648 175

Entrapped savages from the West Coast, transported nearly three thousand miles in slaving ships to the Dutch settlement in South America. Three months at sea, and they looked like leather-covered skeletons, those who were still alive.

Packed in a small space, without enough room to lie down, the slaves were forced to take turns at stretching out on the deck to sleep. The others squatted close together, straddling the ones lying down. The night air being considered pernicious, the portholes were closed when evening came, leaving the blacks to suffocate during the fetid dark hours. Sometimes the bare planks, combined with the rolling motion of the ship, rubbed off skin and flesh, leaving patches of bone exposed. Blood and filth were strewn about in an indescrib-

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1 [For caption, see category 116, p. 204. -- Analyst]

646 175 able mess. Only one in twenty survived the ordeal; the bodies of those who succumbed were dropped overboard to be covered over in a swirl of water. The ship went on.

The Surinam is a tan river. There is a sharp line where it meets the deep green of the Atlantic. Twenty miles up the winding stream is Paramaribo, the end of the voyage.

Hot wind blew the ship along, wafting away the odour of flesh. The ship turned and tacked around the broad slow bends of the river. Some of the Negroes realized that the voyage was over and became hysterical, expecting to be killed and eaten. Kidnapped from many different tribes of Africa, speaking no language but their local dialects, they had no way of knowing the fate in store for them. The cruelties of the voyage made them anticipate the worst. As a matter of fact, their immediate fate was to be sold to the planters of the Surinam, to labour on the sugar plantations of the colony. Perhaps the mangrove swamps beside the river recalled their former home.

On the western coast of Africa, between the Senegal River and the Congo country, particularly the Gulf of Guinea, lay the hunting-ground of the slave trader. Somewhere along the Ivory Coast or Gold Coast these Negroes were captured. To facilitate the handling of large numbers of slaves, forts were set up at intervals along the coast, under the command of Europeans. Here Negroes were accumulated in large pens, awaiting shipment. These "factories," as they were called, obtained the blacks by kidnapping them, or by bartering with tribes of the interior, who took them

captive in jungle wars. A raid on an African village, for 648
the purpose of obtaining captives to sell as slaves, is de- 175
scribed by an eye-witness, Captain Richard Drake, an Englishman who was captured and held prisoner by a tribe in Dahomey:

"When the night was somewhat advanced, the main portion of our force set off in small parties to creep on the unsuspecting town, and in about an hour a bright flame shot up followed by a chorus of yells, cries, and groans. In a few minutes the whole valley seemed in flames. From the brow of the hill I could see the Dahoman warriors running about whirling their weapons. The naked women and children were flying in all directions and in the light from the blazing huts I could see the wretched people rushing from the flames to be received on the spear points of their enemies. It was nearly morning when the work of capture and massacre was finished. . . . When we reached our valley there was a great feast and old King Mammee sat on his pile of sheepskins and distributed feathers to the principal men, and his priests made a solemn sacrifice of two young boys to the King's fetish. The poor lads were cut to pieces with knives by the women soldiers and afterwards burned before the idol."

Massacred by enemy tribes in the interior, taken to the coast face downward in dugout canoes, thrown into slave pens where many died, then the horrible voyage down the Middle Passage on a blood-washed slaving ship, to work under the lash on the sugar plantations of Dutch Guiana,

648 these captive Negroes experienced the lowest degree of hu-
175 man misery. They were mere beasts. Their civilizations
of Songhay and the Mellestine were forgotten.

Paramaribo, where the slaves landed, was then the only city in the Dutch settlement. It resembled a little piece of Holland transplanted to South America. Settled originally by the British, it was given to Holland in 1674 in exchange for the present city of New York, which was a crafty trade. Settlers from Holland gave the colony a Dutch atmosphere that it retains to this day. On this "wild coast" were to be found women in wooden shoes and burghers with long clay pipes.

A crowd usually gathered on the wharves at Paramaribo to watch a slaver put in. Planters in enormous hats and silken shirts walked conspicuously about, anxious to obtain more man-power for their fields. The Negroes were not going to be eaten, as they feared, but perhaps that would have been preferable for some of them. A landing of slaves in Dutch Guiana, some time later, was witnessed by Captain Drake:

"The blacks were landed at once and two days later were placed on sale in the market. There was a scarcity of hands on the sugar plantations and good prices were paid for the slaves. The Dutch maids, in short green jackets and scarlet petticoats, walked around inspecting the naked Africans as if it were a common thing. The auctioneer sat on a high chair at one end of the large room and the slaves stood on a stool in front of him. He made them turn round about,

as they stood in their breech-cloths before the people, and 648
the purchasers walked up and felt of them to try their flesh 175
and soundness. The darkies were obliged to go through every sort of motion. It seemed at times as if their arms would be pulled out of joint or their jaws cracked by some of the Dutchmen. One dame was not satisfied until she forced a wench to screech by squeezing her breast cruelly. In two days the vendue was over. The grown men fetched as high as a thousand guilders and the boys and girls and women from seven to eight hundred, which were considered good prices."

The slaves were then put to work in the sugar fields. The overseers treated them cruelly and enjoyed it, with the callousness of their century; overseers in Virginia and Jamaica were doing the same with no less zeal. The planter's lash was often "incrusted with blood."

Inevitably some Negroes tried to run away. Near by was the jungle, a refuge from the white terror. From time to time runaway blacks succeeded in escaping into the bush. There they joined other fugitives, forming small bands.

The character of the country favoured them. The undergrowth is so thick that overland travel is impossibly laborious and slow. The rivers, save for a short distance near the ocean, [133] are unnavigable because of their torrential rapids. The Surinam, up which the slave ships sailed to Paramaribo, has seldom been explored to its extreme upper reaches; it is *terra incognita* to white men.

The fugitives were quite at home in the jungle. In this

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[Facing p. 12]

Bush Negroes Paddling a Loaded Dug-Out Canoe Up the Rapids.
Photo by Curiel

648 natural sanctuary they reverted to their African habits of
175 living and began to multiply. Recapture being impossible, their bondage to the white man was definitely over. They propagated and prospered, but they did not forget those slave days behind them. Armed with firelocks and lances they began making raids on the outlying plantations. Revenge!

Resolute bands of them would descend on a plantation and massacre the whites. After carrying off the gunpowder, firelocks, and hatchets which they badly needed, burning the mansion, and freeing the slaves, they would disappear as quickly as they had come, leaving the colonists fuming at their impotence to punish them.

By 1726, but fifty years after the Dutch acquired Surinam, there was a large body of rebel slaves living in the bush around the Saramacca River. They were intrepid and merciless raiders—where would they have learned the meaning of mercy? Two years later a small military expedition was sent out from Paramaribo against them, but it was ineffectual. Back in the bush the Negroes were more than a match for the white man.

In 1730 the colonists succeeded in capturing eleven Bush Negro rebels and killed them by slow torture. One black was hanged to a tree by an iron hook thrust through his ribs; after being suspended thus for several days he finally died. Two were burned to death over a slow fire. Six women were broken on the rack, and two girls were decapitated. The tortures were endured heroically until death brought release.

The rebels were enraged. Their depredations became more 648
fierce. Now a rich planter would be paddling desperately 175
down to Paramaribo in the dark jungle night, leaving behind him a burning mansion in whose eerie light infuriated Negroes danced, triumphant over the sacking of a white man's home. Or perhaps there would be no survivor to tell of the night attack, but only some charred ruins, no less eloquent, in the morning. The colonists lived in constant terror, dreading attacks that did not come and paralysed with rage and fear over those that did.

The whites had blindly brought upon themselves the necessity, almost, of abandoning the colony. Unnecessary ill-treatment had driven the rebels to an extremity of revenge; inhuman tortures had seared in their brains a deep hatred for the masters. It is true that some of the plantation owners were as kindly disposed as the custom of the age permitted, but most of the planters ill-used their slaves. There was nothing to prevent it; the magistrates were fellow-planters, and no Negro could bring legal testimony. The black had no redress except in blood. The idea of revolt spread.

After twenty years of intermittent raiding, the colonists had had enough of it; Governor Mauricius, the head of the colony, sent a detachment of troops into the bush to find the rebels and conclude a treaty of peace, "so ardently desired." After some skirmishing they arrived at the rebel headquarters and opened negotiations with the Bush Negro chief, named Adoe. There, in 1749, a treaty was signed, the conditions of which were dictated by the rebel blacks. Chief Adoe

648 175 was presented with a large cane bearing the arms of Surinam, and, a more material gain, he extracted from the white negotiators a promise to turn over to him a large supply of arms and ammunition, along with other presents. As a pledge of friendship, Adoe presented them with a bow and arrows. Then the troops returned to Paramaribo.

The news of the treaty was variously received. Many planters expressed satisfaction, others doubted whether peace would be lasting. Some denied the advisability of handing out to the rebels more firelocks and gunpowder. As one man expressed it: "I must indeed confess that, notwithstanding the good intentions of Governor Mauricius, nothing appears to be more dangerous than making a forced friendship with people who, by the most abject slavery and ill usage, are provoked to break their chains and shake off their yoke in pursuit of revenge and liberty, and who, by the trust which is placed in them, have it in their power to become from day to day more formidable."

The following year the promised presents were sent upstream: checked linen and salt beef, spirits and salt pork, firearms and ammunition. The caravan was intercepted by an independent band led by a rebel called Zam Zam, who carried off the stock and murdered the carriers. Chief Adoe waited for the presents which did not come, and after long waiting finally concluded that they had never been sent, that the white men had cheated him with false promises. He declared the peace broken, and resumed the raids.

Thus an accident reopened the series of terroristic scenes;

death and destruction again spread throughout the plantations. 648 The imprudent governor was recalled to Holland, and 175 never returned. Six hundred Dutch troops arrived as reinforcements for the colony, but they could not allay the distress. Besides the Saramacca rebels, a new revolt started in the region of the Tempati Creek, and was immediately successful. Dutch troops sent against it were defeated repeatedly. By 1757 the whites were again compelled to sue for peace, and a parley was agreed to.

The colonists were represented by two commissioners, Sober and Abercrombie, who carried presents with them to the Tempati rebels under the command of Chief Araby. He represented the new generation of Bush Negroes, born not in Africa but in the South American bush and having no personal memory of the slave ships. He received the white commissioners politely, and quieted their apprehensions regarding the ensuing parley.

During the negotiations a rebel captain named Boston became irate at the commissioners' presents and wanted to know whether the Europeans thought that the Bush Negroes could live on combs and looking-glasses. He ended his oration with a demand that the two commissioners be held as hostages. Another captain, bearing the African name of an Ashanti chief, Quaco, took the opposite side and spoke in defence of the white representatives. Finally Chief Araby dictated the terms of peace, making Abercrombie draw up a list of conditions to be agreed to, and merchandise to be delivered. The Dutch government was allowed a year to

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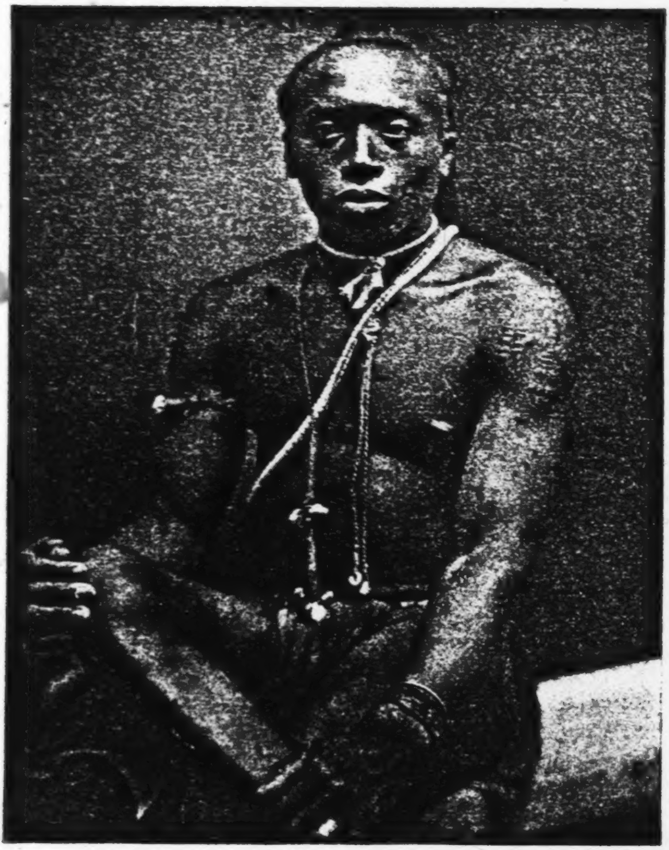

A Typical Bush Negro of the Aucaner Tribe, Lower Cottica River, Dutch Guiana. Note scar tissue decoration on arm.

Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 16]

648 deliberate; at the end of that time it could choose either peace
175 or war. The Negroes were ready for either.

When a bush chief finishes speaking, all the members of the gathering nod their heads and say "*Daso*," or "That's so." As Araby finished, there was a general murmur of "*Daso*." The parley concluded with an elaborate entertainment for the commissioners, after which they were sent back to Paramaribo, accompanied by no escort, but with these proud instructions:

"We desire you to tell your Governor and your court that in case they want to raise no new gangs of rebels they ought to take care that the planters keep a more watchful eye over their own property, and do not trust them so frequently in the hands of drunken managers and overseers, who by wrongfully and severely chastising the Negroes, debauching their wives and children, neglecting the sick, etc., are the pain of the colony and wilfully drive to the woods such members of stout active people who by their sweat earn your subsistence and without whose hands your colony must drop to nothing and to whom at last in this disgraceful manner you are glad to sue for friendship."

Suing for peace, with the Negroes they had formerly owned body and soul! There was a vast difference between these arrogant, victorious blacks and the whipped slaves still coming over the Middle Passage. These men were no longer servile; they were free.

At the conclusion of the year of grace two commissioners came up the river again, bringing with them the required

presents; again the white man acknowledged his defeat. The 648
presents were delivered to the Bush Negroes at Joca Creek, 175
where the parley had been held, fifteen miles east of Tempati. Here at the Ouca Plantation in 1761 a treaty of twelve or fourteen articles was signed by the white commissioners and sixteen blacks. They all took the sacred oath and drank each other's blood, mixed with spring water and ceremonial clay, from a calabash cup, while the *Gadoman* or high priest "with upcast eyes and outstretched arms took heaven and earth to witness."

The multitude responded *"Daso."*

Araby delivered four of his captains as hostages to Paramaribo, where they were entertained at the Governor's table. Considering an oath sacred, the Negroes never violated the treaty. They adhered to it so strictly that, when other Negroes escaped, this tribe helped the whites recapture them, thus incurring the enmity of many of their own people.

No sooner had the treaty been signed with one tribe than a fresh rebellion broke out in another part of the colony. The next revolt, at Berbice, was unsuccessful; the Bush Negroes were defeated and their villages looted. The whites were aided in this by three tribes of native Indians, the Caribs, Acaways, and Arawaks. When the Dutch general handed some Bush Negro loot over to these Indian allies, his own troops became dissatisfied and deserted. Seventy deserters marched overland through the bush, attempting to join the Spaniards on the Orinoco River. They were intercepted and captured by a large force of rebel Negroes, who executed

648 fifty of them. Shortly afterward the entire revolt was quelled,
175 and the Negro leaders burned alive six at a time. The remaining twenty deserters from the Dutch militia were brought to Paramaribo and executed by being hanged or broken alive.

After this setback, other rebellions broke out afresh in a different section of the colony. These outbursts were known as the Cottica rebellion, and were more formidable than even the Saramacca and Tempati revolts. Pillage was extended in every direction, and the colonists at Paramaribo lived in daily terror of a massacre. By 1772 hope of maintaining the colony had almost been relinquished; the Dutch were ready to admit that the finishing blow had been given to Surinam. The planters abandoned their homes and flocked to Paramaribo for refuge. Even there they could hear at night the throbbing of Negro drums.

In a desperate effort to save the settlement, faithful slaves were manumitted and armed, to act in conjunction with the colonial troops against the rebels. To send Negro against Negro was a hazardous resolve. At the same time the Society of Surinam appealed to the Prince of Orange for aid. Two companies of mercenaries, twelve hundred strong, were dispatched to the relief of the stricken plantations.

This was perhaps "the most extraordinary expedition ever undertaken by European troops." Among the officers of the expedition was an Englishman by the name of Captain John Stedman, of Tifferton, Devonshire, a free-lance soldier of fortune, who wrote a long account of his adventure. His *Nar-*

His *Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition Against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam in Guiana on the Wild Coast of South America* is a record of strange happenings that could not occur again.

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Many of the soldiers died en route, so reinforcements of three hundred men were sent from Amsterdam. Two hundred and fifty of these died on the way. The remainder were prepared for active service against the rebels. Acting with them were three hundred auxiliary troops, consisting of emancipated slaves under the command of white leaders. Such Negroes, freed for the purpose of fighting, were known as "rangers." They were given trousers and scarlet caps, armed with firelock and sabre, and taught the Dutch password, "*Orange!*" to distinguish them from rebel Negroes and prevent "disagreeable mistakes" during the fighting.

Under the command of the rebel leader Baron, whose very name sufficed to cause panic in any part of the colony, the Bush Negroes had established a strong settlement between the Cottica River and the seacoast. One proud rebel town was known as *Boucou,* which means "*Dust.*" It was entirely surrounded by swamp, with secret paths under water, leading to gates in the palisade wall. Before the gates Baron placed swivel guns. On the whole it had the reputation of being "no contemptible fortification." There was another camp of rebel Negroes at Lee Shore, between the Surinam and Saramacca rivers. From these armed camps they made night forays into the plantations, robbing fields and stealing women.

Against Boucou the desperate Dutch sent a detachment

648 175 of troops under the command of Captain Mayland. They camped on the border of the swamp, finding they could not cross it. Baron raised his white flag of defiance and the militia fired many useless fusillades. They planned a siege and a bridge of boats across the marsh, but both plans were abandoned when a ranger discovered an underwater path to the fortification.

Making a feint attack by rapid firing on one side of the swamp, Mayland drew the defenders to that side. Meanwhile, the troops crossed on the opposite side, swarmed over the palisadoes without encountering opposition, and fell upon the blacks from behind. Boucou was taken in a swirl of carnage.

Most of the Bush Negroes managed to escape; finding ten or twelve rangers stuck in the swamp, they slit their throats on the way. The white men's prisoners were put to horrible deaths. Stedman describes one as hanging for three days on a hook through his ribs, trying to drink the rainwater that rolled down his chest. He was finally killed with the butt of a musket. The story also tells that another captive was being flogged near the suspended Negro. When the beaten prisoner cried out in pain, the first one taunted him with weakness, saying, *"You mong? Da boy fasee,"* which means, "Are you really a man? You act like a boy!" Other captives had wooden splinters driven under their fingernails and toenails, after which they were quartered by being tied to four horses driven in different directions. As for young women being roasted alive, says Stedman, "Nothing was more common in the colony." This is probably an exaggeration.

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Not long after this, Captain Mayland, the victor of Boucou, was caught with his troops in an ambuscade while fording a swamp. Up to their armpits in water, the Europeans and their rangers were unable to return the rebel fire. The whole party was wiped out. A few captives were taken back to the rebel village, stripped naked, and beaten to death before the assembled population to provide an afternoon's amusement.

But the colony was saved for the whites. Cruelties continued on both sides, those of the civilized Europeans equalling those of the savage. On one plantation Stedman saw a young woman hanging to a tree, being flogged with two hundred lashes. Seeing her stripped and covered with blood, he protested mildly. Enraged that anyone should venture to come between him and his slaves, the overseer ordered the punishment doubled, and the lashes went on.

In 1775, when the revolutionary spirit was also beginning to flame in North America, the mercenaries entered the Guiana jungle against the rebels for the last time. In this detachment were two hundred European troops and a hundred rangers, commanded by a Colonel Fourgeod. The first day they travelled due east from Paramaribo, cutting their way eight miles through the bush with billhooks. The following days they continued this laborious chopping of a path, and at night campfires were forbidden lest they draw the attention of the Bush Negroes. They proceeded in three columns, guarded by flankers. After marching a week, they stumbled

646 upon the rebel village of *Gado Saby*. The name means "God
175 Understands." The Dutch detachment came out of the bush into an oblong rice field, where the rebels met them with an impassioned defence of the village. The black warriors fired from the ground or from behind trees. Each was supported by two others, one to take his place if he were killed and the other to drag his body away. Trusting to their *obeiahs*, or talismans, for protection against enemy bullets, the rebels exposed themselves rashly and many were killed.

The Dutch found the opposing troops manœuvred in a masterly manner. The defence of the village was admirable. The Negroes even cut down trees about the village to impede the Dutch advance. It was soon noticed that, although the Bush Negroes were firing rapidly, few Europeans were injured and none were killed. Afterward the surgeons found out why. They discovered in the wounds many pebbles, coat buttons, bits of silver, but no bullets. The rebels had none. This was all that saved the whites from extermination. The blacks surrounded them, had them at their mercy—but lacked bullets to clinch the victory.

Pressing on, the Dutch reached the town. The Negro chieftain, Captain Bonny, immediately set fire to it, and his troops retired in good order. This turned out to be a very effective stroke, for it left the whites with no shelter and little provisions. Every rebel rice field that the whites could locate had been burned, as usual.

Camped on the charred site, the rangers amused themselves by bowling with severed human heads. It was, as Sted-

man noted, a *condree fasee*—a custom of the country. Rifles 648
were found, all lacking flint, for which the Europeans had 175
good reason to be thankful. In the village were found silver
spoons pillaged from the estates, along with china and other
ware. The rebels were observed to be healthy, and lacking
nothing but bullets and flint. Their diet contained ingenious
makeshifts. Salt they obtained from the ashes of a palm tree, [252
and butter from condensing the fat of the palm tree worm. 262
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That evening the rebels crept near the European encampment and began shouting curses, threats. All night the jungle resounded with the yells of rebels and the replies of rangers. The hatred of the revolted blacks for the loyalist rangers knew no bounds. They swore that no ranger should ever leave the bush alive. They dared the planters to enter the woods. Finding so much communication going on, Colonel Fourgeod decided to join in, and began "hallooing." He offered the rebels food, drink, and freedom if they would lay down their arms.

The reply was curt and contemptuous. They "damned him for a French bastard," saying, "We are free men. You soldiers are white slaves, hired to be shot at for fourpence a day."

Fourgeod swore to pursue Bonny to the end of the earth. The following day the troops pressed on to the next village, *Cofaay,* which signifies "Try Me." They found it deserted. Lacking ammunition, the blacks had realized the impossibility of putting up a defence. So they made a great noise in the night, under cover of which Cofaay was evacuated. While the loud shouting was going on, the food of the next village had

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Aucaner

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Aucaner Woman and Children. Upper Comotibo River, Dutch Guiana.

[Facing p. 24]

646 been packed in baskets and transported to a safe place. The
175 Dutch, tricked by the wily Bonny, found Cofaay bare.

Provisions being imperative, a small detachment was sent back to Paramaribo for them. The detachment was cut off by the rebels. European soldiers were spared, but every ranger was killed, since the rebels had sworn none of them should leave the bush alive.

After one or two other engagements, in which the Bush Negroes were defeated, with the help of Indian tribes, the expedition returned to Paramaribo. Both sides had fought each other to a standstill. The Europeans were weary of the hazards of the bush, of the vicious fire-ants and carnivorous
[130] mosquitoes. Above all they knew that if the Bush Negro had possessed ammunition they would never have returned.

From this point on the warfare ceased by common consent. The Bush Negroes were left alone to duplicate in the American forest their former life in Africa. The slaves who never revolted were finally emancipated in the nineteenth century, and their descendants today, still living with the whites in Paramaribo, are known as Town Negroes. The bush tribes call them *bahkra schlaff*, or "white man's slave."

It may be of interest to recall the names of some of the old 648
villages which constituted places of refuge for the escaped 175
slaves in the early days and from which many of the forays 103
were conducted against the white plantations. In the jungle 361
between the Surinam and the Saramacca rivers were the following: 621

[622]

Villages	*Headmen or Captains*
Acoro-kriki	Aletoo
Attoma-kriki	Attama
Awara	Davo
Congo-kriki	Attoma
Doussou-kriki	Mufinga
Cabrolte	Primo
Janwiri-kriki	Kwakoo, Klaas, Pedro
La Motte	Foolon
Matawarie	Adoo
Loango	La Motte
Toofinga	Coffie
Wana	Mathysie
Pada	Pambo, Magondi, Darie, Samsam

Higher up the rivers, separated from these, were still more villages continuing right on to the Brazilian frontier, even on to the Orinoco River, where some of the escaped slaves mixed with the Indians.

The villages between the Surinam and the Marowyne rivers were the following:

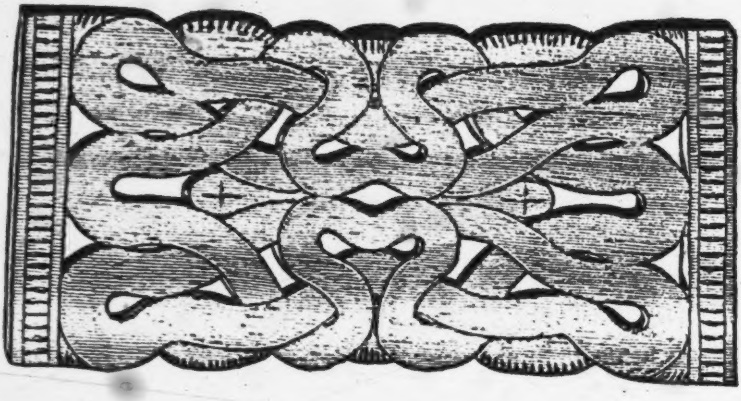
To the north of Paramaribo, between the Duivelsbroek

648 (Devil's Pants) Swamp and the ocean was the village of
175 No Meli Mi (Don't Touch Me).
103
361 On the Upper Surinam River at the source of the Surnau
621 Creek and to the north of the plantation Maasstroom there was a village called Broos Condree; on the right bank of the lower Commewyne River, the village of the Headman Kopro-Kanoo (Copper Cannon) was situated.

On the Upper Cottica were the following havens of refuge:

[622]

Villages	*Headmen or Captains*
Gado Saby	David Voro
Corsary	Pamo (Governor)
Meli Mi	Araby
Mi Sa Lasi	Boston
Tesi	Abram
Boesi Krei	Thoma
Kwami Condree	Coffie
Karoe Condree	Jan Prado
Areisi Condree	Quakoo
Boucou	Baron
Aroukou	Bonny, Joli Coeur



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Chapter Two

UPRIVER

EIGHT miles an hour the river moves, down long stretches of rapids and fast water, over great rocks in the river-bed. Any sort of outboard motor would be torn to pieces. There is nothing to do but pole upstream in dugout canoes to the Djuka country. 133

Bush Negro boatmen, with glossy thighs and heaving backs, stand at the bows. They plant their great ten-foot poles in the river-bed and pull against them. As the motion of the boat carries them past the planted poles, they walk back along the gunwales, pushing the poles to the extreme end. They are retrieved, wheeled in a great arc, and again planted in the river-bed. This makes a rare picture in the sunlight on 502

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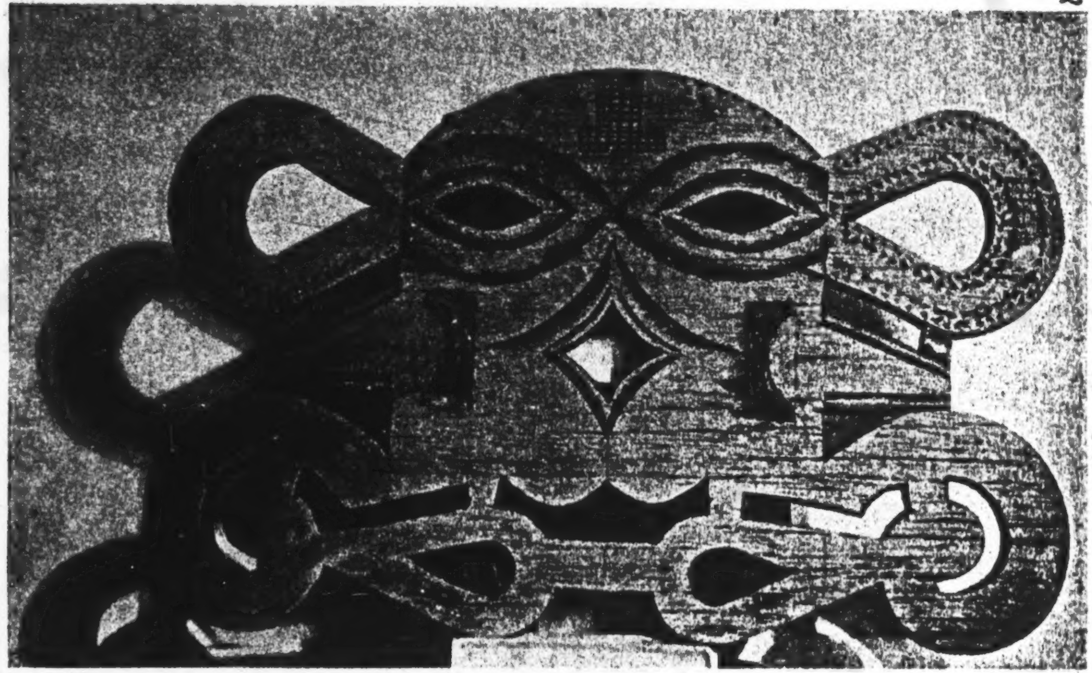
^ [For caption, see category 116, p. 204. -- Analyst]

[Facing p. 28]



Bench Top Carved from a Single Piece of Wood: Human Face Motif. *Aucaner Tribe*, Sara Creek District. This specimen shows striking West African characteristics.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

562 the river—the glinting light on the black skins, shining with sweat and spray, and the veined muscles that roll and subside as the dripping pole goes down, first one end and then the other, into the yellow water. Hour after hour they strain their bodies against the bending poles. Without warning a [132] heavy tropical downpour will blanket the river with sheets of rain, but the *corials* (canoes) go on. When the rain stops the hot sun quickly dries the black skins.

137 All along the river the foliage towers upward from the
502 water's edge. Great trees rear high their masses of limbs and verdure. Going upstream the boatmen stay close to the bank, for there the current, checked by myriads of roots, is not so swift. Often the men can reach out of the corial and touch the foliage. In sharp contrast with this green is the brown colour of the muddy stream. The sunlight glares on the surface, except where the overhanging wall of trees throws a shade upon the water. The black boatmen blend in with the yellow river, the green foliage, and the metallic sky.

136 Parrots scream overhead. A pair of scarlet macaws cackle at each other. Leaping fish shimmer in the sunlight, falling back into the river with a white splash. Bats from underneath logs, disturbed by human intrusion, disappear into the bank a hundred feet ahead. The corials are eyed intently by parakeets feeding high up in the air, perched on tree limbs along the bank. Little black and white swallow-like skimmers scurry over the water just forward of the bow, which keeps pushing on through the white riffles. Huge water-fowl flap their wide wings and sail gracefully away.

Hot sun . . . Gush of rapid water . . . Bees and dragonflies 484
cruise about. . . . Rain . . . Hot sun . . . There is a
crash of branches in the bush; some animal, probably a tapir.
. . . Kingfishers chase each other over the yellow bosom of [136]
the river. . . . Talkee-talkee chatter. . . . The white man
curses the flies. . . . That tiny speck a mile high is a vulture,
wheeling without effort in great circles. . . . Rapids . . .
Cloud-banks in the sky. High-lights on the river . . . Hot
sun . . . Poling up the rapids . . . Grunting Negroes lean
on the slick wet poles. . . . Still water . . . The paddlers
step overboard to drag the boat up a difficult piece of rapid
water. . . . The canoe is stuck on a rock. . . . It swings broadside
to the current. . . . The river almost wins; we get away
by a hair's breadth. . . . Over into the still water . . .

Moi-Man sings a Djuka song. . . . Alligators sunning on [136]
sandbanks . . . Gorgeous Morpho butterflies go by on shimmering
blue wings. . . . Jewellery is made from them.
. . . Showers of little white butterflies cross the stream, fluttering
tirelessly. . . . A feast for the swallows . . . Spray
from the fast waves . . . Wet tarpaulin over the baggage . . .

The forest is as impassable now as it was in the days of the
rebellion. There is no way of penetrating the interior except
by travelling up one of the great rivers of Surinam. The Bush [487
Negroes spend much of their time on the rivers; their watercraft 491]
is exquisite. To make the laborious passage upstream
the expedition is entirely dependent upon these black polers.
They consent to accompany the white men—*bahkras* as they
are called—with no great eagerness. The Djukas realize that

484 they must tolerate a certain amount of intrusion, and negotiations for canoes and paddlers can be made for occasional journeys upstream.

648 The Bush Negroes sometimes come down to Paramaribo, but on the whole they have no desire for contact with white civilization. At one or two points along the lower rivers trading-posts have been set up by the Surinam Balata Com-
000 pany. The post near Kabel, on the Surinam River, is connected with Paramaribo by a small railroad, the only one in the colony. Once a week a tiny locomotive hauls some wooden coaches up to Kabel, a journey of nine hours. For a few miles the train passes through cleared plantation lands before plunging into the bush, the engine making as much as twenty miles an hour when it is going well. A few Hindu and Indian villages are scattered along the route. When the train stops at Republiek, swarms of Hindu fruit dealers attack the passengers: Carib Indians, coloured like ripe mangoes, can be seen holding themselves proudly aloof from such merchants. A little further on the *pork-knockers* detrain. They are free-lance blacks, seeking a fortune by washing for gold in the yellow waters which roll down from the foothills of the distant mountains.

484 Here, at Kabel, one river trip begins. The trading factor,
648 Mr. Alexander Wolff, had negotiated with the Bush Negroes for two forty-foot dugouts, capable of carrying a thousand pounds of luggage and equipment, and had secured four Bush Negro paddlers. One is named Quacoe, the famous name of the Tempati rebel, and another is called Flagawai,

or Waving Flag. There is also a town cook, known as Bundle. 484

It is grey on the misty river when we leave Kabel to take 648 up the journey into the interior. The corials are wet with fog.

A group of villagers stands on the bank to watch our departure. The last evidence of civilization is the corrugated iron shack which marks the terminus of the railroad. The baggage has been transferred to the canoes, and the paddlers take their places. We shove off on the tawny river. The villagers shout a farewell: *"Wakka bon na watra, bahkra."*—"Walk well on the water, white man."

Seeing these black-skinned paddlers dimly through the morning mist, one can easily imagine being on the Niger, headed into the interior of Africa. They are characteristic West African types, with broad noses, thick lips, and kinky [142] hair. There are no evidences of racial mixture, no hybrids, no mulattoes. Noticeably aristocratic in bearing, they are carefully groomed and carry themselves admirably. In parleying with the white man they show no deference, for they have no sense of inferiority. They remember the rebellion.

The corials are paddled over a short stretch of quiet water before the rapids begin. It is not long, however, before the boatmen lay down their paddles and take up the great poles. The rhythmic heaving begins. After a few miles they draw the canoes in to the bank, for no apparent reason. Their wives appear out of the bush, bringing the men some extra supplies for the journey. There is an additional loin-cloth for each [291] paddler, and two togas, worn over the shoulder. The native substitute for a valise, in which these clothes are packed to [415]

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[Facing p. 32]

The First Glimpse of a Bush Negro Village on the Upper Surinam River.

484
648 keep them dry, is a carved calabash gourd, with a tight-
[415] fitting waterproof cover made from another gourd. These
are stored away amidship, along with high piles of cassava
[272] cakes and jugs of mareepa oil, the native soft drink. The
women also add to the cargo a small gipsy cooking-pot and
an unclean shotgun.

There is much talkee-talkee during the loading. After the lapse of some time a second start is made, and the poling begins again. After hours on the river, around bend after bend, and through innumerable passages of rapid and rough water, we encounter a Bush Negro corial coming downstream. In it are two paddlers, and a woman with a little boy. Immediately the Djukas bring the boats together for a gossip and palaver. The strangers pay little attention to the bahkra, except a curt nod in answer to his greeting. But they ask the paddlers all about the white man, who he is, where he is going, and where he comes from. Flagawai replies in detail, and for his part asks news of the upper river. The strangers have come from a distant, picturesquely named village many days up the Surinam River, Futu No Habbe Ackaba, "The Foot That Has No Resting-Place." This signifies the long journey required to reach it, but the phrase might be taken as symbolical of the many enforced journeyings of the Negro race.

The powwow continues for some time. Our restless hints pass unnoticed. Unlike other natives, who can be commanded and beaten, the Djukas are independent; to give them orders is out of the question. The traveller who at-

Saramaccaner

tempted it would find himself deserted by his paddlers, lug- 484
gage deposited in the bush, scrupulously intact, while his 648
paddlers went along the river warning the villages against the malicious bahkra. And there he would remain, set down in the bush, unable to get more paddlers, until hunger made him humble. In the interior there is no means of transportation, no communication, except by Djukas. So on the whole the white man is largely subject to the will of his guides, over whom he has only nominal control; it behooves him to put up with their whims, and to avoid the mistake of trying to command them.

Gradually the canoes float apart, but the talking continues. 198
A thought pops into a black head and is shouted across the 484
intervening water. Questions, answers, continue though the 648
boats are now some distance away from each other. To make their words carry far over the water, the Djukas actually lower their voices, singing out the words in a sustained, resonant tone that makes a mellow sound across the waves. This long drawn-out "Ah-e-e-e" can be heard after the other corial has passed far down the river. Out of sight around a bend, we can still hear the other Bush Negroes intoning strange words.

Not being able to follow the conversation, we ask the cook, 198
Bundle, what it's about. Bundle does not know. The Djukas 191
are not using talkee-talkee now. They are using an obscure 484
tongue. When the Bush Negroes converse with outsiders 648
they employ the talkee-talkee language which white men and Paramaribo Town Negroes can understand. But they also

484

648 have a tribal language called *odo, deepee-talkee,* or *Saramacca-*
[191 *tongo* known only among themselves; they are members of
198] the Saramaccaner tribe.

Before the other corial is out of earshot, the Djukas bid us good-bye with the familiar words: *"Wakka bon na watra, bahkra!" "Gran danke, matio"*—"Many thanks, my uncle," we respond, adding the *o* sound to the last word to make it carry over the waves, as they do. To them "uncle" is the most
[576 respectful appellation that can be used, similar to our respect-
604] ful use of the word "father." For them a maternal uncle is more important than a father.

For a while now the poling continues in silence. Further on we pass a lone Djuka on the bank, skilfully setting a fish trap constructed of sticks and *lianas.* Far away upstream can be heard the muffled report of a shotgun; some black hunter is bringing in game. The angry currents slap constantly against the side of the corial. We round another bend and see ahead only more rapids, where rocks make innumerable white ripples in the muddy water.

A stop is made for lunch at one of the many islands. Bundle brings out canned food and the gipsy pot. The river looks enticing and cool. The bahkra begins taking off his clothes for a swim in the water near shore. The Negroes are abashed at his nakedness, and Bundle tactfully advises him to be more modest.

136 The waters in this part of the great South American rain forest are infested with the Brazilian piranha or piraya (*Serrasalmo sp.*), a species of carnivorous fish. They are small,

something like bass, but with undershot thick jaws and 136
heavy teeth. They run six to eight inches long and seldom
weigh more than half a pound. But they travel in schools and
attack simultaneously, so that any flesh in the water, human
or otherwise, with a bloody surface exposed, is torn to pieces
in a short time. If a bush-hog is killed and suspended in the
water, the smell of blood attracts these fish; in an incredibly
short space of time the carcass is wholly devoured.

The Djukas have learned to be wary of this fish. On one 136
occasion, when trading for a drum at an Aucaner village, 484 648
the blacks handed the drum out to the corial on a long pole, 502
rather than step a few feet into the water. Despite this fear,
in poling upstream it is frequently necessary for the paddlers
to get out of the canoe in water up to their armpits and
forcibly drag it over the rocks. On such occasions their courage
is immediate and unfailing. They enter the water, knowing
that piraya may be present. There is no other way of
getting the boats over rock-studded pieces of fast water,
where paddles are useless and poles insufficient. They jump
out into the river, taking the chance of having pieces of flesh
excised from their limbs.

Fear of this fish prevents constant bathing in all parts of 136 484
the river. Now, however, after a long hot trip, the lure of a 648
cool bath in the fresh flowing water overcomes the bahkra's
caution, but the Djukas, as soon as they have grasped the
white man's intention, will not permit him to enter the water.
They gesticulate violently, waving him back with rapid and
excited words—no, no, he cannot go in—piraya, piraya! He is

136 484 648 almost forcibly prevented. But when the day's journey is over, and we have camped for the night in an upriver village, the paddlers will take the risk of bathing in the cool stream. Even though there are no piraya in the immediate vicinity, the bathers will not linger long.

◆

484 648 All the long, heavy afternoon the Negroes toil slowly with the great poles. Troe stops to cut some herbs for medicine. Flagawai sharpens the end of his pole with a bush-knife to give it a better grip on the river-bed. We have never seen better paddling, not even in the Canadian woods, where the Indian guides retain the canoe-craft of the American aborigines, nor on the Mazaruni River in British Guiana, where the black diamond-seekers haul their great whaling boats over the rapids.

There is a low falls across the river. The corials have to be dragged up over the slanting slippery rocks into the higher water beyond. Everyone gets out. The boatmen quietly decide the best path; there is little hesitation and no debate. Brown hands catch hold of the gunwales and brown feet begin to strain willingly on the slick wet rocks. The lumbering boat slowly mounts the incline. Here again the white man's life is in the hands of the Negroes; if the corial were to upset, the food would be lost, and the trip would end disastrously.

The blacks are proud of their water skill. Upsetting a canoe 484
or drowning a passenger are disgraces that no man can ever 648
live down. But they are rare occurrences. The Indians of this 501
part of the continent, not nearly so skilful, use a different
style of canoe and paddle. Djuka paddles are hewn with a
bush-knife from a solid plank of hard wood, and finished off [322]
with an ordinary pocket-knife. The handle is frequently
pierced with delicate ornamental work, the entire piece beautifully
balanced to handle easily. The men's paddles are as
tall as they are, but the women's are shorter and more elaborate.
Tiny ones are given children as soon as they are big
enough to hold them, so that the Djuka's water skill is the
result of a lifetime on the river.

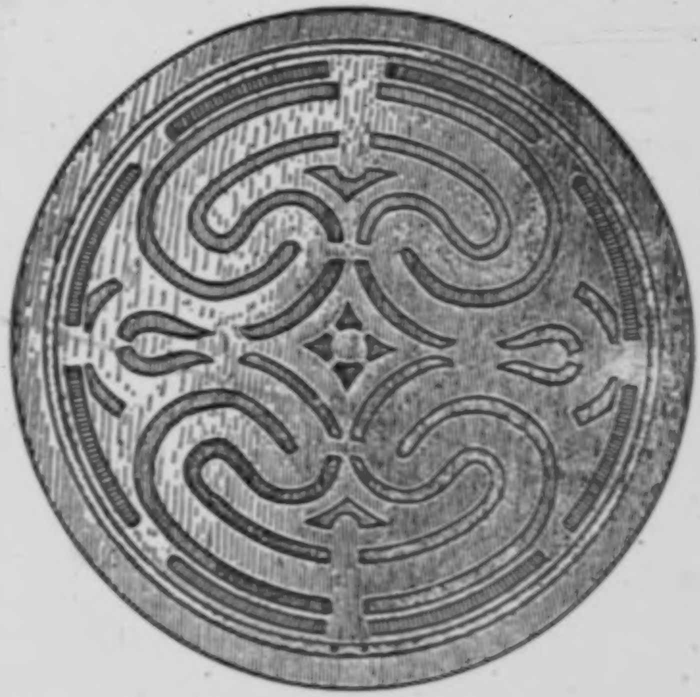
All the boats are dugouts; no canvas or bark canoe would 396
last long in these rapids. They are manufactured out of big [501]
trees, which are felled and allowed to season. Then the centres
are hollowed out with fire and adze; nothing is left but the
shell of the trunk, with perpendicular sides and a rounded
bottom. This is filled with water, into which hot rocks are
dropped. The heated water softens the wood, enabling
thwarts to be thrust in, forcing the gunwales apart. The ends
are then symmetrically curved up and are often carved. Seats,
as well as bow and stern pieces, are often carefully decorated.
The entire boat has a distinct West African style. When completed 501
it is from eight to forty feet long. Ours has a large [17]
sunshade of thatched grass near the stern, because the white 648
man is too soft to endure the sun's rays. Under the shade we
have a camp-chair, a little comfort for the long trip. The

501
648 other canoe is entirely open, the Negroes being more hardy than we.

501
685 Stealing a corial is to the Bush Negro what stealing a horse was to the early plainsmen of the American frontier: a capital crime. So much of the Bush Negro life is on the water that no man can get along without a canoe for any length of time. There are only hunting trails through the jungle, and traffic by preference goes along the river. In spite of the luxuriant jungle, a man left in the bush without food is liable to starve, as a frontiersman left on the plains without a mount was considered to be as good as dead.

Next to Dutch Guiana is French Guiana, a penal colony. Here large numbers of convicts are imprisoned. There are also men known as *libérés*—exiles who are at liberty within the colony, but forbidden to leave it. Many succeed in escaping desperately into the bush. They must obtain canoes, for travelling any distance overland is practically impossible, due to the heavy growth. If the fugitive cannot purchase one at the Negro villages, the only alternative is to steal it. Such thieves are pursued relentlessly by the Djukas, and killed on sight. Bloody tales are told in Paramaribo of hand-to-hand struggles to horrid deaths, between black man and convict fighting for life, in the dim blue light of the jungle day, in the unknown interior of Surinam.

Saramaccaner



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Chapter Three

THE JUNGLE CLEARING

THE first indication of a village is a group of empty canoes made fast on the shore. Behind them, a short distance inland, is the village of Lombe, the first real Bush Negro town at which we stop on the Surinam River. 361

Villages are seldom situated on the river-bank, but a quarter to a half mile inland. The reasons for this are that the

1/A [For caption, see category 86, p. 204 – Analyst]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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[Facing p. 42]

Bush Negro Group Showing Unfinished Dug-Out Canoe Hewn with Axe.
Photo by Curiel

361 river floods periodically, and might wipe them out if they
were too near, and that the Bush Negro still retains, back in
his mind, a strong fear of another war with the white man.
In the latter event the Djuka villages would have to be
camouflaged or hidden. Often, too, the villages are to be
found just above a waterfall or rapids, as another hindrance
to possible invaders.

648 At the landing we see bare-breasted Djuka women washing
609 clothes or bathing their children. They do not evince much
[572] curiosity as we paddle up, for it is considered insolent to
stare. The naked little ones are very much afraid of the white
man. They scurry into the underbrush and watch us from behind trees. The older children remain and are proud of their
courage. An old man is making a canoe. Most of the men are
away on hunting or lumbering expeditions.

361 Leading up to the village is a winding path, cut by the
648 violent rain until it resembles a ravine. Sometimes the river
floods the path, forming a little muddy inlet into which the
canoes stick their noses. One town is perched on a high bank,
[417] reached only by a hardwood ladder twenty-five feet tall. The
blacks clamber up easily, unlike the awkward white man,
who has difficulty with the missing steps.

We ascend the path; the frightened children return to their
play, paddling about or fishing from the moored canoes.
202 Sometimes the bahkra's coming has been announced before-
648 hand by a system of drum telegraphy. A certain rhythm
[534] beaten on the tomtom informs the adjacent villages that
white men are coming up the river, and why. In this way

their arrival is frequently anticipated. But it is something of 202 an exaggeration to say that this primitive telegraphy is so 648 extensive and efficient as to spread news of the white man over "more than two thousand square miles of impassable land." Nothing of the sort happens. The sound of the drums will carry for about two or three miles, when the wind is in the right direction, and the drum call is relayed from town to town. Most often, however, they are not beaten at all for us, and we arrive unannounced.

At the landing we are met by Captain Abaisa, a splendidly 648 built Djuka whose friendship was obtained on a previous trip. His powerful body is all cut up with ornamental scars, a form of personal decoration highly esteemed by the Bush [304] Negroes. The custom is a direct heritage from West Africa, found in many parts of the Gold Coast, the Congo country, [171] and Cameroons, but unknown among the Indians of the Guianas. Abaisa greets us cordially: *"You wicḳi bah?" "E-e* 576 *ah, matti"* is the proper reply. This talkee-talkee greeting, the equivalent of "Did you wake well?" is chanted rather than spoken. The voice ascends sharply on the second word, the final word being drawn out in a high sustained tone. The reply means "Yes, friend."

Another form of greeting is *"Ah ḅroḳo baḳa,"* or "The day breaks again"—in other words—we meet again; or *"Neetee ḳaba"*—"The night is finished."

If a person is met for the second time within a short interval, the proper thing to say is *"We meetee baḳa."* Still another greeting is *"Bala, (Sis, Da, Ma) odio, ḥow fa you de*

576 *bah?"* In other words, "Brother, (Sister, Father, Mother) howdy, how-do-you-do?"

751 776 There is a ceremony connected with the simple act of entering a Bush Negro town. A stranger might bring in foul intentions or evil spirits. The village must be protected against this horrific possibility, so nearly every path leading to the town has a magic device, known as an *azang pau,* to keep the spirits out. It consists of a dry stick across the path overhead, to which palm fronds are lashed. They hang down, brushing over everyone who passes beneath. The visitor passes under the azang pau, and is cleared of evil spirits that might harm the inhabitants of the village.

The Djukas have invisible enemies. On either side of the [778] path, near the palm barrier, is the wooden statue of a fetish to provide protection from these enemies. The fetish named Cromanti, on one side, protects the village from the evil spirit that dwells in the silk-cotton tree, the *con con dree.* Opposite him stands *Aflamu,* who secures the village against the attacks of a mighty tribe of unseen men, who are the sworn enemies of the Bush Negro and kill him with invisible arrows.

Walking up from the river we reach the barrier, and pause before it for the customary ritual. But Abaisa is a potent chief, the head of his *lo* or clan, the *Abaisa-lo.* So long as the bahkra accompanies him, no ceremony is necessary. We enter unchallenged into the clearing beyond.

648 576 The usual procedure is for the white man to hang back and let his paddler precede him. Moi-Man gains admittance to re-

mote villages in this way; carrying his paddle before him, as 648 a symbol of voyaging, he approaches the barrier or azang pau, 576 halts before it, and clears his throat loudly. The rest remain some thirty feet behind. Someone comes out of the huts and inquires what is wanted.

One of the objects of the expedition being the acquisition of specimens of Bush Negro art objects, this is usually explained at the very beginning to prevent any misunderstanding. The following dialogue is typical:

"Bahkra wanny timbeh (or *sanni*)"—"White man wants wood carvings."

Cannily, the black replies: *"Me no habbe fu selli"*—"I don't have any to sell."

Moi-Man, accepting this verdict, explains further: *"Bahkra wanny luku, wan pekein"*—"White man wants to look around, wants to see inside a bit."

"Ah bon," the Negro replies, meaning: "It's good." He returns to his hut.

The parley formally concluded, the paddler turns around 361 and motions us to come up the trail into the village. The towns usually consist of a clearing a few hundred feet across, beyond which is the overhanging green wall of trees. Scattered about the clearing in no particular order are numerous huts, with an occasional palm or breadfruit tree beside them. The rest of the concourse is bare clay. Sometimes there is a flower garden in the centre. Here and there are tiny *God* [778] *houses,* where the fetishes stand.

The villages vary greatly in size. Some, like Gansee, near

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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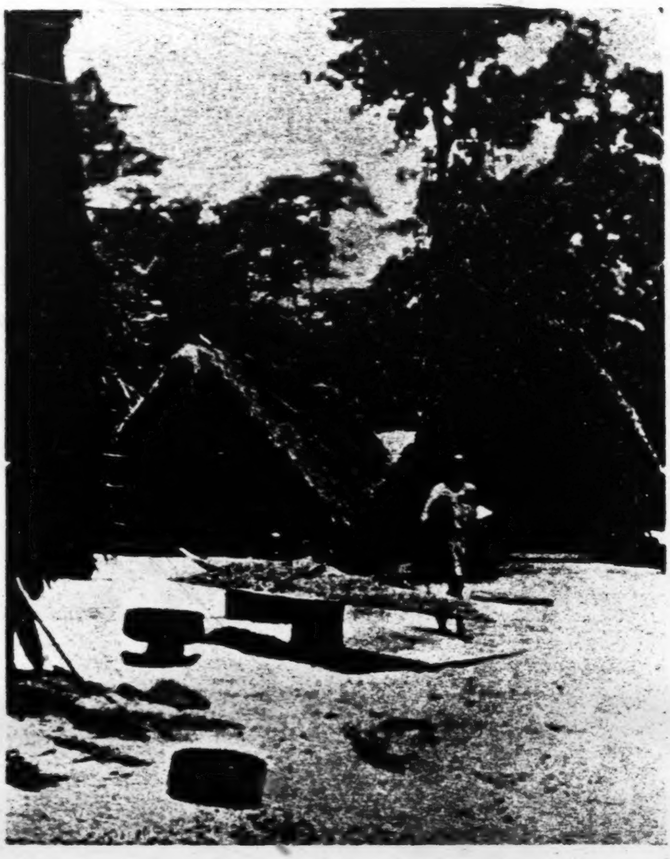

Clearing in a Bush Negro Village, Upper Surinam River.

[Facing p. 44]

361 the trading-post, are so large as to have street-like roads extending across them. Others like Nu have only eight or nine huts.

342 The walls and roofs of the dwellings are made of grasses
and reeds, intricately woven into a herring-bone pattern that
can be seen in the photographs. So tightly are they woven
that the jungle rain does not penetrate. The uprights are
hewn out of tree trunks, and those that form the doorway are
[322] often deeply carved. So great is the decorative spirit of these
people that every common utensil is carved until it becomes
a work of art.

The roofs extend far beyond the walls, so that the projecting part throws a shadow on the walls, which lowers the temperature inside. In front, the roof extends a yard or more to form a shade in which the blacks may palaver. In front of the huts, always, babies are grubbing about in the dirt and yelling prodigiously.

Here and there are slightly dilapidated huts. They belong
[768] to people now dead. No one will live in them or venture to
repair the ruin of time. Neglected, they sink into decay. The
[756] witch doctor's hut is also a bit frowzy; it seems to be a badge
of his profession, like the sugar cane planted alongside his
doorway or the turtle-shell impaled on a staff near by. All
three are symbols of his calling.

352 A wall of woven mat divides some of the huts into two
[353] rooms, the back room being used for sleeping. The men have
hand-made hammocks of woven cotton or grass. Their wives
342 are provided with sleeping-mats on the floor. The front room

Saramaccaner

is used as a living-room; cooking is sometimes carried on 342
there, but more often in an open communal kitchen used by
the entire village. Some towns have several such open sheds. [343]

We enter the hut where the headman of the village lives, 648
and find him lying in his hammock. It is perhaps a bit of 609
conscious arrogance, to demonstrate his independence of the [352]
white man, that the captain does not rise to greet us. He rises,
however, to greet Abaisa.

"Well, friend, how are you?" we begin. In talkee-talkee the question runs: *"So, matti, fie you tang?"*

He replies civilly, complaining a little, perhaps. We offer him a few leaves of tobacco, always acceptable. While we parley with the chief, the men of the village are carrying our equipment up from the corials to the village. This they always do, without being asked and without being paid. Even small children take part in the portage. Nothing is ever stolen.

Quite conscious of the heat inside the dark hut, we do not 648
palaver long. Leaving the two chiefs lolling in hammocks we 184
pass out of the breast-high doorway into the clearing, and go about examining the living-quarters and the people. This is a village of the Saramaccaner tribe, descended from the Saramacca rebels of two hundred years ago. All the huts and villages of this tribe are quite similar. Among the Aucaner tribe, descended from the Ouca rebels, are villages of a different type.

One does not doubt the good intentions of the Moravian 797
Brothers and certain Catholics who have established missions at a few points on the rivers. But their evangelical efforts have

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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[Facing p. 46]

Interior of a Bush Negro Village on the Cottica River, Dutch Guiana. *Aucaner Tribe.*
Photo by Klein

797 done no little harm. Bush Negroes are not converted to Christianity except in a most superficial way; in moments of stress they quickly revert to the jungle gods. The mission stations incongruously bring into the South American bush not only the God of Israel but also his tribal taboos concerning clothing. The missionaries censure the idea of nakedness, despite the fact that the wearing of clothing produces a higher death-rate among the Christianized Negroes. If a black, drenched in the torrents of frequent rain, is dressed only in a scanty loin-cloth, the sun soon dries and warms his skin. If, on the other hand, he is swathed in flimsy cotton cloth that becomes soaked with water, there is an evaporation and radiation of heat from his body which leaves him chilled and cold. He is then an easy prey to pneumonia or tropical malaria, since his lowered resistance may permit the dormant parasites already present in the blood to proliferate. Thus, imported ideas of sin raise the pneumonia and malaria death-rate.

291 Bush Negro clothing is simple and effective. While working on the river the men wear only a short loin-cloth, consisting of a small piece of gaudily striped cotton goods. It is held in place by a string of plaited grass, called *cumu* grass. On full-dress occasions the Bush Negro dons another garment, a toga thrown over one shoulder and caught with a knot. The *camissa,* as it is called, is usually of variegated squares and bits of bright cotton sewn together. The brilliant hues against the black skins of the natives make a study in colourful contrast.

The women wear either one or two garments. The commonest is a simple piece of cloth wrapped around the torso 291 from the breast to the knee. Sometimes the breasts are left bare; sometimes they are covered. This is a matter of individual taste, and has no ceremonial significance. Over this lower garment another cloth is sometimes thrown, and clasped at the shoulder. Near the mission stations, of course, and on visits to Paramaribo, much more clothing is used.

The Bush Negroes are not allowed to appear in loin-cloths on the street when they come down to visit Paramaribo, except on the river's side where they land in their canoes. They must have a pair of trousers for any further promenading. There is no objection to the upper parts of the man's body being bared; but the women may not walk about the streets of the capital with their breasts exposed.

If a Bush Negro is not fortunate enough to own a pair of trousers, he may rent one for ten Dutch cents a day (four cents in American money) from small shopkeepers who have their stores near the bank of the river. The traded cloth is fashioned into rough but brilliant trousers for the men, and crude bodices for the women. Even a straw hat may occasionally be seen. In the more remote villages, on the other hand, the women often wear only a short bit of cloth before their genitalia. Most of the children of both sexes wear no clothing until a few years before puberty. About the age of ten they are dressed in their first cloths. For the boy this is a ceremonial [852] occasion, but the girls quietly begin clothing themselves without notice being taken of the event.

In addition to these garments, the Bush Negro indulges in 301

301 his much-loved ornamentation. Leg-bands of cotton cloth are
frequently worn by both sexes, and where wire can be se-
cured it is fashioned into arm or leg coils and paraded proudly.
[751 Many necklaces and bracelets are used because they con-
778] stitute magic amulets against evil spirits. Our own bracelets
and necklaces can probably be traced back to this same origin.
302 The hair is another means of personal decoration, and there-
fore it is always dressed with deliberation. Carefully made
partings divide the black skull into geometrical designs.

834 Despite the scanty nature of their clothing, the Djukas are
quite modest, and never expose themselves. If a bahkra does,
they avert their heads. It is a curious reflection on civilized
morality that the almost naked blacks possess a large amount
of dignified restraint, while the uncomfortably clothed white
man is shameless in his nudity.

◆

322 Here and there inside the dark huts can be seen bits of ex-
531 traordinary wood carving. These are not crude utensils;
every stirring-paddle or comb is a work of art worthy of a
place in a museum, designed and executed in a way that is
437 far from "primitive." The only way to acquire these objects is
to bargain for them in Dutch money or tobacco, or cheap
knick-knacks. Among the more distant villages money is use-

less. Blue beads are very effective in bargaining, for blue is 437
the Djuka's favourite colour. Ear-rings are also good, but not [222]
perfume; they prefer the acrid odour of insecticides.

The Djukas bargain shrewdly, and are greedy in exactly the sense that children are. The trading begins in the dark interior of a hut, where a Bush Negro lolls in his hammock.

We say: *"Me wanny buy timbeh"*—"I want to buy wooden pieces."

The Negro's common reply is that he has none to part with: *"Me no habbe, massra."* The word *massra* is a corruption of "master," a vestige of the slave days.

We point to a pierced and inlaid stool and say *"How many?"* meaning, how much does he want for it.

"Me no wanny fu selly"—"I don't want to sell it."

To show him we mean business, a concrete offer is made, *"Me gon gibbe sixa banknoto"*—"I'm going to give six banknoto."

The bargaining is in silver half-guilder pieces, called *banknoto*. The Djukas do not understand large sums of money, except when counted in half-guilder pieces.

If he refuses six coins, we offer seven, eight, nine, and throw in the added temptation of some tobacco leaves. To each of these offers he shakes his head in negation, saying doggedly, "No, no."

Finally, in a tone of voice that indicates we are amazed at our own generosity, we say: *"Me gon gibbe tena banknoto, nanga twee weefee tabak"*—"I'm going to give ten banknoto, as well as three leaves of tobacco."

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Boni

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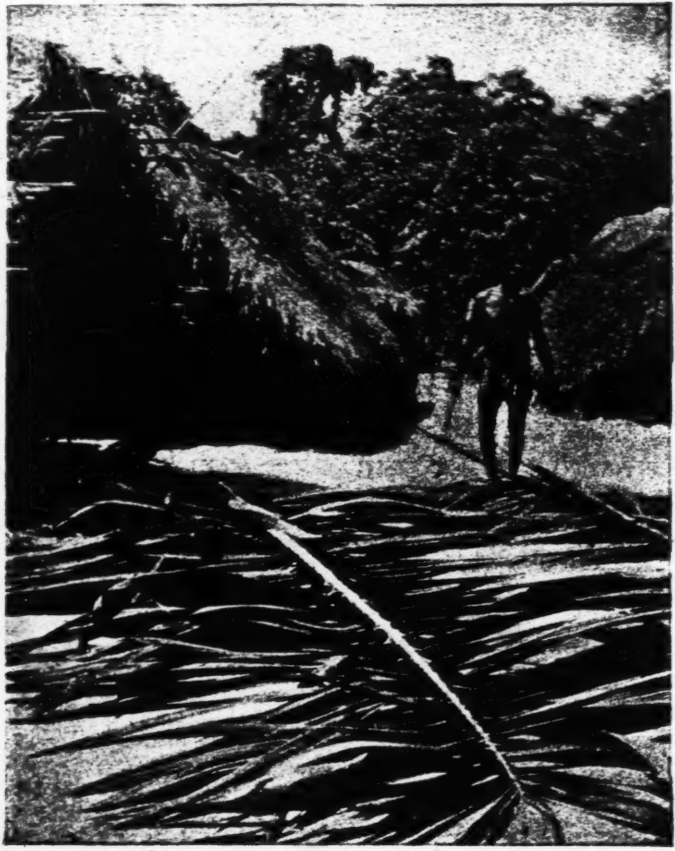


Palm Fronds Recently Cut to be Used for Thatching a Hut.
Boni Tribe, French Guiana.

[Facing p. 50]

437 The reply is short and spirited.

"Gimme."

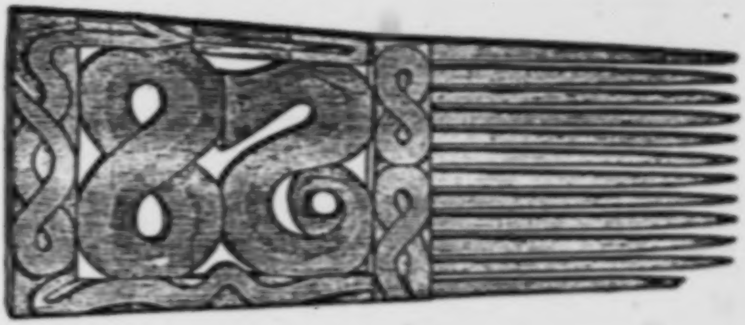
Which does not have to be translated.

* * *

574 609 136 We sleep that night in the Bush Negro village. A dilapidated hut is assigned us, the hut of a dead man. There are tarantulas on the cross-poles; we are not particular. The paddlers sleep elsewhere, being taken into friendly huts about the village. Except for the ghosts of the departed Bush Negroes, our hut is quite empty. The hammock is slung and the mosquito netting put in place. Mosquitoes and insect pests are not as bad in the jungle as commonly reported. They seldom caused us any discomfort. It is true that one of the boys contracted malaria during an expedition, but the parasites may have been dormant in his blood for some time previously. Our precaution against malaria was ten grains of quinine sulphate each night before retiring under the mosquito netting.

512 [521] Far into the evening the Negroes will sit around the campfire and tell stories, their loud, musical Negro laughter carrying a long distance on the night air. Walking by each hut we see a tiny light flickering inside. Occasionally an infant cries. We sit before our doorway, amusing a group of chil-

dren with an electric flashlight, throwing the beam upward 5/2
into the leaves. At night the atmosphere of the jungle comes close and penetrates everything. We think of the long distance back to white civilization. There comes a song out of the darkness. Near by is a young man carving a token for his woman. The females are busy about the cooking fires. The men are telling stories. For a long time after we have entered the hut and stretched out in the hammocks the hearty black laughter of the bucks keeps us awake. Then all noises cease. For one accustomed to the clang of cities, the silence is audible.



1/A [412 532]

Chapter Four

THE DANCE

SUNDOWN on the Surinam. Women with breasts like dried tobacco leaves stew hunks of red baboon over the Djuka fires. The old dance gods will stir tonight. Mist is drifting up from the river and blowing between the trees. Colours fade out as darkness falls. The atmosphere of the jungle closes in on us with the night. 252 262 132

As night falls a Bush Negro corial appears on the river. It is followed by four others, all loaded with people from another village three miles downstream. The strangers have come to dance for the bahkra. We have promised them candy and high wine. The women tie bands of nuts about their limbs; the dried nuts rattle. 574 534

They bring the drums, the soul of the jungle. The big tom-tom, elaborately carved on the outside, is the *apenti,* or signal drum. The smaller *nanda* and the baby *baboula* (an African

[P. 52 is blank]

1/A [For caption, see category 116, p. 204.- Analyst]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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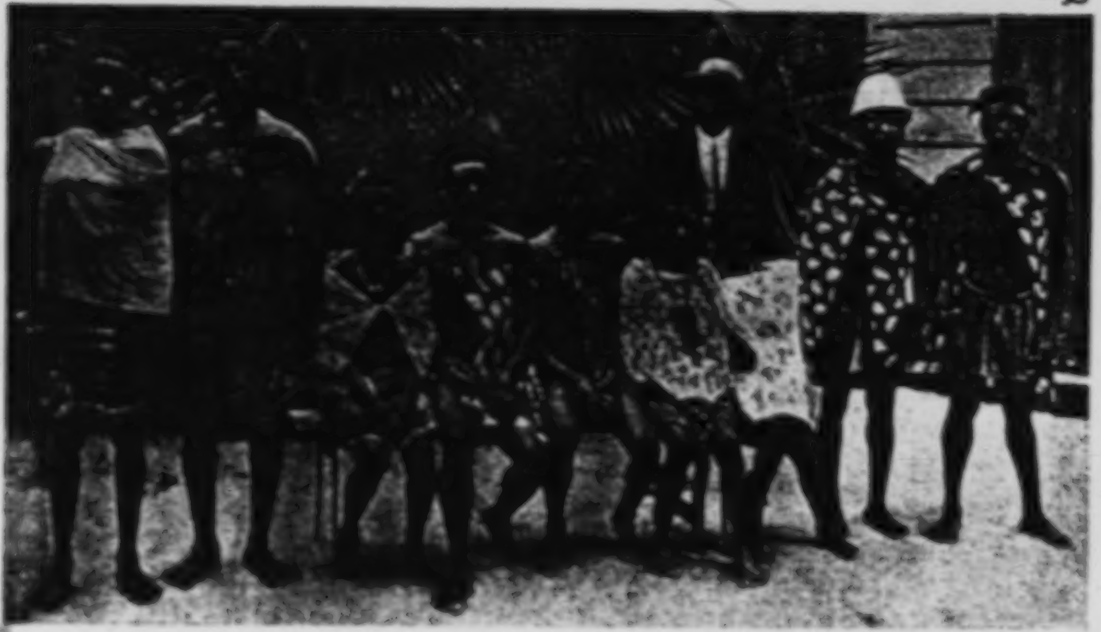

Bush Negroes of the Aucaner Tribe Who were Induced to Come to Paramaribo to Dance Before Colonel Lindbergh When the Air Mail Route Was Opened to Dutch Guiana

Photo Given to Dr. Kahn by American Consul to Dutch Guiana, James B. Lawton

[Facing p. 54]

534 word meaning "to make a hollow sound") are dance drums. Each is made from a short section of hollowed-out log. Long pegs are driven into the outside, around the circumference, close to one end. Animal skin, with brown hair still clinging in places, is stretched across the opening, and thonged over the pegs. The pegs are set at an angle, so that driving them further in stretches the skin more tightly, tuning the drum. Some villages possess drums six to eight feet long. They are called *ageedah.*

533 A young boy of fourteen or fifteen flippantly beats a few notes on one of the tomtoms. He puts it between his squatting legs and bends over it, striking the resonant skin with the flat of his fingers, using both hands to produce a rhythmical pattern. He holds his wrists loose, like a virtuoso. To set the drum on the earth while playing it would close up the open end, keeping the vibrations inside, and produce a flat sound. The drum is held by the squatting black at an angle with the ground, the pulsating tambour making an insidious beat that produces strange effects. The moment the sound of the tomtom reverberates through the jungle evening, the atmosphere seems to change.

The crowd is shy at first. There is still a little sun in the air. Darkness is necessary if the ancient gods are to possess us. A child of eleven squats beside a drum and places it between his knees. His creditable tempo arouses the envy of his playmates looking on. Three men arrange themselves for the coming dance, one with the *apenti,* one with the *nanda,* while the third wrestles with the little boy who will not relinquish

his hold on the *baboula*. The child is finally allowed to remain. 533
He can keep time well enough and that is what the
baboula is for.

It is now night, jungle night. The tomtoms crash out in a full-throated chorus. It is a driving, compelling rhythm of hollow sounds. The timbre is heavy, hypnotic, maddening. The drummers achieve a difference of tone by striking near the edge, which gives a shrill sound, and then returning to the centre, which booms by contrast.

The effect of the drums may be a species of hypnosis. Hypnosis can be produced experimentally by the sound of rhythmical tapping, without any condition of sleep.

The patting of the fingers on the drum-head of dried skin 533
seems to induce in these primitives a type of hypnoid exaltation. 158
The cause of it is the monotonous, rhythmical repetition
of booming sounds. Fatigue falls away. Memories of other
evenings around the jungle fires come crowding back. They
imagine that Apuku seizes their bodies. Demoniacal possession
is a phenomenon well known to history; here we
have it in the South American bush. Here it is called *winti*.

The hypnoid stimulus—monotonous repetition—is reproduced
in the other instruments that accompany the tomtoms.
The first of these is the *saka-sake*, a gourd stuck on a
handle and filled with pebbles. Then there is the *quaqua*, a [534]
flat board of resounding wood that is beaten with a hard
paddle. Now the primitive orchestra is in full swing.

By this time the crowd has arranged itself in a circle, with 533
a bare space in the centre. The fires glow luridly on black 796

533 faces. The drummers stop to tune to the desired pitch, driv-
796 ing in the pegs with the back edge of a bush-knife. Then they resume, rattling out a sharply insistent tempo. Women begin to sway. Some of them start a plaintive jungle song. The drums never stop.

796 A woman disengages herself from the crowd and enters
535 the open space. She bends forward from the waist at a right angle. Her arms form a circle beyond her head, saffron palms outward. She sways from the hips, her torso contorted with sinuous suggestion. Then her feet on the bare earth rap out the tempo that the brown fingers of the men are drumming on the dried skin. The others begin patting juba.

It is a false start. The woman interrupts her dance to criticize the orchestra for not playing in her mood. The crowd is not yet possessed.

Dodo, the woman *bosseia,* or boss, goes about urging the
women to begin. Meanwhile the bahkra slips through the
[123 crowd pouring out drinks of high wine to add to the dark
782 hilarity of the occasion. Always before drinking they will
273] spit on the ground a libation to the gods. A mother gives the rum to her seven-year-old child, who does not flinch from the burning potion.

A new tempo. Three little girls, slim in their nudity, enter the central space. The oldest is about eleven. They stand with their backs to us and begin the *bandamba* dance. The evening is on.

Standing still in the firelight, hands behind their heads, they arch their loins and raise their buttocks up and down.

Shadows roll on the brown skin and quiver with the firelight. 796
It is a vivid picture, these naked girls standing still in the 535
flickering light of the fire, making their muscles dance to the
monotony of the drums. Sweat breaks out on the foreheads
of the drummers and runs down their faces, dropping off
their chins unnoticed. The music grows louder and louder. 796
Apuku is coming. The stalwart black with the saka-sake 535
holds it at arm's length, braces his feet apart, and delivers his 153
whole body to the rhythm. The little girls, loath to stop,
are seized by their proud mothers who rush out to embrace
them, cheek to cheek. Others press forward with compliments
for the excited girls. There is no stopping of the drums
now. Louder and faster the metre becomes, a veritable pandemonium.
No conversation or restrained observation is possible,
due to the noise; the psychological effect is to wipe
out the inhibitions of daily life and induce a state of semi-hysterical
exhilaration. The white man, forgetting civilization
for a time, feels like stamping his feet and shaking
himself. And over all is the insistent monotony of the
drums.

A woman has attached dried rattling nuts to her ankles, [534]
and enters the clearing to be swayed by the drums. She too
bends her body at a right angle, palms outward, caressing invisible
curves in time with the beat of the drums. Her torso
writhes, in time to the beat of the drums. She would be crying
aloud, were it not for the pulsation of the drums. Two
other women come out and accompany her, then another,
then more, until finally eight or nine are dancing in the

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Boni

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Youth of the Boni Tribe Playing Dance Music on the "Apenti" or Signal Drum. Marowyne River, French Guiana. Drum Carved from a Single Section of Tree Trunk.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[Facing p. 58]

796 centre clearing, no longer caring, no longer entirely con-
535 scious, their bodies driven by the rhythm of the drums.

158 No man has yet danced. Now a young buck of nineteen jumps into the centre and begins the *awasa* dance. His movements simulate the flying of a hawk, arms out like wings, pirouetting gracefully. His bare feet stamp the earth, hard enough, it seems, to break his bones. Another man joins him, waving his arms at full length, like an eagle in flight. They chant in talkee-talkee an *awasa* song:

"Fooru mo luku bon nanga ahga."

[534] It means: The fowl must be careful of the hawk; in other words, the girls must be careful of the men. They circle from the waist like birds soaring into the blue.

796 Now a man begins dancing toward a woman. She re-
832 treats. No dancer has yet touched another, or even noticed another. But this one is making definite love advances to the woman. He mimics coitus. Coyly she evades his approaches, and will have none of his movements. They are not serious. When she definitely refuses his copulatory advances, the drums stop. He takes a drum from one of the men, puts it under his arm, and follows her, dancing around the clearing, beating out a message of love. They weave a pattern of movement, in and out, in this dance of courtship to the lone muttering tambour.

[202] There is a halt. The drummers rap out a message to other canoes coming up the river, telling them to hurry. Soon more strangers arrive for the final round.

Then comes the *sacatee* dance, accompanied by songs of 796
the rebellion. Ancient heroes live again. Once more raids are 535
made on outlying plantations. The spirit of defiance that
Stedman found at Boucou is still kept alive. Then come
softer songs—songs of love. *"Te e durmi e songa me, grandanke,"*
a girl sings plaintively. She is telling her lover,
"When you sleep, dream of me, many thanks." *"Te kai me* [535]
u seni neauco, becan na bonu soni e ta layme"—"When you
lead me to deceit I will not follow; such things you should
not teach me."

Again the dancers find fault with the orchestra, protesting loudly. They are not satisfied with the rhythm. Abruptly the chief dancer seizes a drum and rolls out a call to Apuku, god of the forest, asking Apuku to come.

Dimly through the darkness they can feel some response. 796
Apuku is coming. Everyone runs back a few steps and utters 535
a slight scream. The spirit of the bush god is entering their 776
bodies. He is welcomed with a little dance, jerkily done, in 158
which all participate. Then comes the special Apuku dance,
where writhing, circling, snaking arms simulate the twisted
lianas of the jungle, which is the god's home.

Once the spirit of the bush god has entered them, they cannot stop. The drums increase their volume and tempo, until the rhythm is too rapid and intricate for white ears to follow. Now truly they are hypnotized by the feverish monotony, the shuffling beat of fingers on the drum-heads. Because of this trance, fatigue is forgotten. The little *baboula* keeps steady time, throbbing like a heart-beat. Flat hands

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramacca

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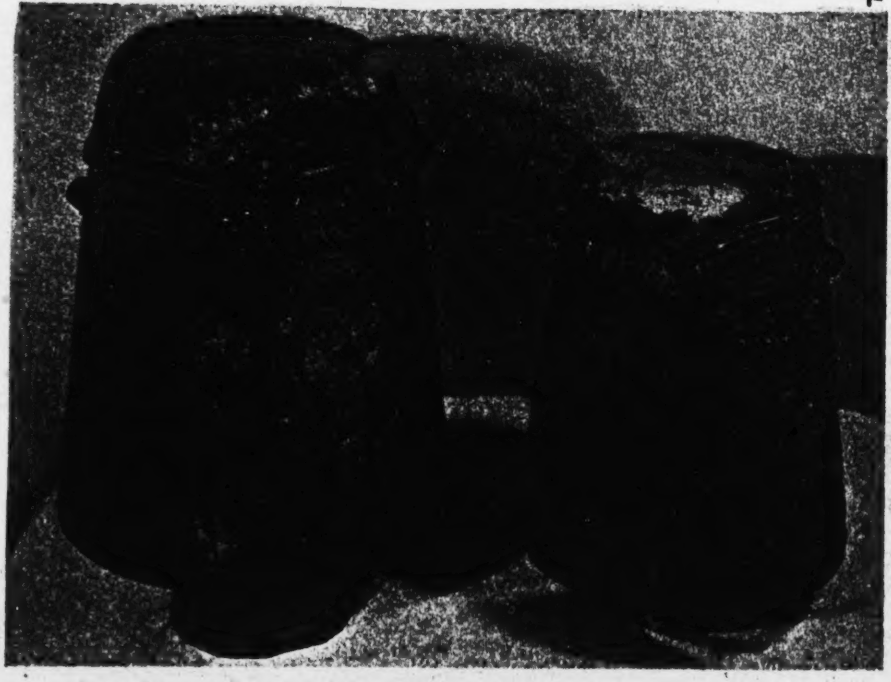
[Facing p.60]



Drums from the Paramacca Tribe. The larger one is the Nanda, the small one the Baboula.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

796 shade out strange metres on the *nanda*. There is a break; the
535 orchestra stops, and the interval is filled in with the heavy
776
158 booming of the *apenti*. Often the drummers seize a bush-
[534] knife and batter at the pegs, stretching the dried skin to the
proper tone. Mist from the river has dampened their hair,
unnoticed. The dance will continue until morning; they
must play until the spirit of Apuku has gone.

796 Everything is set for the climax. Some are still watching
535 while the others dance. Since the old men are too dignified,
158 their places are taken by younger men from sixteen to
twenty-five. There are more women dancing than men, any-
how. The white man is wondering how it is going to end.
Despite the excitement there has been no orgiastic episode.

Grand finale. There is a tremendous screech from out of
the blackness beyond. Three practically naked blacks come
rushing up from the river, their faces and bodies daubed
[302] hideously with pemba dotee, the ceremonial white clay. One
has stripes around his arms, belly, and legs, his face all white.
Another's face is bisected with white and yellow pigment.
The third is Adjobo, the medicine man; he has circles of clay
on his forehead, cheeks, and chin, and rings around his neck.
The presence of the ceremonial clay indicates the presence of
a god. There is no doubt but that the hideousness of these
men inspires a feeling of awe.

They burst into the circle of dancers and scatter them. Everyone retreats before them, with actual or pretended fright. The children become hysterical and cling frantically to their mothers for protection. Women in the crowd are cry-

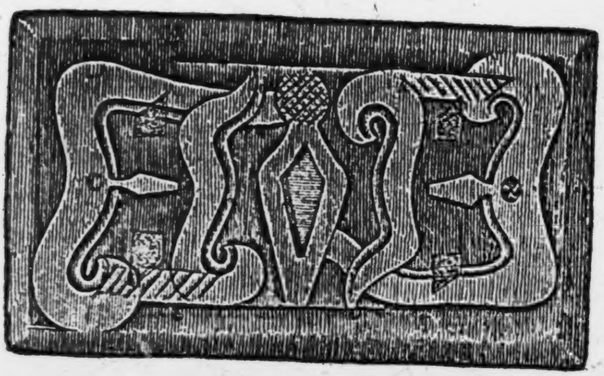
ing. The vibrating tomtoms are pouring out a great volume 796
of tangled sound. The three religious dancers whirl like 535
furies. One dances with a wicked-looking machete; he makes 158
it whistle through the air and brings it down with all his might into the ground between two drummers. They do not budge. A second dancer dashes into the bahkra's hut with his whirling bush-knife, hacking at everything in sight. The others seize him and overpower him, not before he has damaged many things with his vicious chops.

This ominous fury characterizes the hysterical possession of the *Cromanti* dance, the wild, mad dance of the evil spirit of the *con con dree*. The crowd keep clear of the chopping knives of the possessed men. They mutter unknown incantations in *odo,* making wild turns and gyrations. One falls on his knees to eat of the earth. Another bites the door of a hut like a dog. The third frees himself from a group of the struggling men who seek to restrain him, jumps into the rapids, swims against the great rush of water with feverish strength, and finally would drown were it not that his family rescues him with a canoe. There is nothing mystical about the extreme muscular endurance of such states; it can be produced experimentally in the laboratory.

The remaining obeiah dancers have a sham battle, fencing skilfully and dangerously with their bush-knives. First they stalk an imaginary enemy with poised machetes. Their muscular torsos held in strained attention would delight a sculptor. Picture a black, arms thrown out and head thrown back, eyes closed in frenzy, tense and foaming lips laying bare his

796 clenched teeth, stamping the earth like an animal. Then two
535 such blacks, with glazed eyes, slashing at each other with
158 yard-long knives. This is the obeiah dance. Nothing can stop it until the dancers are exhausted and drop from sheer fatigue. Then the spirit of the god has fled.

796 Until that time, protesting is useless. It is useless for the
535 bahkra to protest that he wants to go to sleep: *"Me wanny go seepy."* No attention is paid to that. It is dawn before the dancers finally stop. The visitors go down to the river to get in their corials. We light the dim path for them with a flashlight. They are grateful, and compose a little song of thanks. Even after the corials draw away from the bank, excited women get up in the boats and continue to dance, palms outward, hips high. It is no wonder that the marines in Haiti must confiscate the drums to keep the Negroes quiet. So long as the primitive holds to his intoxicating tom-toms, which manufacture courage automatically, he will never be a coward.



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Chapter Five

THE GAME TRAIL

ON the rivers we frequently encounter Djukas going 313 downstream to Paramaribo or Albina on lumber rafts. The big logs are fastened together with lianas, twined about stakes driven into holes, and lashed to stout cross-pieces. Three paddlers stand upright on this raft and take it down the river like a canoe.

The lumber is arduously cut, the great trees being felled [412] and chopped square with axes. A tree cut in the jungle will not fall to earth; the surrounding growth holds it upright. Therefore, days are spent in clearing a space of ground where the tree may come down. The vines and lianas must be cut away, and the vast buttressing roots severed. The tree is brought down in this clearing, hewn of its branches, and dragged into the water. Hardwood is too heavy to float, so

1 [For caption, see category 116, p[illegible]04. - Analyst]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

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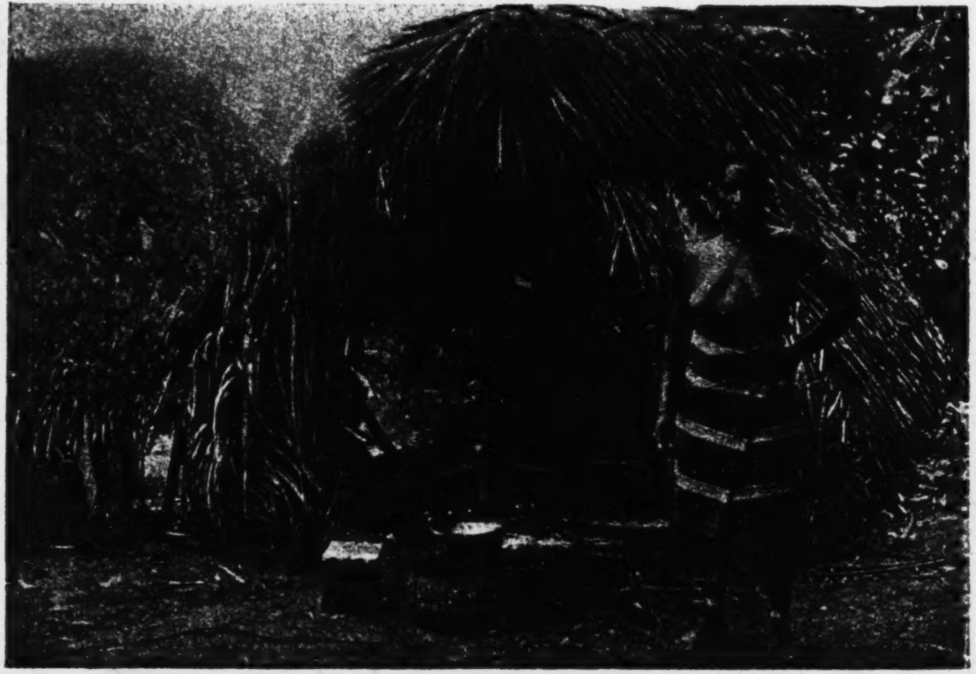
[Facing p. 64]



An Aucaner Mother. Note the Cassava Cakes Cooking Inside the Kitchen.

Photo by Curiel

313 hardwood trunks must be fastened between soft logs to keep them up.

At times the river drops in sheer falls. There is only one point at which the rafts can go down without jamming on the rocks; but here the men cannot go over with them, for the drop is too great. They steer for this point, keeping the logs in the centre of the current. To go over would mean being crushed to death. Moving at a high rate of speed, the men stay with the raft until the last possible minute, and then jump for some jutting rock. The raft crashes over the falls. Then the paddlers make their way from rock to rock, along the crest of the falls, back to the shore, and go down to recover the logs.

313
437 The Djukas sell the lumber that they bring downstream; it takes three days of palaver to reach an agreement on the price. They bargain quite as shrewdly as the lumber trader. Now their pouches of canvas, waterproofed with wild rubber, are heavy with many silver banknoto, or half-guilder pieces. Not as many as they expected, perhaps, but enough for their purposes.

648 They walk curiously about Paramaribo. The streets are crowded with a bizarre rabble, giving this little Dutch town the rare charm of the exotic. A more interesting place would be difficult to find in this modern age. Its wharves are re-
000 minders of the coming of the old slaving ships, and its white houses recall the plantations of the past. Town Negroes clatter by, some in wooden shoes brought from the Zuyder Zee countryside to this distant clime. Behind them come

barefooted sinuous Javanese in their *sarongs* and *splendangs* or of batik. Some stores in the town are kept by Chinese. Hindus in cloth turbans, and their wives with jewelled rings through their noses, rub elbows with juffrows from Amsterdam. Here and there a copper-coloured Carib Indian adds to the strangeness of the street scene.

The Javanese are brought over in boat-loads, indentured for five years to pay their passage. After this they may return to the tea fields of Java if they like, or remain in Surinam to cultivate a piece of land which is given them. East Indians were formerly brought over in large numbers from India, but the British put a stop to this importation in both British and Dutch Guiana. The Chinese bring themselves. The only race in the colony never transported is the Indian, indigenous to the country. All these races keep the dress and, where possible, the habits of their native land. They do not mingle with each other, and seldom intermarry. The one language common to all is talkee-talkee.

There is one civic privilege accorded the Bush Negro in 437
Paramaribo. He may camp for the night behind the store
that he trades with during the day. The Bush Negroes always
stop at the hardware store, run by the Moravian Brothers,
to buy some bottle-shaped flasks of good *mansanny* (gun-
powder). Along with the powder they purchase empty shot- [441]
gun shells, that they themselves will fill. A number of other
purchases are made: shot, percussion caps, tobacco, salt, cloth,
an iron implement, and perhaps a mirror. When night falls,
the Djukas return to the hardware store and camp behind it,

437 sleeping in their own hammocks slung under a shed provided for the purpose by the company. The next day they make their way back up the river, in the corial which they brought down with them tied behind the raft. They bring back no money; it is useless.

* * *

262 Cassava is very filling; yams are sweet; mareepa oil gives a sense of well-being; peanuts are pleasant while palavering; a few pieces of bahkra candy are toothsome to eat, but still the pot lacks meat. A slice of the white breast of a bush turkey, the *powese,* or a piece of the carcass of a red howler, or a slice of fat meat from the tapir or bush cow, or the second joint of *mom,* the bush hen, or the sweet Djuka substitute for ham, *pingo,* the peccary—these are morsels that black men dream about.

224 After resting a few days, one of the blacks wishes to try
789 out his new gunpowder, and makes preparation for a hunt.
The bahkra powder is too strong for the thin walls of his
[411] cheap shotgun. He dilutes it with charcoal, adding a bit of pemba dotee, the sacred white clay, to help the shot find the game. A bit of dried nekku leaf from the medicine man adds to the straightness of the aim. The gun likewise must be sprinkled with high wine, squirted from the mouth. All

this is bush magic. Around his neck several amulets are 224
hung, one to enable him to find the game, another to keep [789
him from getting lost, and the third, a small pouch of dried 778]
leaves, to make him shoot well. With these he takes the game trail behind the village, by the cassava fields where the women are working.

The trail does not last long; he begins to stalk like a black shadow through the bush. Overhead, parrots are cackling noisily, green as the jungle leaves. They eye him suspiciously as he snakes his way noiselessly through the tangled bush. In the dim blue jungle light the game is hard to see. But the Djuka, accustomed to it, approaches the tree where the parrots are. Some fly away.

Down on his haunches, like a Russian dancer, the hunter advances in a squatting position until he is directly underneath. He holds his gun at arm's length, the stock resting not on the shoulder but placed in the palm of his left hand, which is extended in front of him. This is a remnant from the old flintlock days, when the pans would occasionally flash back and burn the side of the face, unless the gun were held practically at arm's length. There is the added advantage of permitting a quicker movement of the barrel over a wide arc, especially when the hunter is crouched in this squatting position. He fires and the body of a parrot comes tumbling down through the leaves.

Accompanying the Djuka hunter is his highly prized hunt- 224
ing dog—a mangy little terrier. It is stained all over with a 231
red nut-juice to lend it prowess in the pursuit of some par-

224 ticular animal. The red terrier will not hunt anything else.
231 It stands now ferociously over the body of the dead parrot,
its tongue hanging out, panting.

411 Bows and arrows are as common as shotguns, and pre-
ferred by many of the black huntsmen because they make
no noise, need no mansanny. The bow is fashioned from one
of the South American hardwoods, letterwood or purple-
heart. The shaft is tremendously resilient, and strung with
[563] *singrassi* it takes a stout arm indeed to bend it. Singrassi is
a species of grass which is hand-spun into tough cord, by
rolling it on the flesh of the thigh. When unflexed, the carved
bow is nearly six feet long.

The arrows are made from hollow reeds, and are extremely light and well balanced. Into one end of the reed a foot-long hardwood point is set, wrapped with singrassi and gummed. At the other end, the ferrule is similarly set in, the joint again being wrapped around to prevent splitting. Some arrows have metal points filed from old bush-knives. A five-foot arrow like this can be used as a little javelin for spearing small game. The Bush Negroes also use blunt arrows to stun birds.

224 A naked savage stalking through the bush, armed only
with a bow and arrow, furnishes a sight of the primitive that
is fast disappearing from this commonplace world. The
[534 Djuka calls some of his game, principally the agoutis, by
323] imitating their cries on a little whistle, made out of baked
321] clay or a hollow shell. The imitation is so accurate, in the
case of smaller game, as to fool even the jaguar that feeds on

these animals. So the hunter is occasionally surprised to find 224
a big cat responding to his game call.

Far up the river, jaguars have been known to come near 224
a provision clearing and carry off an infant while the mother 136
was at work in the cassava field. The grown Djuka, however, is not afraid of these cats. The jaguar is a medium-sized feline, the third largest of the cat family, but it is essentially cowardly. If a lone Negro encounters one on a game trail, a duel commences that usually ends with the shooting of the jaguar. On one occasion we saw a hunter come back from the game trail, armed only with a machete, who had met and killed one of these cats.

There are several smaller cats in the South American jungle, ranging in size from the puma to the diminutive jaguarundi. The boa constrictor is not the menace that some travellers make it out to be. The Bush Negroes will not kill either a boa or an alligator, nor will they allow a white man
to do so. If they see the white man aiming his gun at snakes, [825
they will knock up the muzzle. Such reptiles are sacred. [778
262]
Some of the Indians of the district, on the other hand, are
fond of snake meat, and hunt it regularly. But the Bush [829]
Negroes look down on them.

In setting traps the Bush Negroes exhibit the typical cunning 224
of jungle dwellers. They have preserved the West African types of traps. Trails on which armadillos forage are set with a shotgun, in the middle of the path. By seizing the bait the animal shoots itself.

At night on the game trail the lone hunter builds a lean-

224 to and camps before his little fire. The red monkey bands howl in the darkness, but the hunter is not afraid. The fact that a puma may be in a tree near by does not prevent him from snoring.

* * *

224
646 The Bush Negroes seldom have occasion to take a white man hunting. Because of his incompetence they are forced to hunt differently when he is along.

We are aroused at five o'clock one morning when Daniels, a "balata bleeder" from British Guiana, makes his appearance. He is a husky, powerful Negro from Demerara, a town in the adjacent colony, and one of the few men ever to obtain the confidence and friendship of the Djukas. Some years ago he saved many Bush Negroes from famine, when the cassava and rice crops had failed, by arranging, with the aid *of Mynheer Alexander Wolff, for the Dutch* government to give many thousands of guilders' worth of rice to feed them. Because of this, and because he speaks English perfectly and has the bahkra's point of view, no better person could possibly accompany us on the coming hunt.

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177 The three Bush Negro bearers who go along with us carry wicker baskets of woven reed containing supplies. They are carried on the bearer's back, held in place by a band around the forehead—a device borrowed from the Indians.

The blacks admire the bahkra's shotgun and rifle—beautiful, well-oiled weapons which they love. They gaze through the barrel of the shotgun to see the clean bore, and make a comparison with their own meagre, fouled guns. They sniff at the rifle, however, because it shoots only one bullet. How can a man get game with a single ball? Explanations of the high power of the shell produce no effect upon them. 224 648

We load. Canned goods, rice, bacon, tobacco, coffee—enough for five days. The provisions are packed in the wicker rucksacks, along with hammocks. The start is made. Walking through the village, the packers exchange jests with Negro women who pause to watch us go by. The hunters are teased regarding the amount of game they will bring back. [822]

After a half-mile walk we reach the new cassava fields in back of the village at a quarter of six, as the sun is rising. The women are already at work. Beyond lies the game trail. It is simply a slight path through the jungle brush, with occasional pools of water through which we wade. Idle toucans *eye us from nearby palm trees.* A flurry in the bush off to the right indicates the escape of an agouti, but we are not quick enough to see it. The agouti is a kind of giant guinea pig, called by the natives *cony-cony*, meaning "cunning-cunning," because it is hard to outwit. The Bush Negroes are eager to get some of this sweet, succulent meat.

Within an hour the last cassava field is left far behind and we are in the "high bush." The tops of giant trees are lost to sight a hundred and fifty feet overhead. Their massive trunks are buttressed with branches that have grown back 224 648 137

Boni

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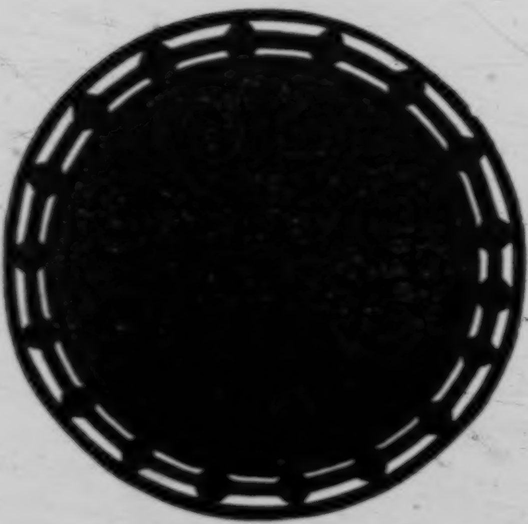

Tray Three Feet in Diameter Carved from a Single Section of Tree Trunk. *Boni Tribe*, French Guiana. Four Stylized Human Figures Showing Arms and Trunk.
Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[Facing p. 72]

224 into the ground, becoming roots. The jungle vines, the lianas,
648 twine about the boles of palms, adding to the tangle of leaves.
137 The jungle is one immense struggle, none the less fierce
because it is silent. The foliage is fighting for light and air.

224 We wade across a number of small creeks that bar our
648 path. Beautiful flat-winged butterflies hover in the hot air.
The drone of other insects continues until our ears become
accommodated to the sound and we no longer hear it. For
five hours the trek continues.

At eleven o'clock a halt is called for lunch. The Djukas
[62] drop their fifty-pound packs, under which they have trotted
more easily than the white with only a gun and canteen. A
little fire is started and we begin to eat. The creek beside the
camp has no name; it is known only as a small tributary of
the Lombe Creek. This is the occasion for a little ceremony.
The stream is to be named after the first person to eat beside
it, which in this case is a white man. A Bush Negro takes a
mouthful of water from the creek and spits it back, motioning
us to do the same. We comply. Then the Negro names
the stream *"Datra Cong Creekee"*—"Doctor Kahn Creek."
The others respond with solemnity, "Daso." We pass a few
pleasantries and go on.

By two o'clock the fatigue is beginning to tell on the
bahkra. A halt is called. The country gets higher as we leave
[63] the neighbourhood of the river, but the bush does not thin
out. The ground is rolling, with knolls fifty feet high. Up
these the carriers scramble like goats, despite their load, but
Daniels says they are going slow because of the bahkra. Be-

sides the pack each carries a shotgun and a bush-knife. The 224
latter is indispensable, for if the game falls in the brush it 648
literally has to be cut out. There is nothing but muck underfoot, and our boots are by this time weighted down with it. We recall the adventurer Stedman going barefooted through this bush; and while preoccupied with this thought we slip on some roots and flounder in the mire.

Just where a yard-thick tree lies fallen across the path we come upon footprints. After studying them the Negroes state that a hunter passed along this trail the day before. Suddenly Daniels motions everyone to be still. He hears monkeys in the tree-tops a hundred yards ahead.

Noiselessly the packers unsling their harness and drop the baskets in the trail. Daniels and the bahkra go forward, as carefully as possible, hoping for monkey meat. It is impossible for white men to avoid making a sound in the brush; the monkeys hear it and cease their noise. They must know that something is approaching. Daniels motions us to lie down, and twenty minutes are passed perfectly immobile on the ground. We are conscious only of our own breathing and a slight movement of wind in the blue half-light of the jungle. Bodies in contact with the earth bring back the memory that we are preying animals. Civilization has not eradicated the primitive thrill of stalking meat.

There is a noise in the high branches overhead; we can see though we cannot hear the rustling where the tree-top has bent under the weight of a simian. As yet no form has been seen. There is no wind now, only an uncanny stillness. The

224 rustle is heard again; there is no doubt that it is caused by the 648 movement of a monkey. But cautiously rising up on our knees we can just make out a tiny patch of brown fur amidst the green far above. We draw a bead on the target and fire both barrels.

There is a human-like screech, and after it the crash of a body tumbling down through the branches. But it does not fall; the monkey is only wounded and catches itself halfway. Quickly Daniels fires both barrels and finishes the job. A huge black spider monkey, the *quata,* falls to the ground forty feet away, quite dead. We have fresh meat for supper.

The bearers are back on the trail, now completely out of sight. Daniels picks up the carcass of the monkey and starts to return in what we are sure is the wrong direction. Of all places to get lost, we think, none is worse than the high bush, where there is only one trail, and that cannot be found. But Daniels was too wise to trust to a sense of direction. In spite of the excitement of imminent game, coming in from the trail he had broken little twigs all along the way. By following these markers we find the way back through the trackless bush.

The bearers are still waiting on the trail, and are delighted at the sight of the monkey. One of them makes a slit in its chin and passes through it a length of singrassi, the handspun cord. The end of the string is tied around the monkey's tail, thus binding the head and the tail together. The carcass is then slung over the shoulder like a big brass horn, and we are ready to go.

Before starting, the Djukas take a sniff of tobacco. They 276 prefer snuffing it to smoking. They suck up their wide brown nostrils a dark liquid made from tobacco leaf soaked in water, to which a little wood-ash has been added. Each man carries a small supply, in a calabash gourd or tiny tin can. Before taking a sniff they put their fingers in the gourd and knead the leaf to get out all the juice. Then a little is poured out in the palm of the hand and snuffed up. They make a wry face at it, shaking their heads violently and spitting.

They pass it to the bahkra with a sly smile.

"Wannee?"

"No, no, no. *Me dissee no lubee; gran danke!*" which means, "I don't like this; many thanks!"

Late in the afternoon we come upon the camp of some 314
balata bleeders. It is deserted. There is an unforgettable sour stench from the last fermenting sap. For a while it is sickening and overwhelms every other odour. The balata bleeders are usually British Guiana Negroes, or Djukas trained by them, who go through the jungle tapping the sap from wild rubber trees. They produce sheets of a crude rubber, known as balata, which are traded in the white settlements of Demerara or Paramaribo. The chief industries of the bush coun- [313
try are balata bleeding, lumbering, and washing for gold. 316]
All of them are carried on exclusively by Negroes.

A few sheets of balata, about a half-inch thick, are hanging from poles. The Djukas assert that the shotguns of the white man cannot shoot through the stiff rubber. We stand off about fifty feet and bang away. Strangely enough, the

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

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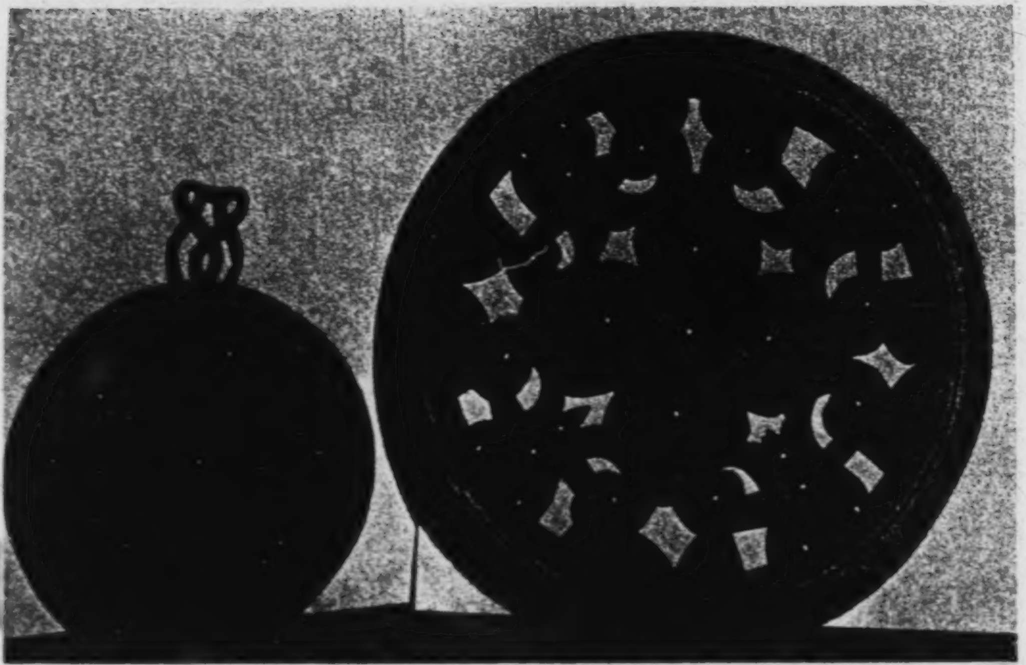
[Facing p. 76]



Carved Wooden Trays for Carrying Food. *Saramaccaner Tribe,* Upper Surinam River. The Central Figure on the Smaller Tray is That of a Dancing Woman.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

314 shot enters the rubber but does not pierce it through. Little dents indicate where the shot is buried inside. With a pistol, however, the result is different. A bullet from a .38 calibre revolver goes clean through. After we have fired, a Negro detaches himself from the group and disappears in the bush. In twenty minutes he is back, bringing the bullet from the revolver. He had traced its course by broken twigs and
[151] clipped branches, and finally dug it out of the side of a tree with his bush-knife—on the whole an extraordinary bit of woodcraft.

484 It is disgusting to find that we have to sleep overnight in this camp. The white man is thoroughly exhausted, able only to drop down on a log while the Negroes make camp. The bahkra's hammock is slung and a fire started. Monkey meat is the *pièce de résistance* of the evening meal.

[252 The monkey is not skinned; only the hair is scraped off.
262] Monkey skin is a jungle delicacy, but there is a humanly cadaverous look to the depilated body. Half of the meat is cut up and dumped into the stew pot together with rice and salt.
[251] The other half is smoked liberally to preserve it for the morrow.

Not in the mood to take food which his stomach might reject, the bahkra dines on a can of salmon, with rice and tea on the side. The sun has hardly set when he falls gratefully into the hammock and ties the mosquito netting in place, ready for profound slumber.

521 He soon finds that sleep is out of the question. The Bush Negroes are sitting about the campfire swapping tales of

former hunts. What a noise they make! At the crucial point 521
of the story they imitate the explosion of the gun.

Excitedly: "*Me luku, me see one biggie teegre* (jaguar). *Me makke gunu go BOOM!*"

After shouting this last with the greatest volume that his throat is capable of producing, the narrator imitates the sound of the dead body crashing through the branches to the ground. All the thrill of the day's hunt is not merely remembered, it is re-lived in realistic detail. The snarl of the wounded cat, the gasping, baby-like cry of the wounded platyrrhine, bring forth appreciative laughter from the intent audience. Soon the next man tells his story; the bond of sympathy is so close that they all go BOOM together. One jungle inhabitant has triumphed over another, in memory.

While we curse in our efforts to sleep there comes through 533
the darkness a Djuka folk-song. It conveys the pointed moral
of a man who thought himself very clever, but despite that
he is now sleeping at the bottom of the river:

Cony mong,
Cony mong,
Dede na leeba.

or, "Cunning man, cunning man, dead in the river." At least, we reflect, with the sardonic grimness of tortured insomnia, he is now able to sleep.

224 648 The next day the hunters rouse early and breakfast in the freshness of the warm morning. Two of the Djukas refuse absolutely to accompany the bahkra any further. The white man, they say, goes through the jungle like a thunderstorm and brings bad luck. The prospects of getting any game with him around are exceedingly small. They get out their hunting [789] amulets, and rub on their gun-barrels a concoction prepared by the medicine man. Daniels laughs at this, but they refuse to be teased.

"You'll see!" they assert doggedly, certain of their magic.

The party splits up to go in three directions. Two bearers remain with us, one posted out ahead as a tracker, and Daniels, who brings up the rear as gun-bearer. The other two Negroes go in different directions and are immediately out of sight. We continue ahead, cutting the way through the bush—there are no trails. For two hours we tramp along without sighting game, realizing that *more things see us than ever we see*. The jungle is not teeming with game, as [136] popularly believed. There is an occasional herd of bush hogs, but in general it is necessary to hunt long and hard to bag any amount of meat. It is doubtful if a man could subsist on the food his gun brings in, not because the game is lacking but because of the difficulty of seeing it.

224 The Djukas also hunt in other ways. One device is "still hunting"—sitting motionless in a tree beside a game trail, waiting for some animal to come along underneath. The [411] Indians' *curare* and the blow-gun which shoots the poisoned dart are not employed by the Negroes. The only co-operative

hunts among the Djukas occur when a tapir is sighted near 224 the village; in which case all will go out and endeavour to surround it, and share equally in the kill. When, in dry seasons, *pingos* (bush hogs) swim the river in herds, the Bush Negroes take every available corial and paddle after them, cutting their throats, knocking them on the head, or drowning them by holding their heads under water. The result is a feast, and the excess meat is smoked. [251]

Djukas have also been known to leap from their canoes upon the backs of deer swimming the river, and thus to drown them.

Game that hears us first is gone. A herd of peccaries ahead 224 648 of us hears the approach; there is a loud crash as they retreat back into the high bush. The Negro tracker finds the trail and we beat around after them for hours, but the animals have outwitted us and cannot be located.

At the end of the day the other hunters return, one of them bringing in a small anteater and a red howling monkey, while the other carries two agouti. Our own success consists of one *powese* (bush turkey) and a small armadillo, the *capusee*. These are cleaned and smoked, and camp is made for the night.

About dusk one of the men goes into the jungle. Less than fifteen minutes later we hear the distant detonation of both barrels, followed by loud yells. Instantly everyone grabs for firearms and begins running in that direction, stumbling and sliding in the jungle evening. The Bush Negroes make their way with marvellous rapidity through the moonless dusk,

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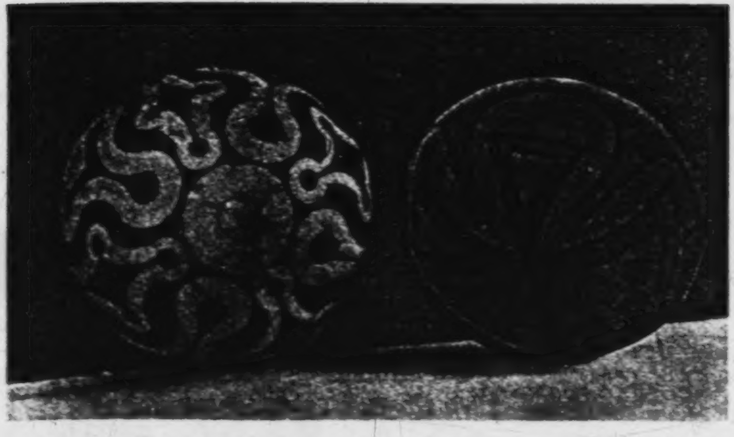

Carved Calabash Gourds Used as Plates. *Saramaccaner Tribe*, Upper Surinam River.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History. Photo by Herbert Heller

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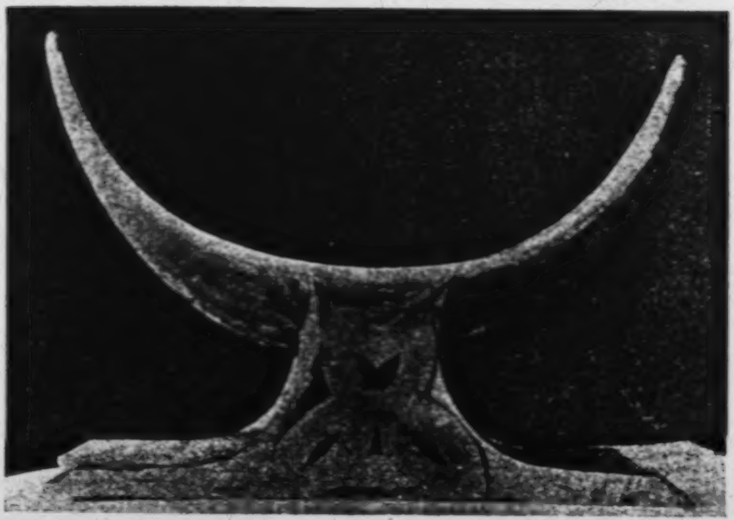

A Bush Negro Stool, Three Feet Long, Known as "Lebba Bangi" (Moon Stool), Taking Its Name from the Moon in the Crescent Phase. *Saramaccaner Tribe*. Stools of almost the identical nature are found in the Ashanti region of West Africa. This motif is probably one of the most striking West African Survivals.

Photo by Herbert Heller

[Facing p. 80]

224 hardly more than shadows. We find the man unharmed,
648 excited and voluble. He encountered a puma, a large one. He fired at close range and wounded it. We see a track of blood, and instantly set out to follow it. It is too dark now; we are forced to retreat back to camp, blazing the trees along the route to find the trail in the morning.

[342] At camp the Djukas erect four uprights and a roof of palm frond, as a shield from the rain and heavy dew. Another is rigged for their own use, and the hammocks are slung underneath. Again they sit up around the campfire and tell loud stories, the same ones, probably.

000 Sitting by the campfire in the pathless interior, thinking of the hundreds of desperate and difficult miles of surrounding jungle, blue by day and black by night, in the company of a few Negroes without whom it would be impossible to return, it is difficult for anyone to escape a feeling of weakness and insignificance. One scoffs at the black man's superstitions, his amulets and guardian spirits, but in the bush at night one senses the overpowering magnitude of the fierce wilderness, one begins to understand his need for such things as a protection against the psychological powers of the darkness. We realize, of course, that there is little in the bush capable of hurting anyone, save some big cats and a few rare snakes. But, as a sceptic has said, it is not reason which governs men.

132 Late that night forked lightning lit up the eerie passages of the jungle. The corridors of trees were filled with wind. The branches, whipped furiously by the great volume of fast

moving air, roared like an open steam valve. We are rudely 132
awakened by Daniels, who shakes our hammock violently. He shouts over the uproar; everyone must leave the huts at once. A giant tree close to the windward is about to fall and might crush the huts while we sleep.

We quickly abandon the hut and are immediately drenched. Imagine such disconsolate men, staring at the moving wilderness of leaves damning all trees and all weather that takes them out of their hammocks at two o'clock in the morning, and almost reconciled to the idea of being crushed in comfortable hammocks in preference to standing out in the open, expecting a tree to fall on them anyway. But in a short time the storm subsides sufficiently to allow us to return.

The next morning we break camp and trek another day 224
back into the interior. There are no camps now, no huts of 648
any kind, no men. Only the high bush. We make an early start to look for the puma that escaped the night before. There is a bloody bed of sheltered leaves where the puma rested, but the rest of the path is obliterated by the storm.

We turn and begin the trek back.

◆

A curious custom widely prevalent among the Bush Ne- 224 231
groes is that called *Dressy Dahgo*, or dressing the dog, in 825

224 231 225 other words, preparing a dog in such a manner that it will be capable of hunting a particular species of game. There are several methods of accomplishing this. The Negro may grasp the animal between his knees and pour the *dressy* through the nose of the dog. This substance is composed of pieces of the animal which they desire the dog to hunt. Most commonly it is the foot; this is dried and then infused with water. The infusion is also rubbed on the dog's feet. Such preliminaries are usual in hunting peccary.

If the hunter desires to prepare his dog for pursuing the *labba,* a type of water rodent, he cuts the flesh from the nose of the labba and also from its feet, prepares an infusion with water, and then pours this through the dog's nose. Still another method is to mix the hair of the animal which is to be hunted with pepper, and then to rub the dog all over with this mixture.

A fourth way is to feed a piece of the liver of the desired animal to the dog; but it is essential that the liver be placed on a knife, allowing the dog to eat it from that.

224 845 There is an interesting superstition among the Djukas that anyone who is related to a twin will seriously disrupt a hunting party. On one occasion a large quata, or spider monkey, was sighted by some hunters who, however, failed to bring the animal to earth after fifteen shots. Their ill-luck
to the fact that one of the huntsmen "belonged to a tw

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Chapter Six

FOOD IN THE JUNGLE

THE Bush Negroes investigate our equipment with great delight, and are much amused by our table manners. They gather around and comment on the food. Often they pick up an empty can discarded by Bundle, the cook, and wrinkle their noses in disgust at the smell of it. They seem to prefer their own food. 643 136

[1] [For caption, see category 116, p.204. — Analyst]

241 313 Behind each village, a quarter of a mile to five miles distant, are its provision grounds, which the women work. They consist of tiny patches of half an acre or more, carved out of the heart of the jungle by means of terrific labour. It [412] takes the men weeks of work with axes and bush-knives to clear the ground. The fallen trees, some of extremely hard wood, are cut up, burnt, or carried away. The brush is cleared with a machete, or bush-knife, which Negroes call a neefee; they swing this blade with amazing force by making the wrist the centre of its arc.

462 241 The women, as in most primitive societies, tend to the planting and harvesting of the crops. They are helped by the men of the family on some occasions, such as when the harvest is threatened by voracious parasites. The arduous labour of cultivating the stubborn earth comes so naturally to a Bush Negro woman that she is incredulous when told that elsewhere the males alone till the soil.

136 241 A leaf-cutting ant, *Ecodoma cephalotes,* that carries small bits of leaves into its nest, preys on the cassava fields. These ants march in two parallel columns, one going to the fields and the other returning, and systematically ruin the crop. The bit of green that each ant is carrying off looks like an umbrella; hence they are called umbrella ants. They live on a fungus which they grow on the cut leaves. Large numbers of them working together can denude an entire cassava field in a comparatively short time.

138 241 The jungle ground is not excessively fertile, for the incessant downpours leach out the humus, and there is not

sufficient time for the nitrogenous substances to be reduced 134
to fertilizing material. Because of this poverty of the ground 241
and the constant foraging of insect and bird pests—the parrot
is notorious among these—the cultivation of food is difficult
and laborious for the Bush Negroes and the provision
ground must often be moved to a fresh site.

Their main carbohydrate staple is the manioc or bitter 244
cassava. It is a tuber-like plant that grows some three to seven
feet in height, the edible portion being the underground
root. The root contains the poisonous prussic acid, which
must be carefully removed. Bush Negroes have been known [762
to commit suicide by drinking the juice of the cassava. The 278]
plant itself resembles the tobacco plant, but has a stalk covered
with bark and large roots that look like sweet potatoes.

The roots are harvested, carefully peeled, and reduced to 252
a pulp by being rubbed on the roughened surface of an inclined board, the expelled free juices rolling down the incline
into a bowl. The rest of the plant is thrown away. The pulp 252
is stuffed into a cylindrical squeezing contrivance made of 285
reed, known as the *matapee*. It resembles one of those toy
finger grippers of straw that children play with. The reeds
being flexible, elongating the tube by pulling at the ends
reduces the diameter of it; this compresses the contents of
the cylinder and squeezes out the deadly juice which then
runs off into a bowl below. The matapee is a beautifully
woven piece of basketry about five feet long and seven inches
in diameter. The upper end is attached to the limb of a tree
and a heavy stone is suspended from the lower end, the

252 weight of which elongates the tube. In place of a stone, a stick
275 may be passed through the lower end. The Bush Negro straddles it, working the apparatus with his own weight.

252 The pulp, when dried and heated, becomes a nourishing
262 flour ready for use. There are two ways of serving it. One way is to make it into large, circular pancakes, high piles or stacks of which were carried in our corials to constitute the chief diet of the paddlers on the river trip. When they feel a pang of hunger they break off a piece of cassava from one of the large pancakes, dip it into the river to soften it, and eat it without further preparation. The other way of preparing cassava is to stew it with fish or meat. On tasting this food we found it a bland, mealy cake of not unpleasant taste. The entire technic of preparing it is borrowed from the indigenous Indians; "matapee" is an Indian word.

In a number of Bush Negro villages can be found the common Indian corn. The Negroes allow it to mature and then roast it until it is as hard as a rock, after which they shell off the grains and eat them. If the white man asks for green corn, they refuse to give it to him, saying it is unfit to eat.

243 Another staple of their diet is rice, or *ahleesee*. Rice of
262 the upland variety can be planted in a dry soil and flourishes like wheat or oats. When harvested, it is tied in small bundles, about a foot in diameter, and threshed. The Negroes put it in a wooden mortar made of a hollow tree trunk, and three Djuka boys stand around it with pounders, striking alternately, like three railway labourers driving one spike.
008 Rice, especially when ripening, is attacked by birds, partic-

Rice, especially when ripening, is attacked by birds, particularly the parakeets and parrots. These can destroy an entire field in one evening. Sometimes the Djukas are forced to sit up all night with shotguns to scare them off. Weevils and plant diseases are also common. 343 136

They have large sweet potatoes, known as yams, but no white potatoes. Corn, which they call *koru;* okra, or *oko;* and peanuts (*pinda*), form a minor part of the Djuka diet. There are occasional banana and cocoanut trees, and some pineapples and breadfruit. Some few additional nuts and fruits are furnished by the jungle. Palm oil, of which they are excessively fond, is another part of the commissary. No journey is undertaken without a liberal supply. It is obtained by squeezing the nut or fruit of a species of palm, called the mareepa. To the white man it tastes like olive oil. Sugar cane is seen in a number of villages, as are domestic fowl. No cattle or swine are to be found. 262 [231]

Thus the Bush Negroes carry on with courage and extreme hardihood under the implacable necessities of life in the enemy jungle, in which the white man has never been able to make his home successfully.

* * *

A common sight along the river is a Djuka black, poised on a slippery rock in statuesque immobility, his bow flexed and arrow drawn, shooting for fish. 226 516

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
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[Facing p. 88]

Plate and Spoon of Carved Calabash Gourd. *Aucaner Tribe.*

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

226 The most primitive way of fishing, among the Bush Negroes, is with the bow and arrow. It takes a steady arm and
[227 eye. The fish arrow has a barbed point, which, besides being
411] glued on the shaft with gum, is tied to the centre of the shaft by a string of singrassi. When the fisher sights along the shaft and lets fly, skilfully impaling a fish just under the surface of the water, the point of the arrow may break off, but the string retains the shaft. It threshes around in the water behind the wounded fish, marking its location.

226 The Djukas are clever folk. One species of fish, the *cumaru*,
825 feeds on the seed of a certain tree, the *walaba*, that grows by the river bank. When the seed-pod of this tree is ripe, it explodes with a loud *pop!* For the fish this sound is associated with the falling of the seed into the water. They swim toward the sound to find and eat the seed. To attract these fish the Djukas imitate with a slap of the hands the noise of the cracking pod. The cumaru draw toward the spot, where the fisher is waiting with poised arrow. The result is more fish for the evening pot.

226 The women have a way of fishing in which they knock
[227] the bottom from a bottle and put crumbs of cassava into it, up near the neck. The trap is placed beside the bank, in shallow water where it can be watched. Minnows enter the submerged bottle after the crumbs, and the waiting women snatch out the bottle before the fish can escape. These minnows belong to the Rosy Barb species, highly prized by collectors of tropical fish.

[227] Other traps are carefully constructed of bamboo slats and

reeds, to catch the *dahgo fissee* or *makee fissee*—in other 226
words, the dog fish and the eel. Trapped under water, these 227
fish are easy prey to the savage piraya, so other devices are also used. A baited hook is attached to a bankside shrub called *mucca mucca* (*Montrichardia sp.*), the stalk of which is bent over and fixed beneath the water, under a constant strain. The hold is very slight—a hair-trigger tension—so that as soon as the fish snatches the bait the slight movement frees the bent stalk, whipping the fish free of the water.

There is a plant used by the Negroes to poison fish. The 226
juice of the *nekku* (*Longchocorpus densiflorus or rufescens*) 278
has an active alkaloid principle that is stupefying in its effect. It is called *yarro conali* by the Indians. Baskets full of nekku are carried to a small creek. The Djukas sit on the bank, beating the plant into pulp with carved wooden flails. Juice from the bruised shrub poisons the water, and the fish succumb, floating belly up, so that they can be scooped out with a dip-net. Often we passed Djuka tribesmen carrying baskets of this deadly plant toward some quiet stream.

In time of drought it often happens that fish are land- 226
locked between sandbars. It is then an easy matter to scoop 227
them out with a dip-net. Piraya are fished for with a hook and line, with a wire leader obtained in Paramaribo. A piece of bloody meat is used as bait, and the line is trolled. As soon as a fish is felt the rod is whipped overhead, throwing the fish up on the bank. Even out of water the piraya's jaws are still dangerous and avoided.

Gill nets are useless because there are too many predatory

226 animals in the water. The catch would be consumed before
227 it could be taken up. Besides spring-traps that snap shut
when the bait is touched, cone-traps are used, similar to those
of more northern waters. The fish pokes his way into a concave cone, at the end of which is an opening guarded by bristles. Going in, the bristles are easily pushed aside, but, coming out, they bar the path. Then, say the Bush Negroes, the fish speaks to the trap as follows:

"*Matti, ope duro gimme*"—"Friend, open the door."

But the trap replies: "*Matti, me na cong tia massra de habbe nassloto cun, dassa ope na da you*"—"Friend, I can't until master who has the key comes; he will open it for you."

262 Fish form a large part of the Djuka diet, and fishing is
264 carried on by women, men, and children indifferently. When
our canoe paddlers bring in some fish, they get out their
[252 little black gipsy pot, add whole peppers, and boil the fish
263] as it is. It is then eaten like corn-on-the-cob. The head, especially, is a delicacy, the bones being crunched audibly and with gusto. The meat goes in one side of a Bush Negro mouth and the bones seem to come out the other. If a halt is called in the business of eating, it is only long enough to say: "*Fissee makee bon sweetee muffo*"—"Fish make good eating," i.e. make good sweet mouth.

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Chapter Seven

THE ORGANIZATION OF LIFE

THERE are six tribes of Bush Negroes. These tribal divisions date back to the black rebellion in the eighteenth century. Bands of rebels fled into the bush together, and remained together within their jungle home. In Stedman's narrative of the revolt we read of a punitive expedition being sent out against the bands living along the "Serimaca" and Upper Copenam Rivers. After years of incessant warfare, a treaty of peace was concluded in 1749 with the "Serimaca rebels." The descendants of this group are known today as the *Saramaccaner* tribe. Another outbreak of rebels occurred in the Tempati Creek district; they won their freedom in 1761 by a treaty signed at the Ouca Plantation, from which they came to be called *Aucaners*. A third band of rebels, under the command of the famous Chief Bonny, probably 619

1^[For caption, see category 116, p.204.—Analyst]

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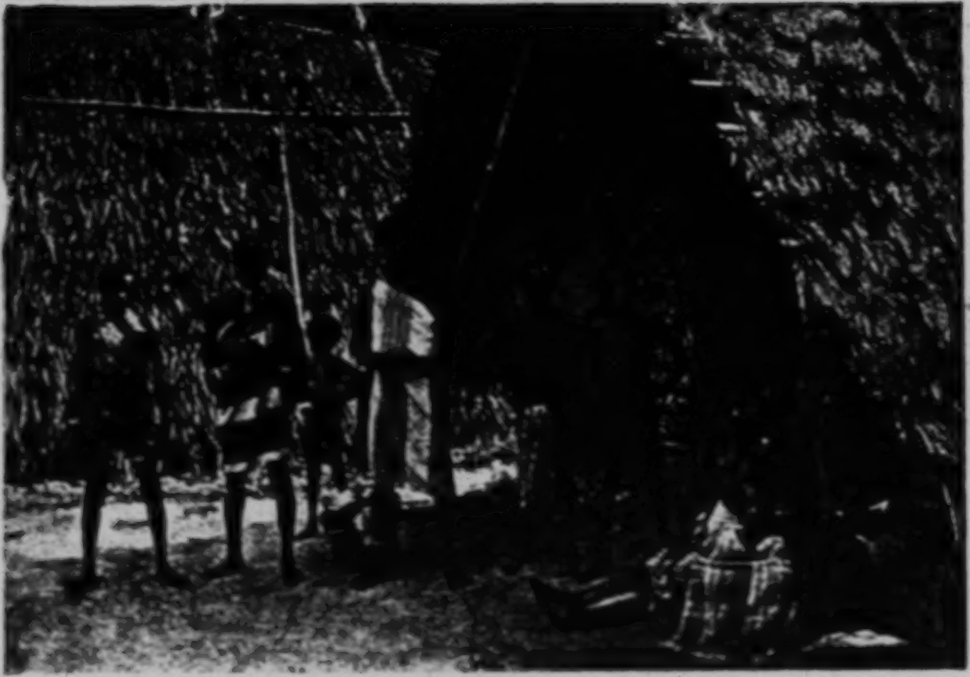
2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

[Facing p. 92]



A Family Group, Lower Saramacca River.

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

619 gave rise to another Bush Negro nation known as the *Boni* tribe. There are also three other tribes today of less importance: the *Matawaai* on the Upper Saramacca River, the *Quintee-Matawaai* which is a sub-tribe on the Copenam, and the *Paramacca* on the Middle Marowyne with villages on both the French and Dutch sides of the river.

619 The tribal divisions are strictly enforced. Not only is in-
187 termarriage forbidden, but each tribe has its separate gov-
[illegible] ernment, and each is referred to locally as a "river nation." Each tribe likewise has its own territory, and any poaching by hunters, fishers, or balata bleeders is rigorously punished.
[643] The ruler of the tribe is a king, or *granman*. Among the photographs is one of old Jankoeso, the kindly shrewd ruler of the Saramaccaner nation; the Aucaner ruler, Amekti, has just died, his place probably being taken by Matodja. The Boni granman is named Awensai.

619 The largest tribe is the Saramaccaner, with a population
361 of about 14,000. Their village of Santi Gron (Sandy Ground),
[161] some twenty miles from Paramaribo on the Lower Saramacca River is the nearest of all Djuka villages to white civilization. But the main body of this tribe begins some ninety miles up the Surinam River from Paramaribo, and the villages are strung along the Surinam River for a hundred or more miles further on back into the interior. The names
[163] of some of these villages are: Nu Condree, Lombe, Gansee, Biodoti, Adawai, De Jun, Masumba Pratti, and Dahomey, and other towns of even more picturesque appellations: Boto-Passi, Poki Gron, Granman Condree, and many more.

There are also a few villages, belonging to this tribe, situated 619
on the lower Saramacca River, like Santi Gron, Toti Camp, 361
and Maka-Creekee. On the distant Surinam is located the poetically named village of Futu No Habbe Ackaba, The Foot That Has No Resting Place.

Every tribe is divided into several clans, or *lo*, and these lo 621
are subdivided into groups of families, called *m'beh*, relation- 614
ship being counted through the female line. These groupings 613
are direct survivals of the slave days, descendants of groups of fugitives who fled into the bush together. Among the Saramaccaners there is the *Abaisa lo* of which our friend Abaisa is the chief. Another lo is called the *Inge Peecee lo*, meaning "piece of Indian clan," referring to the marriage of a lone Indian squaw with a rebel slave, back in the old days. There is the *Companyi Nengre lo*, or "Company Negro clan" of blacks descended from the slaves who escaped from the Dutch West India Company. The *Dahomey lo* is a group
of families especially skilled in the art of healing broken [759]
bones. Then there is a priesthood clan, the *Domini lo*, descended from the slaves of a plantation owner named Levy. Among the other lo are: *Matchow* (meaning axe), *Vondrake* (from a Dutch family named Van Drachte), *Baison Nengre*, *Luwangu*, *Nassi*, *Betu*, *Cumu*, *Quamu*, *Papoto*, and the *Awahna lo* at Gansee.

At a strategic location on the Little Surinam River, the 361
Pekein Rio, dwells the Granman Jankoeso. His village is ten days up the river from Gansee. It is situated in this inaccessible spot, on an especially fierce and rapid tributary, pur-

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SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Saramaccaner

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Bush Negro Man of the Lower Saramacca River.

[Facing p. 94]

361 posely to make the village as hard to reach as possible, to
protect it from white invaders. From long experience the
[648] Djukas mistrust all white men.

643 In Jankoeso is lodged the general authority over the Saramaccaner tribe and the territory in which they live. He has forbidden the intrusion of any visitors unless they are announced several days beforehand, by messenger.

[628] All the Granmans receive their title by matrilineal inheritance, and cannot be deposed. When one dies he is succeeded
by his oldest sister's oldest male child, while his own sons
never, under any circumstances, succeed him to the kingship.
If there is no such person as his oldest sister's senior male
child, then the succession passes on to the oldest male child
of the nearest female relative. If the line dies out, and no
[666 relatives are eligible, the successor is elected by popular vote
622] from among the captains of the river villages, but this seldom
occurs. On such an occasion there may be a struggle between
different lo, playing politics to get into power. Otherwise
inheritance is strictly through the female line.

648 The Dutch government exerts only a nominal control over the Bush Negro tribes of the interior. Once every year the river Granmans come down the broad river highways to Paramaribo for a parley with the Governor of Surinam. After a ten-day canoe trip downstream, Jankoeso finds a train waiting for him at Kabel, to bring him ceremonially the rest of the way. The other rulers must come all the way by corial. On their long and often hazardous journey they are accompanied by their most powerful captains. The Gran-

man of each tribe has a uniform given him by the Dutch; it 648 consists of a high silk hat, a braided frock coat, a drum-major's baton, and a metal plaque suspended around the neck, with the arms of Surinam on it. The ensemble is picturesque in the extreme. Captains have uniforms, too, but less ornate ones. The great full-dress occasion is the palaver at Paramaribo, held on or about the Queen's birthday, toward the end of August. This is an occasion of festivity throughout the colony.

The Governor receives the Bush Negro chiefs as he would any foreign ambassadors, and the dignity of these men, the aristocracy of their bearing, cannot be exceeded by white plenipotentiaries. There is one difference: most of the Djuka females remain at home. Indeed, Jankoeso has forbidden his daughters to go to Paramaribo on any occasion whatsoever. He himself must make a pilgrimage to the sacred medicine city of Dahomey in preparation for the trip, at which time he undergoes a purifying ritual at the hands of the high [783
obeiah priests, to muster good obeiahs for a salubrious passage. 793]

The only attempt of the Dutch to exercise any authority over the Bush Negroes is in regard to the burial ceremony. This has been a bone of contention for many years. The 648
Djuka custom is to allow the corpse to remain unburied for 764
a long period. The Dutch tried to stop this, not from any desire to interfere with the customs of the natives, but for sanitary reasons. The disagreement was finally compromised by a time limit of three days between death and burial. This regulation is usually not observed. Once they get back into their remote villages, the Bush Negroes do as they please.

[illegible] their remote villages, the Bush Negroes do as they please.

644 The punitive powers of the white government are seldom
652 exercised. Occasionally in Djuka land, as elsewhere, a murder occurs over some woman. Once or twice the Dutch have made an effort to arrest the criminal. But on the whole police jurisdiction is impossible, as any person familiar with the impenetrable bush and impassable rivers will easily realize. What occurs in any but the nearby villages is largely unknown.

Once the white authorities were cognizant of a murder that took place in Biodoti, one of Jankoeso's villages, and demanded the murderer for trial. With more sympathy for their own people who are criminals than for the white people who are judges, the Djukas flatly refused to give the man up. The Dutch colonial troops threw a cordon across the river just below Biodoti, refusing thoroughfare to any Bush Negro corials; this blockade would be enforced, they said, until the murderer was handed over. During the night Djuka corials leaked past the cordon; it was difficult to stop them. The Governor sent word to Jankoeso to come down to Paramaribo for an extraordinary parley. His refusal was
[202] brought by his personal messengers, his *lamba,* who are specially trained from childhood to carry long messages in their heads, keeping every word intact. The Governor informed these lamba that unless Jankoeso came willingly a detachment of troops would be sent to get him down by force.

Indignantly the Granman came, referring to himself as

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SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Saramaccaner

a prisoner, and refusing to take the special train awaiting 648
him at Kabel. Special trains, he said, were not for prisoners. 682
He was paddled the additional ninety miles in his own corial, which took six days longer. Very vexed at this, the Governor did not shake hands with him, and Jankoeso was offended. "Why doesn't he tell me 'Howdy'?" he asked Mynheer Wolff, who is always instrumental in furthering friendly relations between Dutch and Djukas. Wolff called the Governor outside, and advised him to treat the Granman with more cordiality. The necessary handshaking was done, and the parley continued more affably. The guilty one was apprehended and jailed for a year. Once again there went upstream the annual present of the Dutch government to each Granman. This is a continuation of the custom of tribute money [728]
paid to the Bush Negroes ever since the days of the black rebellions. Every year each Granman receives 1500 guilders.

The Granman is the actual chief of the river nation, but 622
the government centres in the village proper. The village [648]
623
is governed by a headman or *captain*, and aiding him in his work is a council or *bosseia*, consisting of three or four or more of the most mature men and women of the town. "Bosseia," like the American colloquial *boss*, comes from the Dutch word *baas*. Here the rough justice of the jungle is administered, and local disputes are settled. Here decisions [682]
are made concerning the ownership of timber, and property rights in cassava fields. Quarrels over women are more frequent than any other kind of disputes, and they, too, are settled by the village captain and his bosseia.

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Bush Negro Men Visiting Paramaribo, the Capital of Dutch Guiana.

Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 98]

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352 The bosseia meet under a separate shed, specially built for this purpose. The captain has a "throne," which is an ornately carved stool. The one belonging to the captain of the village of Lombe was purchased and brought back to the American Museum of Natural History. The members of the bosseia, too, have ceremonial seats, with elaborately pierced carving, typically West African in design. When the occasion arises, a meeting is held and the council is seated about on these ceremonial benches to hold palaver.

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[537] The business is brought up. Perhaps it is a domestic quarrel—two men over one woman. The offended party rises and begins exercising the Bush Negro's traditional privilege of unlimited and vociferous oratory. He details his wrongs. Grand gestures accompany the sonorous flow of words. The interested members of the village sit at a respectful distance from the captain and bosseia, and listen to the harangue. When other speakers have had their say, any inhabitant of the village may get up and give his or her opinion. Proudly the captain exercises his judicial talent, and the decision is handed down. It is not questioned.

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562 The women members of the bosseia have as much power as the men. It is chiefly the women who see that the ancestral and village customs are enforced. They are the guardians of the ancient traditions and customs of the race. To them, also, belongs the duty of keeping the village clean. If the [364] town needs a general cleaning, the women bosseia go about from hut to hut, telling the women to get together and perform the task.

When there is a conflict between villages over their hunting and fishing territories, the captains and bosseias of each town meet on some neutral ground and arbitrate the matter. Then, indeed, the parley becomes wordy and rhetorical. Each cause is championed with long speeches, setting forth oratorically the rights and conditions involved. But once an agreement is arrived at, the matter is closed. 622 623 692 628 [537]

Local disputes, excluding those over women, are not nearly so common or so serious as they are among civilized white men. There is a minimum of quarrelling among the Djukas; they get along together in an almost idyllic way. Wherever there are women, there will, of course, be quarrelling, for, in the words of Confucius, "Disorder does not come from heaven, but is brought about by women." Outside of this factor there is little friction in the Bush Negro community. Their highly communalized government works exceedingly well. 683 578

The Granman and his captains have an annual council to make laws for the coming year. This and other assemblies are known as *kruttu*. The captains and bosseias from surrounding villages concentrate at some important town to meet the Granman there. The Council near Gansee, the trading-post, included the villages of Nu, Lombe, Biodoti, Ganya Condree, and Adawai. Jankoeso refused to hold his parley in the town proper, although Gansee is the largest village in the entire tribe, because there is a Christian mission station there, conducted by the Moravian Brothers. Jankoeso is in favour of retaining the ancestral gods of the jungle, and does not look with favour upon the white proselytizers. 671 622 628 [778]

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Saramaccaner
Aucaner

795 and does not look with favour upon the white proselytizers.

643 The Granman can call a meeting of his captains at any
622 time. They must attend, even though it involves days of rigorous travel. Although the captains look up to the Granman and acknowledge him as their superior, the connexion between them is not close enough to be considered a hierarchy. The "river nations" are not monarchies in any sense. The only laws promulgated by the Granman are those that affect the entire tribe.

Neither the captains nor the Granman have any privileges
[565] or prerogatives to set them apart from the undistinguished natives; there is no leisure class. They are all dependent upon their own efforts to earn a living, and work like anyone else in the village. Rank does not make social parasites out of
[554 them, as among us. The Granman's only external distinction
728] is that sent by the white man, the tribute from the Dutch
[621] government. The type of social organization now prevalent among the Djukas, therefore, may be described as primitive communism.

619 The Aucaner, second in number to the Saramaccaner, are
361 scattered in a less compact way over the rivers and creeks of
[161] the colony toward the French Guiana line. This tribe numbers about 6000 in population.

Just below the realm of the Saramaccaner tribe, at the junction of the Sara Creek and the Surinam River (see map facing page), are some of the Aucaner villages: Koffay Camp, Lebbi Doti, Lasa Baka, Pitchong, Baku, and other settlements. There are few villages on the long Sara Creek, but

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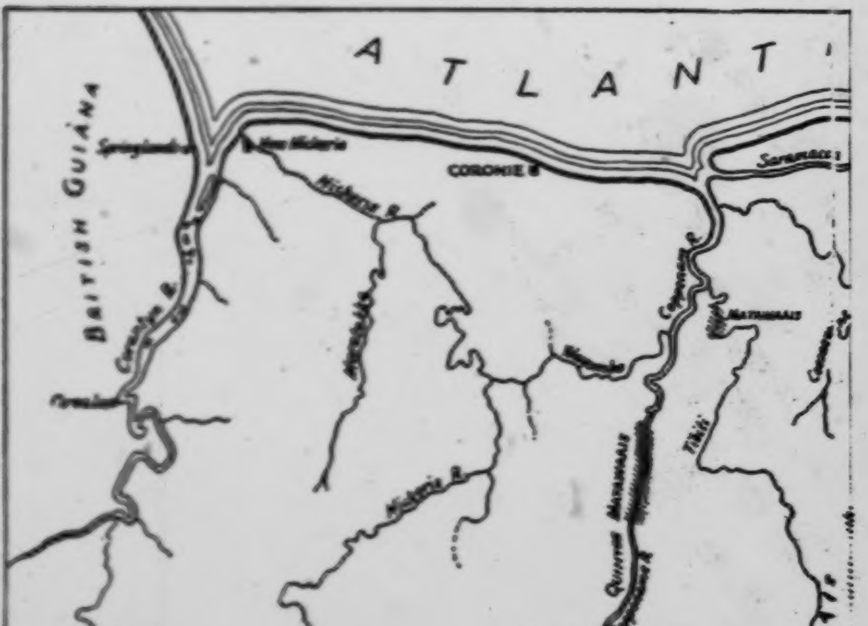
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Saramacca
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Coppename R.
Tibiti
Nickerie R.
MATAWAAI
Quintus Matawaai
Saramacca R.
Gran Rio
DUTCH GUIANA
MILES

[Facing p. 100, Sec. A]

Distribution of Bush Negro Trib

Drawn after a sketch b

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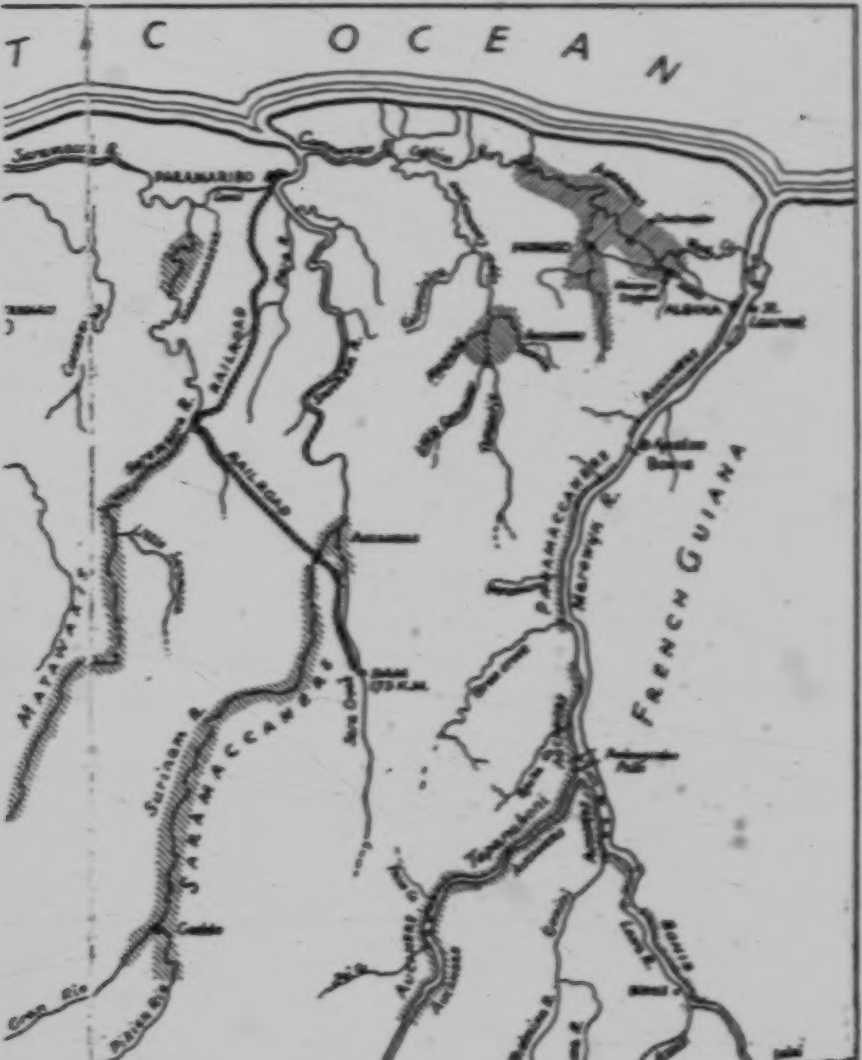
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C
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RAILROAD
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SARAMACCANERS
MATAWAIS
PAMAACCANERS
Marowyne R.
FRENCH GUIANA
Tapanahoni R.
Gran Rio
Pikien Rio

gro Tribes in Dutch Guiana
: sketch by Rogalli

[Facing p.100, Sec. B

Aucaner

after a day's portage from its source one may strike the 619
Tosso Creek, which brings the lower Sara Creek Aucaners 361
into the distant Tapanahoni River, where exist the main body of the Aucaner tribe. They inhabit both banks of the Tapanahoni, from its mouth where it flows into the Marowyne River to some distance beyond the far Jai Creek. The Aucaners, like the Saramaccaners, are divided into several lo or
clans. The names of these are as follows: the *Missi Jon lo* and 614
Otto lo, which are the most powerful and to which belong the families of the Granmans; the *Perica lo, Pata lo M'beh lo, Ju Nengre lo, Penasi lo, N'Yafi lo, Bray lo, Compai lo, Deekah lo, La Paix lo, Ke-o Condree lo,* and *Pooloogoodoo lo.* The head of the lo is called *Papa fu ah lo,* "father for the lo."

Beside these, the Aucaners have also divided their tribe 621
into two separate parts, but they are both under the same 184
Granman. These divisions are known as the *Uppo Nengre* 361 616
(Upper Negro) and *Below Nengre* (Below Negro). The boundary between them being the Gran Hollo (Big Hole) Falls in the Tapanahoni River. The territory of the Below Nengre begins past the mouth of the Gran Creek and extends up the Tapanahoni River to the falls above mentioned. The islands in the Marowyne belong to this division and their territory also extends to the Dutch side of the Lawa River up to Aboona Sungu Falls (a man named Aboona sank there), which forms the boundary between the Aucaners and the Boni tribe in that region. Some names of the vil- 103
lages belonging to the Below Nengre Aucaners of that dis- 361

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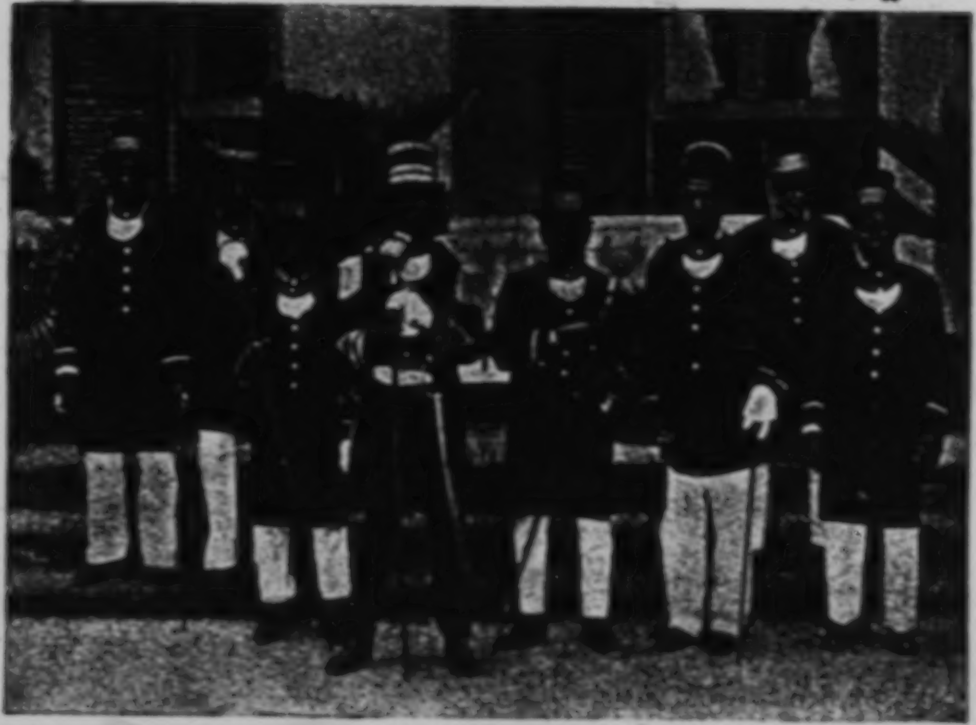
[Facing p. 102



Granmans and Captains Assembled in Paramaribo for a Council with the Governor of Dutch Guiana.

Photo by Curiel

Aucaner

103 trict are as follows: Londo, Adjuba, Poko, Apah-gee, Bahnda,
361 Apindah, Capusee Tabiki (Armadillo Island), Purigoodoo, Ki-u, Behnanoo, One Finga, Nikerie, Manlobbi, Fahndahki, Clementi, Moompasa, Saaje, Bow-wee, Chung-Chung; and there are many others.

At and above the Gran Hollo Falls in the far Tapanahoni, we have the villages of the Uppo Nengre Aucaners: Sangamasusa, Peekehtee, One-Watra-Ah-Bah, Moi-Talkee, Sribawatra, Yowsa, Meinsie, Dree Tabiki (the seat of the late Granman Amekti, and the seat of the probable new Granman, Matodja, whose mother was the sister of Amekti). Other villages of the Uppo Nengre are Polocaba, Pekein Condree (Little Country), Lohabie, Tombeh-do-me (What Ails Me), E'Sai, Gado Hollo (God's Hole), Ahkay Kuna, and Gran Borree, the last village, beyond which is nothing but the impenetrable bush for hundreds of miles, and no habitation save a few scattered villages of the all-but unknown Indians of that region.

361 On the Dutch side of the Marowyne River there are also Aucaner villages of the Below Nengre extending from just below Albina, the small Dutch settlement, where the Aucaner village of Captain Acrowsie is situated, to just opposite the Boni village of Apatoo. The settlements in this area are:
[103] Papa Acroi Condree, Papa Blah Condree, Amon Yeh Condree, Tindalee, Swampu Condree, and Mahyoto.

In the region of the Upper Commewyne River and on the banks of the Mapane, Peninica, Little Commewyne, and Tempati Creeks are also Aucaner villages. These villages are

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SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

the closest of the tribe to Paramaribo, some ninety miles distant. Some of them are called Nengre Condree Pepper, Gado Dri, Jaffa, Mus Mussi (Little Mouth). 361

On the Upper and Lower Cottica and Cormotibo Rivers, as well as on the Wane Creek which flows into the Marowyne River close to its mouth, and in the region of the Patamacca Creek, are more Aucaner villages:

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Upper Cottica, near Moengo
  Damtoppo (Top of Dam)
  Ferenkie (in the small Indufindu Creek)
  Peto Undro (in the Rikanau Creek)
Patamacca Creek
  Ifilaholo (He Filled the Hole)
  Lasa Undro
  Teme Koo
  Tanta Joe
Cormotibo River
  Toocopie
  Pekeim Adjuma Condree
  Moengo Toppo (Top of Mountain)
Wane Creek (tributary of Cormotibo)
  Sebesay Condree
  Kopro Campa (Copper Camp)
Lower Cottica River
  Kumaiku Dotee (Ant Hill)
  Langa Huku (Long Hook)
  Pekeim Santi (Little Sand)
  Pina Tjari Me (Need Brought Me Here)
  Agiti Undro (Get Below)
  Wan Hatti (One Hat)

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SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Aucaner
Saramaccaner
Boni

619 184 In general appearance and culture the Aucaners vary little from the other large tribe, the Saramaccaners.

[532] The art motifs and their treatment as displayed on the Aucaner wood carvings as a rule differ from those of the Saramaccaners. On the other hand, some of the pieces were found to be practically identical.

The Aucaner talkee-talkee also differs from that of the Saramaccaners, the former being more like the speech of the
[197
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191] Town Negroes. The Aucaners have no deepee-talkee or odo as have the Saramaccaners, but they have a dialect known as *Koropina* where a *p* or an *m* is spoken before the vowels in a word for the purpose of confusing strangers. A similar custom is prevalent among the Negroes of Curaçao, Dutch West Indies.

[291] The dress of the Aucaners is the same as that of the Saramaccaners, excepting that they affect more often the breast-cloth, the *wassapangye*, and the head-cloth, the *mussu*.

Among the Aucaners the toga garment is called the *yembah*, while it is called a camissa by the Saramaccaners. The barrier of palm leaves is called *chifunga* by the Aucaners and *azang pau* by the Saramaccaners.

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184] The system of food taboos and general culture are the same. There is no mother-in-law taboo among either the Aucaners or the Saramaccaner tribe.

[161] 648 The Boni tribe, which consists of about 900 people, is descended from escaped slaves who crossed the Marowyne River into French Guiana and who were allowed to remain there unmolested by the French authorities. This is the only

tribe of the Bush Negroes which owes allegiance to the 645
French. They have never forgiven the Dutch for their relentless
pursuit back in the old rebel days. Several years ago
the Dutch authorities made an effort to invite the Bonis back
into Dutch territory; these overtures, however, were flatly refused.

The derivation of the word "Boni" makes for interesting 101
speculation, and three theories have been advanced to explain 174
it. The first is that the word is derived from the French
phrase "Bon Negre" or "Good Negroes" which the colonists
of French Guiana applied to the Boni blacks because they
were comparatively quiet and peaceful. It is also possible that
the tribe may have been named after their famous rebel
leader Bonny, who took such a formidable and prominent
part in the rebellions. Thirdly, it has been considered that
the name was derived from the Bonny River of West Africa,
for undoubtedly some of the slaves came from that area.
Although *B-o-n-i* is the official Dutch spelling of the word,
when the tribesmen refer to themselves the accent is placed
on the second syllable, and phonetically the word should be
spelled *B-o-n-e-e* and pronounced much the same as the word
Pawnee, the tribe of American Indians in the western United
States. The Granman of this tribe, Awensai, receives his [643
annual stipend from the Governor of French Guiana at 721]
Cayenne.

The first village of the Boni, situated on the French side 361
of the Marowyne River, is that of Apatoo nestling at the foot 103
of the Armina falls. The entire French side of the river from

Saramaccaner

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Jankoeso, Granman or King of the Saramaccaner Tribe, in Town for a Parley with the Governor.

Photo by Curiel

[Facing p. 106]

361 that point has no further permanent habitations of the Bush
163 Negroes. Past the realm of the Aucaners on the Lawa River
(the confluence of which with the Tapanahoni goes to form
the Marowyne) we find the continuation of the Boni tribe,
consisting of the villages of Tahbiki, Pulumuffo, the seat of
the Granman, Loka, Papai-Seton, Agodai, Komuntibo, Cot-
tica (the only Boni village on Dutch territory, but whose in-
habitants also owe allegiance to the French), Akuba, and
the last of all the Bush Negro villages, Assisi, past the mouth
of the far Assisi Creek.

177 The Bonis, although the most remote of the Bush Negroes from the plantations from which they originally escaped as slaves, have certainly succumbed the most to the influences of the white civilization. Even the village of the Saramaccaner tribe, Santi Gron, only some twenty miles from Paramaribo, maintains in true aboriginal fashion its African customs and its heathen gods.

797 The French Catholic priests have been more successful in
making converts among the Boni than have the Dutch
among the other tribes. In one village, however, we saw the
usual heathen fetishes on full display, but we were told that
they only afforded real protection to those who *believed* in
them. Some of these tribesmen wear trousers and the head-
cloth of the French Guiana Town Negroes. We have even
heard it whispered that some of the Boni own shoes, which
[[illegible]] is an unspeakable offence against the code among any of the
other tribes.

[illegible] Although the huts are of Africanesque architecture, similar

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SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Boni

Although the huts are of Africantype architecture, similar 342
to those of the Aucaner tribe, there is, at times, more wooden board in the construction and less thatch.

During the expedition of 1928 we were informed that the 316
Bonis, particularly at the village of Apatoo, were conversant 326
with the old West African method of smelting iron and manufacturing it into implements of various kinds. This claim proved to be entirely groundless. If there is any iron ore in the neighbourhood, these tribesmen do not know where it is, and most certainly do not understand how to smelt it.

It was in Africa that the art of iron working is supposed to have originated, and the iron work of West Africa, whence the Djukas came, is a thing of beauty. But the Djukas have lost this hereditary art. Among the Bonis, the work in metal seems to be limited to the soldering of copper French coins to bracelets made of iron or copper pipe, which they procure by trade or from the machinery of long abandoned French gold exploitations. They also make brass bracelets and anklets of considerable width out of brass piping obtained from a similar source. The piping is split with the sharp blade of an axe and hammered into shape with the blunt end. We were able to obtain a stiletto with an iron blade and a handle of brass riveted to it with copper, but we are under the impression that the blade, at least, is of French or Italian manufacture.

In their general habits as regards hunting, fishing, agri- 194
culture, canoe building, social customs and structure, dress, 619
and so on, the Bonis are quite similar to the Aucaners. They
speak a dialect of talkee-talkee which has distinct differences [191
from the Aucaner and the Saramaccaner in that it contains a 192]
good deal of French patois.

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An Aid to Busy Mothers.

[Facing p. 108]

184 good deal of French patois. Most of the people also speak a
629 fluent and, at times, a good French, which they have learned from the freed convicts, the libérés, of the largest French prison colonies in Guiana at St. Laurent, situated about forty miles from the mouth of the Marowyne River. Some of the
439 Negroes of this tribe, as well as some of the Aucaners, sometimes visit St. Laurent for purposes of barter and trade. They also occasionally aid the French in transporting loads in their canoes up to the remaining placer mine.

648 These Bush Negroes have seen thousands of white convicts and libérés. They have seen white men under the most degrading conditions possible to human existence on this planet. They have seen them shot down in the street. They have seen them rummaging in cans of tropical garbage that even a dog would shun, or escaping through the jungles, simply starving, hunted animals. Their point of view in regard to this may be summarized in the answer received when the question was put to one Boni as to what he thought of the Penal Colony; he said: "*Francie mong sung go dede*"— "Frenchmen soon die."

But just across the river from St. Laurent is the little settlement of Albina and the *Doocie mong* (Dutchmen). The Dutch have armed soldiers there so that the escaping libérés cannot cross.

322 As among the other tribes, the Boni are adept in the carving of wood. They make the usual kinds of highly decorated implements, such as large combs, pot stirrers, food trays carved out of sections of a tree trunk. The door posts and façades of their huts are often elaborately carved

Boni
Paramacca

façades of their huts are often elaborately carved. The drums [illegible]
and other Bush Negro implements take the usual West African form, but the treatment of the motifs among the Boni 532
differs somewhat from that given by the other Bush Negro tribes. The spiral, snake, liana, and coil designs are less in evidence; the patterns are usually more angular in character than similar pieces from the Saramaccaner and Aucaner. Animal, human, and bird figures are more common in the designs of these French Guiana tribesmen, as the collection brought back for the American Museum of Natural History attests. Also, personal decoration by scar-tissue patterns seems [304]
to be less in evidence among the Boni. In all other respects, however, their culture seems identical with that of the other Djukas.

* * *

The Paramacca tribe, now numbering about 500 in population, was founded by one man and two women, who were 175 361.
slaves on a plantation in the Upper Commewyne River. They escaped by way of the Tempati Creek in 1813, then travelled over the watershed to the head of the Paramacca Creek, a tributary of the Marowyne River. For a long time they built villages at the head of the Tempati Creek and later at the head of the Paramacca Creek, being afraid to go into the

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Bush Negroes of the Saramaccaner Tribe, Upper Surinam River.

Photo by Klein

[Facing p. 110]

175 Marowyne River on account of the Boni and Aucaner tribes,
361 who were long established there and who were much
stronger numerically than the newly arrived Paramaccas.
They finally came out of the creeks, however, and founded
a village on the Dutch side of the Marowyne River near the
mouth of the Paramacca Creek. The main seat of the tribe is
[103] now the village of Langa Tabiki (Long Island), which, as
the name denotes, is an island in the Marowyne River. This
is the village of the Granman. Beside Langa Tabiki, there is
361 the village of Amerika Condree (from a Bush Negro captain
103 called Amerika). This village is situated on the island of
Boni Boro, which means the "Bonis arrived." A third important village is that of Akodo Condree, captained by one
Akodo and situated on an island of the same name in the
Marowyne River. There are lesser villages on the Dutch bank
of the Marowyne extending just past the mouth of Gran
Creek. The Paramacca village of Seeton Ponta (Pointed
Stone) is situated on the French side of the Marowyne. The
older villages in the Paramacca and Tempati Creeks have
long since been abandoned.

115 In Seeton Ponta we had a long talk with an old Captain
159 Koffay who claims to be some eighty years of age and whose
appearance certainly bears him out. He is the grandson of
one of the original women slaves who escaped and aided in
founding the tribe. He can remember his grandmother telling of the terrible privations of the early days when they first
escaped into the jungle, how starvation nearly overtook them
on a number of occasions, how they wandered for forty-

seven days aimlessly in the high bush, and then happened 115 upon the putrid remains of a tapir which had been killed by 159 a jaguar and which food, after they chased the vultures away, was what saved them from starvation. He said that now they call themselves Teegre Nengre (Tiger Negroes), for they believe the jaguar was ordained to save them. One day his grandmother showed him gold in a creek bed and she told him never to touch it for she had seen it make white men crazy. His grandmother was born in Dutch Guiana. She had never told him stories of Africa, but he had heard of it from the Catholic missionaries. He knew that the blacks had come from over the sea, but he had also heard that they were the original inhabitants of the jungle who had been killed off by the Indians, with the exception of a few roving bands who had joined the escaped slaves. (Slaves are known to have escaped as early as 1650 and may have formed bands, which [101] may, in turn, have joined the Boni tribe, for the Boni today are called Aluku Nengre—Indian Negroes—by the Aucaner and Paramacca tribes.) We also heard that the term Aluku Nengre refers to Indians of the Rukuyana tribe, of which one of the women was taken by Awensai, Granman of the Boni, as one of his wives. The term seems to be used in a somewhat opprobrious way on this account.

Old Captain Koffay, clear-minded and vigorous physically, believes that the white man will some day try to re-enslave the Bush Negroes and that there will be another war between them. "Bahkra greedy," said he.

The small Paramacca tribe does much less in the way of 000

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A Bush Negro Mother on the Lower Saramacca River.

[Facing p. 112]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramaca

The small Paramacca tribe does much less in the way of
322 wood carving than do the others of the Djukas. This was evidenced by the few pieces we were able to collect and was also known to be a fact by the Aucaner Bush Negroes who accompanied us to the Paramacca district. The motifs dis-
184 played upon the articles collected were practically identical with those found on Aucaner pieces.

123 In fairness to the Paramaccas, however, it must be mentioned from our experience among other tribes that collecting is much facilitated when one is cordially known. On a second or third expedition one is able to collect many times more specimens than upon a first introduction. The Bush Negroes are at first shy as a rule and not anxious to part with their belongings.

* * *

184 The tribes do not fraternize much with each other. Some
619 travellers report that the Aucaner and Boni tribes feel them-
609 selves superior to the others because they have less contact with the white man. If this is true, we cannot report any personal observation of it. A traveller has no more difficulty among them than among the Saramaccaner people. Some
628 ill-feeling between the Aucaners and Saramaccaners dates
609 back to the slave revolt, when the former observed their peace treaty so scrupulously as even to aid the slave-owners in re-

gaining possession of other fugitives. It is said that, until 628
recently, actual war prevailed among the tribes because some 609
Saramaccaners invaded the Boni and Aucaner districts,
poaching on their lumbering, hunting, fishing, and balata
rights. The punishment today for any Bush Negro found [685
poaching in another district is a healthy beating with canoe 681]
paddles and fists, after which he is warned not to repeat the
offence.

With the Indians of Surinam the Bush Negroes have little 648
commerce or intercourse. These aborigines belong principally
to three American tribes, the Carib, Acaway, and Arawak.
They and the Djukas mutually look down on each other, but
in our opinion the latter are intellectually the superior. Indian
and Djuka villages are separate; very little trading occurs [439]
between them. On the Marowyne, Tapanahoni, and Lawa Rivers, however, the Negroes occupy a strategic position on the middle rivers, so that Indians from their remote villages along the upper river must pass by Bush Negro towns on their way downstream to trade at the white settlement of Albina, near the mouth of the Marowyne. The Djukas tell the Indians that the white men in Albina practise cannibalism. Rather than run the risk of trading with cannibals, the Indians barter their stuff in the Bush Negro towns. By this crafty arrangement, the Negroes obtain bead and feather work in exchange for tobacco and for machetes.

The Indians on the other rivers do not share this superstition concerning the white man's cannibalism. None of the Indian tribes mingle with the Djukas other than for the pur-

648 poses of necessary trade. What produces this antagonism is simply racial and cultural difference. Few of the Bush Negroes realize that the Indians are aborigines while they themselves are not. They have no memory of their African origin. Their historical knowledge, as far as we could determine, dates back no further than the rebellion. There is no native word in their vocabulary for "Africa," except where the missionaries teach.

Nor do the Djukas mingle with the Town Negroes. Remembering with pride their escape from the planter's lash, they regard contemptuously these Town Negroes descended from slaves who never had sufficient courage to revolt. It was not until the emancipation edict of the Dutch government that the Town Negroes gained their freedom from the old sugar plantations. As we have noted before, the Djuka refers to the Town Negro as *bahkra schlaff*, or "white man's slave." Only occasionally will a Town Negro be permitted to live in a Bush Negro village. We know of one instance, an old gold prospector named King, who lives at Gansee. After forty years of panning for gold on the river creeks of Surinam, he is content to retire to the peaceful life of a Djuka village. There are also isolated instances of British Negro balata bleeders from Demerara, the capital of the adjacent colony, who now live in Bush Negro towns. If a Djuka woman has intercourse with any of these strangers or, indeed,
[548] with anyone outside her own tribe, she is looked upon as a prostitute.

The Town Negroes, on the other hand, speak disparagingly of their "savage" relatives, but are afraid of them. The Town Negroes are frequently well educated, and by comparison with them the Djuka visitor to the white settlement appears shy and childish, except when trading. The Town Negroes, though, feel a wholesome timidity toward the Djukas. As our educated tent boy would say: "Deh wild people, Doctor, fill wit de devil. Deh gon gib you jumbee, Doctor; I tell you deh make plenty obeiah (magic). Deh know how to control de evil spirits."

Another Djuka relationship of peculiar interest is with the escaped convicts of the penal colony of French Guiana. The escape of a convict into the bush is vividly described in Blair Niles's *Condemned* and *Free*. The Djukas have learned to fear these incorrigibles, who at times attack their villages, steal the provisions, and ravish the women. Most of the escaped convicts, trying to reach Paramaribo, pass through the Aucaner tribe district, in the general neighbourhood of Moengo, where the bauxite mines are. In certain parts of the hinterland the Frenchmen are shot at on sight.

Once an escaped convict trailed a white man's party for several days and, when the men were out hunting, entered the camp, killed the cook, and stole the provisions. When the other members of the party returned, their food was gone and their cook dead. Remorselessly the Bush Negroes tracked down the incorrigible. When they caught him, they buried him in the sand up to his neck and built fires around his head, which they slowly pushed closer until they saw him die a slow death.

648 Curiously enough, many of the Djukas believe that there will be another war with the white man. To them it seems that the bahkra may attempt to re-enslave them at any time. Hence, they are suspicious of all white men, whom they expect soon to be fighting again. It is said that, in preparation for this eventuality, they have accumulated tremendous stores of *nekku* to poison the entire Surinam River, on which Paramaribo is located. The purpose of this, as they express it, is "*Fu killee ala bahkra na futu*"—"To kill all the white men at the foot (of the river)." Apparently they do not know that this plan is useless, that the water supply of Paramaribo does not come from the river, but from artesian wells and cisterns of rainwater.

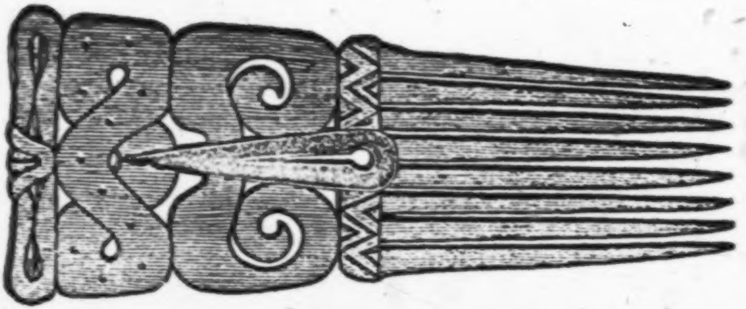
Legally the Djukas are under the control of the Dutch Colonial Secretary, as wards of the Government of Surinam. The Bush Negroes recognize rather vaguely that the Dutch [65] own the colony, but while they are subjects they pay no taxes, have free range of nearly the entire area, and do exactly as they please concerning village and tribal affairs. The sovereignty of the Dutch is, for all practical purposes, merely nominal.

The Dutch make very humane colonists. In Surinam they are faced with the difficult business of governing a polyglot population of many races, Negroes wild and tame, aboriginal Indians, Hindus, Mohammedans from India, Javanese, Chinese, and white men of all nationalities. As Anatole France expressed it in *The Procurator of Judea,* putting the words in the mouth of Pontius Pilate, "It is no easy matter to

govern a subject race with justice, and not interfere with 648
their local customs." Here the Dutch have been marvellously successful. They seem to have a knack of understanding the primitive mind, so that under their rule the various races live in harmony—a wonder in itself—and peace reigns throughout the settlement.

Dutch Guiana does not have the atmosphere of tenseness that characterizes the British colony to the west or the penal colony to the east. On the whole a lovelier tropical settlement would be hard to find.

Unlike certain nations in Africa, the Dutch have never
tried to exploit the natives by imposing anything like the [651]
infamous hut-tax. For this they certainly deserve high praise. The notable position of the Bush Negroes consists in this, that, whereas all over the world primitive tribes are paying tribute to the power of white exploiters, here is one tribe where the situation is reversed, and the whites are paying tribute to them.



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Chapter Eight

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY

THE Bush Negro family is not a family in our sense of the word. In the Surinam jungle the Djuka family is polygamous and matrilineal. The unit of society is the hut, where the mother and her children live. 594 595 611

In order to understand the marriage customs of the Bush Negro tribes it is first necessary to forget for the time being the system of patriarchal family life under which the white men of our age live. One unconsciously takes the customs of one's own society as a norm, and passes moral judgment on exotic customs by their deviation from that norm. This habit of thinking must be avoided as far as possible in considering a primitive society, though it is difficult even for an agile mind to make dispassionately the transition from one culture in which the father is dominant, to another, in which his position is not important. On the other hand, many of our 114

1[For caption, see category 116, p. 204. —Analyst]

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2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramacca

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Bush Negro Men of the Paramacca Tribe, Middle Marowyne River, French Guiana. The child is being tended by its maternal uncle, who, in the social structure of these people, takes the place of the father in tending the children.

[Facing p. 120]

114 prejudices about sex and marriage may become less rooted
by a comparison with the customs of a primitive society.

611 The Djukas, like a number of other primitive tribes, reckon
428 descent only through the female line; property rights are
transmitted through the maternal side of the house. Fatherhood is a fact of relative unimportance.

595 Polygamy is the practice. Each wife lives in a separate hut
(often in a separate village), which belongs to her because
her husband built it for her. A man has as many wives as he
wants, or can keep. The wives get along together fairly
[152] amicably. The cancer of matrimonial jealousy characteristic
of our own system, is of narrow range and effect among the
Djukas.

596 The head of the family is not the father, but the mother's
604 oldest male relative—her brother or her mother's brother.
The father is technically unrelated to his children. As a matter of biological fact, he can never be sure of his paternity, whereas maternity is never in doubt. All children belong to their mother's family, and are subject to the authority of her brother or her maternal uncle. The latter is more closely related to them than any other male.

611 A group of families related through the female line con-
614 stitute a *m'beh,* and several m'beh together make up a *lo,* or
clan. These groups are all reckoned through the mother.
Husband and wife may belong to different m'beh and lo, but
children of the union belong only to their mother's group. At
593 first sight the father seems negligible in this arrangement,
604 but it must be remembered that he is very likely the brother

of some other woman, and exercises authority over her children rather than over his own. 593 604

The Djuka family, then, consists of a group of people all 596 611
descended from a single woman, and related to each other through the female line. Whatever family authority exists resides in the mother's or grandmother's brothers; to them the children defer; from them the children will inherit property and title. The paternity of the children is unessential. This type of social organization is called matrilineal.

We should, perhaps, not expect to find romantic love, as 114
we know it, among the Djukas. The peculiar transports and attenuated delights of romantic passion are a rather extraordinary phenomenon which, according to Briffault, does not exist outside of Western civilization. Romance requires a high development of individuality among women so that one may be desirable above all others. Where women are mutually interchangeable, romance cannot exist. The Djuka black does not love a woman; he loves women. Love among the Djukas is not a brainstorm but a physiological release, and marriage an economic device.

The young people have complete knowledge and some experience of sex at an extremely early age and are usually married at sixteen or seventeen. They are fairly promiscuous before marriage and extremely so afterward. This, again according to Briffault, is the rule in tribes retaining the matrilineal tradition. Since intercourse before marriage is a practice that the Djukas make little effort to restrain, sex is a common affair, not particularly connected with marriage. 836 [582 837]

[Facing p. 122]

Bush Negro Women of the Saramaccaner Tribe.

Photo by Klein

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2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramaccaner

836 It is indulged in as naturally as the other bodily functions.

"Marriage" is a convenient term for describing cohabita-
581 tion among the Djukas, but it must be remembered that to
585 them marriage is a purely economic institution. There is
586 837 little ceremony. No one objects to getting married, because divorce is instantaneous and easy. The bonds of marriage are loose, and adultery, to use our harsh term, is customary.

584 Courting consists in presenting the prospective bride with elaborate wood carvings of useful implements. This wood
322 carving has been developed by the Djukas to a high point of artistic perfection, as can be seen from the illustrative specimens, of which more will be said later. The approaching marriage is not looked upon as a departure from the maternal group; it is simply an arrangement for providing the man with a cook and the woman with children. The marriage of
643 622 a captain or a Granman differs in no wise from any other; no especial care is taken of his bride.

We encountered two varieties of the process of choosing a husband. In the first, the girl has little to say, her husband being selected for her by her parents. In the second and more frequent practice the woman marries the man of her own choice, the parents making sure that the intended husband is a good provider. But since every Djuka buck is trained to the jungle crafts from childhood, this requirement can almost be taken for granted.

582 The husband marries frequently. He may marry outside of his village, or outside of his lo, but never outside of the
000 tribe. Marriage requires a bride price, consisting of pieces of

Marriage requires a bride price, consisting of pieces of 583
cloth, sugar, tobacco, and some carved wooden implements,
such as combs, paddles, trays. These are handed over to the
bride's family as presents. Then the wife simply moves into
her husband's hut, or he into hers. Despite their pre-marital 585
promiscuity, it is said that on the bridal night all the in-
habitants of a Bush Negro village will gather outside the hut
to hear what the husband has to say regarding the bride's
virginity. If the girl is not a virgin, part of the bride price
may be refunded, at the husband's discretion. The gathering
on such an occasion is attended by much jocularity.

The Djuka husband builds a hut for each one of his women 593
and has another for himself, to which he may retire when- 342
ever he feels the need of bachelor seclusion. The woman 591
sleeps in her own hut, cooks, and raises her children there.
The husband comes to her when he wants to, and leaves
her for another wife when impulse so guides him. She seldom
quarrels with the other wives, who may even live in separate
villages.

Each wife has her own provision ground, where she grows 593
rice and cassava; her husband has cleared it for her. The cas- 241
sava fields are owned by individual women, but are held in 562
[423]
very loose tenure. At harvest time, or when a plague of in-
sects is threatening, the women of several households work [476]
together in common.

The man's hut is called his *gudu oso*, or "treasure house." 342
It serves to impress his women with his importance and 556
wealth. They are forbidden to enter it, but, woman-like, they
insist on peeping in. So he keeps many boxes and wood carv-

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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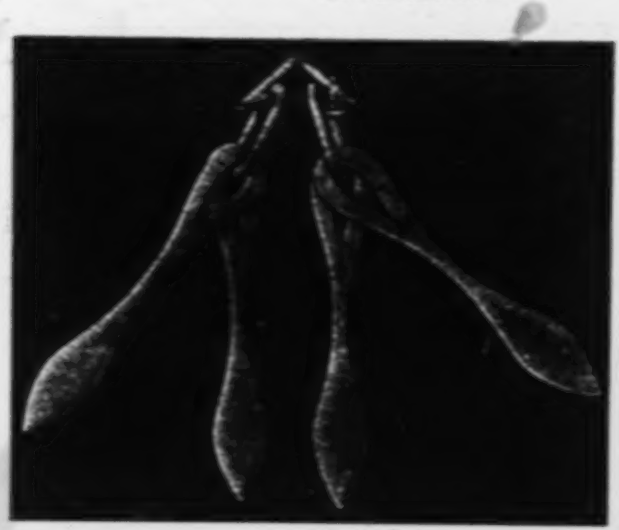

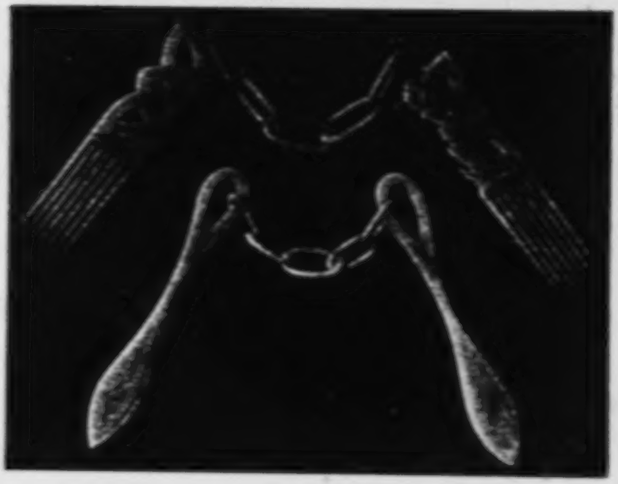

Combs and Pot Stirrers with Chains. Each is Carved from One Piece of Wood. *Saramaccaner Tribe*, Upper Surinam River.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History. Photo by Herbert Heller

[Facing p. 124]

342 556 ings inside, to give the idea of affluence. The women looking into the dim interior are awed by the numerous boxes. They are usually empty, however.

837 684 When men go away on hunting or fishing trips, adultery frequently occurs. If it is discovered by the husband's family, they seize the wife and beat her. Her own family rushes to her aid, and a general mêlée ensues. The village is soon in [22] an uproar, and to the captain belongs the unpleasant and thankless task of stopping the fight. There is considerable excitement for a few minutes. Many a hot listless evening is provided with a momentary thrill because someone's wife has been careless. After the mêlée the wife is usually forgiven, and the village returns to its normal routine.

586 Divorce is easy. A married woman merely informs the bosseia and captain, and moves out of her husband's hut, going back to her parents or to her lover. Even this formality may be dispensed with if she simply locks the door and refuses to let her husband enter. There is an heroic simplicity to this procedure. The husband may do the same, divorcing any one of his wives without assigning any reason for his action. The parting—we hesitate to distinguish it as a divorce—is usually on the woman's initiative; men leave their wives not so often as their wives leave them. Usually a husband will endure a wife until domestic dissension makes his life unbearable. Among women the motives for divorce vary; a husband's impotence is a very adequate reason, for of all masculine virtues the Djuka women esteem virility the most. Impotence seems to be common among primitive peoples after

the age of about thirty-five. Another motive for separation is 586
a husband's inadequacy as a hunter, fisher, and provider. Or
the woman may simply be bored with him and like some
other man better. The husband is liable to be teased a bit by
his friends, but after a few days he forgets and marries again.

Open licentiousness or sexual suggestiveness is never seen 834
in public. The personal modesty of the Djukas has already
been noted. Exposure of themselves, or public intercourse,
such as is common in some tribes in Africa, never occurs.
After the dances, for instance, no open promiscuousness occurred. [786
There is one orgiastic dance known as the *ogalusa,* 535]
which means "mating like loose hogs."

Two aphrodisiacs are used liberally by the natives. One is 832
prepared by infusing the bark of a bush vine called *debbil
dour* with water or weak alcohol. The liquid when drunk is
supposed to give an erection of several hours' duration. Some
of it was brought back by the expedition and tried on laboratory
animals, with no effect. It is well known, however, that
witch doctors will substitute other roots or herbs when giving
their medicines to white men.

Another aphrodisiac that we found used among the Aucaners is the seed of the mucca-mucca plant, which grows on the banks of most of the rivers of the colonies. The seed is mashed into fragments and then inserted into the urethra. This acts as a tremendous irritant and is supposed to bring about erections of long duration. If used frequently, a persistent and disagreeable type of urethritis is produced.

At the hospital near the mines of the Surinam Bauxite

832 Company, some ninety miles in the interior, we were informed by the physician in charge that it is not infrequent to have Bush Negro women report for internal disturbances, which upon examination prove to be irritation and small hæmorrhagic areas. The physician believed that this condition was due to the men's practice of using the mucca-mucca seed.

844 During childbirth the mother stays in her own hut. She is often attended by her mother, her female relatives, and friends. In every village there are one or more women who are skilled in the art of midwifery; these women are called *pekein mama*—either "little mother" or "mother of little children." At the time of childbirth, the pekein mama is assisted by four little girls from about ten to twelve years of age. The pekein mama uses a liberal quantity of hot water in the process of delivery. In the event of an abnormal condition, it is the duty of the pekein mama to deliver the child as skilfully as possible. The woman bears the ordeal of childbirth with the usual primitive fortitude, although the pains of labour seem to be as great among these people as among
[846 women of more civilized countries. The mother must drink
184] only hot water for three months after the birth of the child.
853 Children are nursed at the breast for a period of three months. They are then fed a little mush made of cassava to which is gradually added rice, a small amount of meat, eggs, and plenty of fruit, but periodical nursing may sometimes continue for as long as two years. The mothers often chew the food before giving it to their babies.

We took particular pains to gather as much information 163 as possible on fecundity, infant mortality, and the death-rate of mothers in childbirth. Sixty women were questioned. The fecundity we found to be variable; one of the women claimed to have borne twelve children—the highest number encountered—and some had no offspring at all. The usual number of children was found to be two or three. Interestingly enough, there is a low infant mortality; that is to say, a low death-rate for infants during the first six months after birth, but a high child mortality. The higher death-rate occurs 165 among children from the ages of two to six years. There 844 seemed to be a considerable number of premature births, and deaths of mothers at the time of birth or shortly thereafter are numerous. After much questioning, we found this to be one of the grievances of the Djukas, for they consider the Dutch medical authorities could do a great deal in alleviating such a condition. The precautions surrounding the mother at the time of childbirth or shortly thereafter are very crude and they may lead to infections and end in death by puerperal sepsis.

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The birth of a child is usually the occasion for some slight [852] celebration. The umbilical cord is severed with a knife (unsterilized, of course) and buried behind the hut. The placenta is thrown into the river. *Trismus neonatorum,* a tetanus infection by way of the umbilical cord, occasionally occurs, due to the extremely unclean conditions surrounding parturition. As can be seen from the photographs, some of the Djuka children suffer from umbilical hernia, because the cord is

Aucaner

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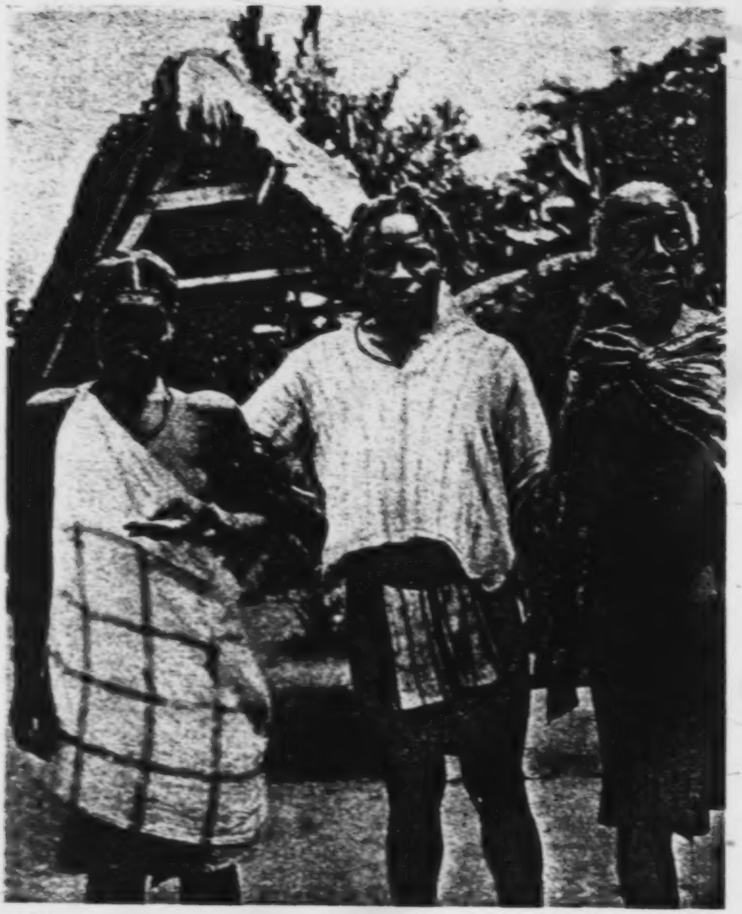

Bush Negro Man and Women of the Aucaner Tribe from the Tapanahoni River, Dutch Guiana. Note scar tissue decoration on face and chest of woman at left. The central figure is "Moi-Man" (Nice Fellow), one of Dr. Kahn's guides.

[Facing p. 128]

764
844 not severed gently enough. During the nursing period it is
[853] often customary for the mother to abstain from intercourse,
and judging by the size of the nursing children this period
may last for two years.

854 The children are carried in the West African manner,
astride on their mothers' backs and held by a band of wide
cloth that goes around both mother and child. This is unlike
the local Indian custom, in which the squaws carry their
offspring on their hips. The children are washed often, being
bathed several times a day beside the river; they stand and
gurgle as the water is being poured over them.

842 The number of births among the Djukas is not as great
847 as might be inferred from their promiscuity. This suggests,
of course, that some means of contraception is practised. In
one village on the Saramacca River a medicine man showed
the bahkra a yellow berry, an infusion of which is supposed
to have abortive properties; it is known among the natives
of British Guiana as "Doctor Doolittle." We doubt that the
infusion has any such properties as are assigned to it.
We also heard that the Djukas practice mechanical abortion,
but their crude instruments must make this very dangerous.

854 Excepting during the first two or three years of the children's lives, mothers actually have little to do with their care.
There are usually several older children in the family, sisters,
brothers, or cousins, to whom is relegated the care of the
551 younger ones. Besides their ordinary names, children are
also called according to the day of the week on which they
were born, such as Monday-child, Tuesday-child, and so on.

were born, such as Monday-child, Tuesday-child, and so on. 000

The boys of about seven to ten years of age form themselves into groups and play at hunting or fishing, or canter in and out of the village. There seems to be very little organized game playing among the children. For that matter the adults have no organized games aside from that of gambling with the *adji-boto* board. The little girls play at house making, or follow pursuits of a less arduous nature than do the boys, and to them in particular is given the care of the young children, although the boys often do their share in this matter. The arts of hunting, fishing, canoe work, and jungle craft in general are usually taught the boy by his maternal uncle, or by some other male relative of his mother's family, and less often by his actual father. At irregular intervals there are canoe races, and the young men indulge in wrestling as a pastime. 857 [525] [868 604] [526]

We know of no initiatory rites for ceremonially admitting children into the tribe at puberty. Among the Aucaners, however, the boy does undergo a slight ceremonial to indicate that he is at last a full-fledged adult. Most of the children of both sexes are entirely nude, and no notice is taken of the fact. At about the age of ten the boy begins wearing around his waist a string of singrassi, in anticipation of a loin-cloth. When the maternal uncle judges that the boy is old enough, he stands the boy up before the entire village, assembled for the purpose, and gives him a loin-cloth and camissa. But first the uncle rips off any cloth that happens to be on the boy's body and draws attention to his nudity. Everyone is told to 881 [291]

881 have a last look at the child's penis, as they will never see it
again. Then the boy is proclaimed a man, and given clothes.

So far as could be observed, there is no circumcision of
either the male or female, although such mutilations are indulged
in by West African tribes in the region from which
the Djukas came. The girls wear only the *coyo,* or a larger
cloth known as *pangi,* until their first menstruation, when
their mothers give them cloths. This is done in private. Menstruating
women are required to leave their homes and retire
841 to a separate hut situated outside the village on a by-path; they
may not return until three days after the period is over. Under
no condition are they allowed to go to the provision fields
during this time.

584 At the age of about sixteen or seventeen the children are
[582] ready to be married. Sometimes they are betrothed in infancy,
and occasionally a pregnant woman will betroth her
child before it is born, conditionally, of course, upon its sex.
Once the child is betrothed the ceremony must take place,
[754] otherwise the disappointed prospective mate will call down
a *kunu,* or curse, on the entire perjured family, and they will
all die. The pubescent child does not look forward to marriage
as time for leaving its family, nor is marriage an
[581] initiation into sex relations. For these two reasons, getting
[848] married is not a serious step, and there is little illegitimacy
because there is no reason for objecting to a marriage.

858 Youths must remain standing until their elders invite them
576 to be seated. It is customary for older people to receive much
888 respectful attention, for the older people are the sources of
tradition and authority

tradition and authority. The older women's opinions bear 888
considerable weight, for it is chiefly they who maintain the
customs of the tribe. The mother-in-law and father-in-law [606]
are held in special esteem.

Unlike divorce, death is an occasion of genuine sorrow. 765
If a man's wife dies, he may go into mourning for a whole
year. His mourning consists in staying in his hut and doing
no work, while his dead wife's family brings him food and
supports him. When the year is up, he makes a sacrifice to
"the little ground god, Amu" before taking another woman. [776
He slaughters a fowl, letting the blood flow from the throat 782]
on to the earth. After this ritual sacrifice a big dance is held,
and he is permitted to marry again. It is his next wife who
insists upon this ritual.

When a man dies, it is sometimes incumbent upon his 587
widow to have intercourse with his oldest surviving brother
and marry him. The fact that he may already be married
makes no difference whatever. It is imperative that they live
together for several months; after that, if there is no affection
between them, they can separate. This is a widespread
custom among primitives, and there are remnants of it in
the present-day customs of orthodox Jews.

Among the Aucaners it is not necessary for a man to have intercourse with his deceased brother's wife. He must, however, take care of her for a period of six months, after which time she is free to remarry.

A woman may publicly mourn her deceased husband by [765]
singing a dirge every little while.

768 Upon the father's decease, his property does not descend to his children, but reverts to his wives, sisters, mother, or brothers. As the wives may be living in different villages, each wife inherits only that property which happens to be in her village. If the man has no wife in a certain village where there are maternal relatives, they inherit all his property within that village. This pertains more to personal than to real property, as the latter tends to be communally held.

648 One thing more must be said regarding the sex life of the
833 Djukas. The white men seldom receive overtures from Bush
Negro women. It is, of course, taboo for Djuka women to
have intercourse with white men, Indians, Town Negroes,
balata bleeders, or anyone except her own tribesmen, among
whom she is promiscuous. One Djuka woman, running her
hand over the skin of a white arm and shoulder, shuddered
in repulsion. When asked why, she said that she did not care
for white-skinned men. We, however, were marked out for
special feminine favour. We received from a woman the gift
[431] of a bracelet of delicately filed iron wire, because, as she said,
our eyes put her in mind of those of her dead husband.

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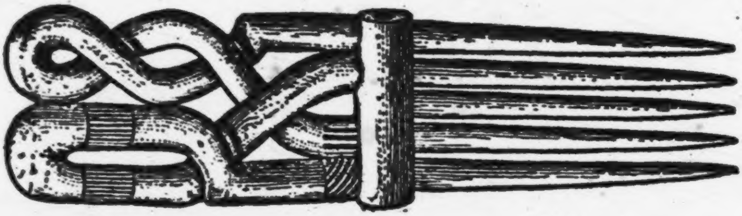

[412 322 532]

Chapter Nine

MEDICINE AND MAGIC

NO one in Djuka land dies a natural death. Death is caused by witchcraft. At Santi Gron on the Saramacca River, preparations are being made for a burial. The whole village is excited. The women wailing are the relatives of the dead man. Children are crying because they see others crying. Unseen drums throb dully, making the hot air pulsate. The corpse lies in an open shed with only three walls—a death house (*dede oso*). Two girls of fifteen or sixteen are fanning it steadily to keep the flies away. The man died more than a week ago; all this time the body had been lying on a platform out in the tropical heat to decompose. 754 764

It is black magic that kills. Therefore the Bush Negroes make an effort to find out who made the magic that killed this man. An ancient ritual is employed. Three to ten days the corpse is left unburied, and in the humid heat the flesh undergoes a partial liquefaction. The putrescent fluid is gathered in a calabash cup and carried around from door to door. 754 695 787

1/∧ [For caption, see category 116 133 p. 204.—Analyst]

754 695 787 Each person in the village goes through the motion of drinking some of it. Should anyone refuse to do this, he is the person who is guilty of inflicting death by witchcraft upon the deceased.

The guilt is mainly ceremonial; but sometimes a penalty is attached to anyone's refusal to "drink." The liquid is not actually swallowed, but the calabash gourd is placed to the lips. The whole ritual is probably a folk-memory of the ancestral days when actual death was meted out to the man who worked black magic.

Another ceremony to find the guilty party may follow, especially if the first has not found him. The corpse on its platform is carried in procession through the paths of the village. Leading the procession are the obeiah men daubed with pemba dotee. Their faces are bisected vertically, one half covered with clay and the other half clean. Large crescents are drawn over each breast and over the belly. In the procession are the dead man's relatives. They are accompanied always by the booming drums. Four bucks carry the platform to the doorway of each hut, and pause there, or pause in the village clearing.

The obeiah men question the corpse: "Is this the house of the person who killed you?"

The four men bearing the body, which is supposedly possessed by the spirit of the dead, shake the platform, imparting a slight movement, a semblance of life, to the corpse. Meanwhile, buzzards and vultures, the uninvited guests, perch expectantly in the wall of jungle trees that surround

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

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Saramaccaner

Aucaner

the village clearing. Flies and insects scurry. The body rolls 754
over toward the door of the hut: yes, this is the guilty one. 695
Or else it rolls away: no, he is innocent. The tomtoms boom 787
again, and the procession moves on to the next hut.

After winding about the town, the procession continues along a game trail back into the forest, where the white man is not allowed to follow. There, back in the bush, the body is perhaps buried to cheat the buzzards and vultures; but we are not sure. The dead person's hut is never occupied again; 768 neither is it repaired or demolished, but allowed, like the corpse, to decay.

Not for some time has the actual death penalty been inflicted upon those suspected of killing their neighbours by witchcraft. 683 However, this used to be the case among the Djukas—more especially among the Aucaners—and the ceremony surrounding the detection of the guilty party is probably a survival of the Tshi-speaking people of Africa. Today the punishment of one suspected of causing death takes a more moderate form. In fact, unless the guilty party had previously announced his intention of causing the death, the punishment is "left to God." Otherwise, the guilty one may be given a severe beating, but, if the culprit escapes to a neighbouring village, it is incumbent upon the captain of that village to give him asylum. This has been noted by Mr. E. Wong, head bush police official at Moengo. Men are sometimes ostracized from the village, and are left to gain a livelihood by their own resources at some lonely spot on the river.

[Facing p 136]

A Witch Doctor's House, Upper Surinam River. The sugar-cane stalks and the turtle shell impaled on a staff are badges of this profession.

754 More than one person may be involved in the black magic
[695] that brings about death, and the burial ceremony may indicate
several persons as guilty. This magic is similar to that
employed by other primitive peoples. A spirit or soul resides
[774] in each living person; if this spirit is destroyed, the person
will die. A man can cause the death of his enemy by summoning
the spirit out of his enemy's body with herbs and
charms and incantations; the spirit can then be shot with a
gun. Or else he may procure some of his enemy's nail parings
or hair, or any object of close personal association. He should
also know his enemy's birthday and secret name. Rites are
performed and, as a result, the enemy dies. His spirit has been
slain. Magic, therefore, consists of the use of rituals for the
purpose of compelling supernatural powers to do one's
bidding.

123 For this reason many natives object to being photographed.
774 The black camera, they believe, if pointed at them and
822 clicked, will draw out their souls. The person owning the
camera can then mutilate or destroy their souls at will. On
our first expedition among the Bush Negroes all attempts
at photography were difficult. When the attempt was made
to take a native's picture the black would cry out, *"No puru
me!"*—"Don't draw me out!" They firmly believed that the
photographer was trying to draw out their spirits for magical
purposes. On the second expedition, returning to the same
villages with the developed photographs, we showed them
to the natives and watched their reaction. The Negroes examined
the snapshots curiously, turning them around, not

being able to accommodate their eyes to the tiny grey perspec- 123
tives. When the significance of the chiaroscuro dawned upon 774
them, they broke into broad grins and were mightily pleased. 822
After that most of them readily consented to being photographed.

A woman was suspected of causing by witchcraft the death 683
of the late Granman, Amekti, of the Aucaner tribe. She was 766
severely beaten and was not allowed to attend the ceremony 643
of *Broko Day* (breaking day), the time when mourning is broken.

Broko Day is held four or five months after the death of 766
the Granman. Game is hunted and cassava cake prepared 643
for many days prior to the great feast. It is a time of great festivity; there is dancing, singing, and general merry-making. At this time the *Songai,* the *Pekein play,* and the *Susa* dances are held. The participants are generously smeared with pemba dotee and they wear costumes and decorations which are not seen at any other time. Then, as many of the tribe as is possible gather in the village of the erstwhile Granman, and the feast lasts for about a week. Dancing and feasting continue night and day. At this time the
ageedah drum—six to eight feet tall—is played, as well as [534]
the smaller instruments already referred to. Toward the end of the ceremony, the hair and nails of the corpse are buried, a new Granman is inaugurated, and the deceased ruler is relegated to the position of an ancestor. Prayers may then ascend heaven-ward to him.

Captain Acrowsie of the Aucaner tribe told us some in-

766 643 teresting things concerning burials. A Granman's or a captain's body is placed in a cave-like hole dug in the side of a
[622] hill, and is eventually sealed in. It is forbidden to throw dirt upon the bodies of such officials.

764 In the case of an ordinary person, a large hole is dug in the ground in which the corpse is lowered. A plank is placed over the body, so that the dirt subsequently thrown into the hole will not come into direct contact with the body.

766 The bodies of albinos, idiots, and lepers are otherwise disposed of. These people are supposed to be related to the river, and are called *watra pekein,* or water children. Instead of being allowed to rot, their bodies are placed in a pit dug in the bank when the river is low. When the water rises, the corpse is washed out of its temporary tomb.

769 Every year the azang pau, the palm barrier across the village path, is renewed, and at this time prayers are said for the dead. The dead person's relatives have shaved off their forelocks when he died, and often again at intervals of three, six, and nine months thereafter. But after the lapse of a year there is no mourning; a large dance is held to signify that the period is terminated, and after that the dead man or woman is relegated to the position of an ancestor. The prayers then ask him to intercede with the gods for the benefit of those still among the living.

Not only are human beings animated by spirits, but the 774
Djukas believe that everything, every object in the external
world, is the residence of a spirit. These spirits are called
Mama. Thus, canoes have spirits (*Boto Mama*) and so have
huts (*Oso Mama*), paddles, fetishes, stones, and especially
drums. Each has an impalpable soul. Moreover, there are
several jungle spirits, tribes of ghosts and invisible men.

The woods of Surinam are filled with ghosts. *Winti* is 776
a ghost that can come into your body and make you do things
you otherwise would not do. A pregnant woman, several
weeks before her delivery, was struck dumb by an unknown
enemy. This aphasia disappeared upon the birth of the child.
When she was expecting another child, she fasted six days,
to the point of exhaustion. Then a magic rite was undergone,
and she broke the fast. Knowing that someone has put
Winti on her to prevent her from having children, she now
fools them by simulating idiocy. From this it is apparent that
Winti is under a measure of control; it can be sent into the [754]
body of an enemy to do him harm, then it is called *wissi.*

Jumbees are also bad spirits that can be controlled by the device of magic. Once put on a person, they bring him bad luck. Pain is caused by a spirit called *Congo Burtri.* The soul is known as *Basuki,* or *Kra.* In the bush there also dwell tribes of evil men who are invisible; every time a Bush Negro looks at them they turn themselves into a tree or an anthill. When the Bush Negro is not looking, they kill him with unseen arrows.

The Djukas believe in the *Gran Gadu,* the ruling spirit

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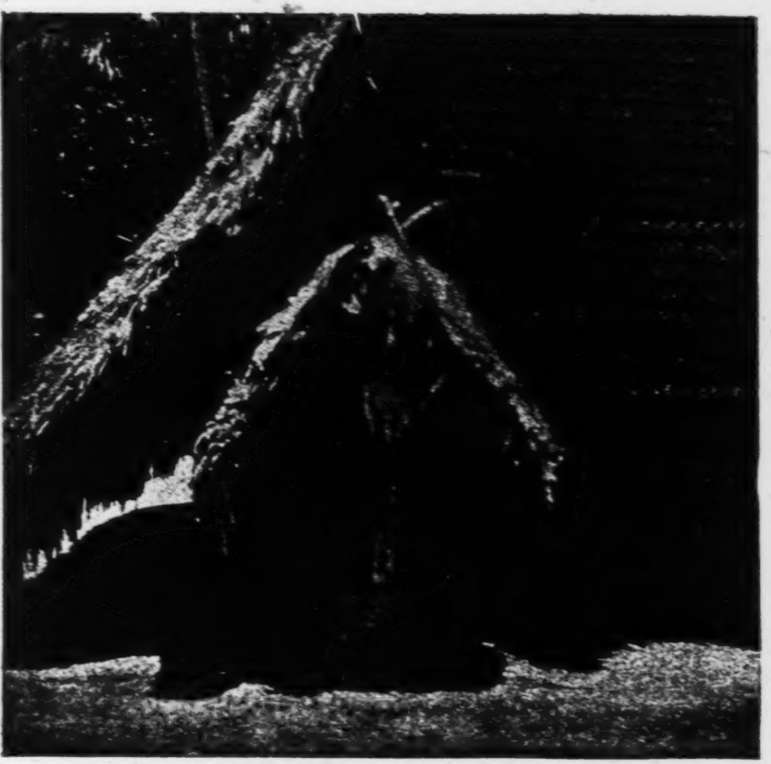

House God, Upper Surinam River. Note hut built to shade the fetish.

[Facing p. 140]

778 over all things. Among his other names are *Gran Tata* (Great Father) and *Old Nengre*. Subordinate to the chief deity is Apuku, spirit of the jungle. There is also the spirit of the river, *Tonai*, or *Amucu*, or *Watra Mama*. Then comes the snake spirit, whose ritual was once a thing of horror, *Papa Gadu*, whose other name is *Voodoo*.

The evil spirit, the bad, wild spirit of the bush, is *Cromanti*, who possesses the dancers in their midnight fury. His dwelling-place is the silk-cotton tree. In the jungles of both West Africa and South America the silk-cotton trees (*Ceiba pentandra* or *Bombax ceiba*) grow to an immense size, towering above all the other vegetation. The Bush Negroes [824] consider this *con con dree* sacred, refusing to touch it with a knife or axe. Any man who cuts one down is accursed. Once, during the construction of a village, a man was forced to cut one down. Cromanti went into his wife and killed her in six weeks. Similar to the silk-cotton is the *kotu con con dree*, and any man so foolhardy as to molest it will get into dangerous trouble.

The kindly spirit is *Aflamu*, who protects the Djukas against the invisible men who live in the jungle. The fetishes to Aflamu have two eyes, one looking forward and the other placed backward, to indicate his unceasing vigilance in all directions. In *The Golden Bough*, Frazer mentions the Djukas as setting up a Janus-faced image on the village paths. We have never seen one of these and doubt their existence. The fetish to Aflamu is placed on the village path, however, and the same idea is involved in the eye set in the back.

Other evil spirits are *Bakru, Yorkas* (a Carib word), *Azeman*, and *Lybba*. The Bakru are very ugly. A Negro picked up a crying child and sat him on his shoulders. His companion noticed the child's eyes and said: "That is a Bakru." The Negro dashed the child down. The child was instantly transformed into an ape and said: "I missed you that time, but next time I'll get you." The Bakru may also take the form of little mannikins with large heads. 776

Yorkas are ghosts. They are very similar to our conception of haunting spooks. They may be the ghosts of dead people, more especially of dead enemies who have returned to do harm. [775]

The Azeman are the most awful of all spirits. They leave their skins every night and travel about in the form of persons without any skin. Consequently they are an ugly, bleeding sight. At dawn they assume their covering. But if the skin is found and salt placed around it, it shrinks so that it becomes too small for the Azeman to get back into. This causes them to vanish. Another method of getting rid of the Azeman is to scatter rice about. They dislike rice very much and stop to pick the grains up out of the way. In their preoccupation they do not notice the coming of dawn, which is very harmful to them.

The Lybba are spirits or ghosts similar to the Yorka.

A sleeping Bush Negro must be waked with care, as his personal spirit, the soul, or kra, may not be able to get back in time if he is too suddenly aroused. 828 774 513

The Djukas may be possessed by almost any spirit. During 007

The Djukas may be possessed by almost any spirit. During
776 the dances they sometimes feel Apuku or Cromanti, as the
787 case may be. Once a Bush Negro was possessed by the spirit of a jaguar. The big buck seized a dog that happened to be loitering near by and tore it to pieces with his fingers. After a dance a man was seized by the spirit of a rebel leader of the old plantation days; he seized a cutlass and began hacking and smashing everything around him until the others forcibly restrained him.

776 The Bush Negroes do not worship the jungle spirits very
782 meticulously, but every village has fetishes, usually standing
[778] in little god-houses which are mere sheds to keep off the rain. Under the shade of the tiny roof can be seen the stiff visage of one of these deities, at times with remnants of food and drink at his feet. Beside the food there is usually a paddle for the god to eat with, elaborately carved like any food-paddle, and smeared with pemba dotee, the sacred white clay. This clay is smeared on all religious or ceremonial objects. For the individual to hold profitable converse with the gods, he must be smeared with it; pemba dotee seems to be a sort of catalytic agent between the soul and the deity. This custom is a West African survival, and not to be found among the Indians of Dutch Guiana.

778 Along the river, also, are occasional shrines where the
782 Bush Negroes may appease their deities when on long journeys, or when hunting. The shrine consists of a tall pole which may be either festooned or plain. At the base of many of the poles are shells, stones, bottles, and pieces of wood, as well as food and drink, possibly as a sacrifice. Every village,

too, has a large pole outside of or in the clearing, which is 782
used in praying to the god or to ancestors. The spirits of departed [778]
ancestors are invoked frequently and reverently.

Very often, when a man begins to hunt, he will call on the god and his ancestors for aid. The following prayer we heard intoned at the mouth of a creek, where a *gadu* pole was situated, by one of our paddlers who had entered to shoot fish. He clasped his hands, knelt down, and, with eyes closed, grasped the obeiah which was around his neck while he said the following words: "*Mooma nanga Tata nanga Massra Gadu. Me beh you mekki dem luku me kissi fu tru-tru wan anumara*"—"Father and Mother and Mr. God, I beg you make them see (those who do not believe) that I (you will allow me to) surely catch anumara fish."

The Djuka was gone about an hour. He returned with a fish weighing eight pounds. For this occasion he knelt in front of the praying pole and uttered the following prayer of thanks: "*Keh Massra Gadu, gran danke fu you, ala suma go nanga inye uh kun oto nanga bon. Gran danke fu ala den sani, ala den sweeti muffo deh wey kissi. Gimme furu pekein. Gran danke fu you*"—"Oh, Mr. God, many thanks to you for all who go in and come out with good. Many thanks for all things, all good things to eat which we caught. Give me plenty (full of) children. Many thanks."

In almost every village one encounters a wooden post 778
thickly smeared with white clay on which is placed an iron 782 [755]
pot. This apparatus is sometimes under a small thatched roof. Certain herbs are put in the vessel in case of sickness. At

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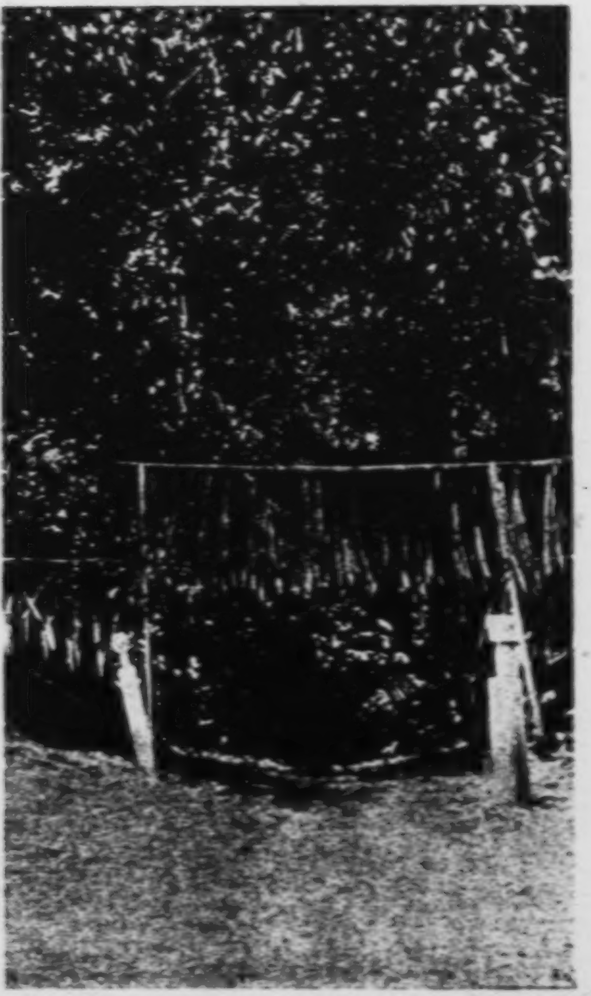

The Azang Pau. Phantom Barrier Over Paths Leading to Village. Upper Surinam River.

[Facing p. 144]

778 782 other points throughout the village, one also sees posts, having attached to them cross-pieces, from which a length of white cloth is flying. A few bottles usually stand around at the base of these posts. Here one comes to address the Gadu (any divine being), or the spirit of a deceased person, when one has something to request, or wishes to return thanks for good luck. This petitioning is accompanied by the pouring of water or strong drink ("high wine" or *sopie* as it is called by the Bush Negroes) on the ground. One may encounter these cross-pieces with the white cloth at almost any place in the village, as for example, near a sacred tree or on some of the paths leading to or from the village. We may also see various *krom-tiki,* sticks or pieces of bush vines which have grown in a peculiar zigzag fashion. These, too, are supposed to have protective powers against evil.

◆

825 778 Snakes, excepting the venomous varieties, are held in reverence, and their worship is woven through the whole religious pattern. If a snake enters a hut, it is not molested, but allowed to return to the outside. If it shows no disposition to depart, it is chastised gently with a little broom-like contrivance and chided for not knowing its proper home. The bahkra who tries to kill a snake is prevented from doing

so. In accordance with the voodoo ceremony, sacrifices of 825
white chickens are occasionally offered to Papa Gadu, the 778
snake god. Sacrifices are especially made to the large land and water boas. Human sacrifices, if they occur, are kept secret from all outsiders. We have no reason to believe in their occurrence.

A most interesting *Winti* dance was witnessed by Mr. 825
Charles de Goeje, leader of the Dutch government expedition 796
to the Tumac-Humac Mountains in 1908. This dance was for the purpose of propitiating the spirit of a snake which had been accidentally burned to death while a provision ground was being prepared for cultivation.

About 10 P. M., Mr. de Goeje relates, the drums began to play furiously. There were two apenti and one large ageedah drum. The people began to sing in an unusual manner, and the wife of one of the headmen, thickly smeared with pemba dotee, sat immovable as an image upon a carved wooden stool. After the drums had gone on for a while, there was heard the exclamation, *"Pour watra!"* A man came with a basin; he dipped a palm leaf in it and sprinkled the seated woman while the drums beat furiously. The woman seemed to awaken and began to turn around and around on her stool; she twisted and turned her body sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly. When she had reached a high pitch of excitement, she began to dance.

Several other women smeared with pemba dotee rose and took part in the dance. They danced around the long drum, gesturing as if the drum were speaking to them. They then

825 embraced the drummers, streaking the men's heads with
796 pemba dotee. A number of women in the audience also caught
the spirit. One of them began to shake and convulse; when
825 she awoke from her trance, she ran to her hut in the village.
796 158 Another woman began to murmur as though in a dream.
Still another one ran about among the assembly streaking
and rubbing others with the sacred white clay. This dance
continued until very late, and the whites, overcome by fatigue, were forced to retire.

The next morning at daybreak they again assembled. One of the women began to chant in a thin strange voice, and at 6 A. M. the dance started again. A couple ran dancing into the village clearing and smeared a man with pemba dotee; he also began to prance and became hysterical. This is known as *winti kiki,* or the transference of winti from one person to another. Several others, obtaining the spirit in the same way, began to dance. One man, after dancing a long while, ran around the clearing and finally fell flat on his face. He remained there until others carried him away. The man who had been playing the ageedah drum circled around with his drum between his legs like a hobby horse. Some of the women fell on their knees and continued to dance thus. One fell to the ground and beat the earth with her arms and legs. This ceremony ended at 10 A. M., after which the body of the snake, which had all this while been carefully guarded, was buried with great solemnity.

The dancing recommenced at four o'clock in the afternoon. The women went to a little Gadu house. One had a

severe attack of winti. She fell upon her knees and appeared 825
half lame. The others lifted her up. A youth came with a 796 158
green stick; he bit into it and spat on the woman's calves,
legs, feet, and arms. After a while she was able to stand alone.
This seemed to constitute the end of the dance. It had somehow
become known that the Papa Gadu, the snake spirit,
was angry, and this big *gadu pray* (god's spread) had been
necessary in order to propitiate him.

The women who are seized with the winti sometimes mutter a few words. The others regard these as the utterances of a spirit and say: "*Ya, gadu*"—"yes, God." Upon inquiry among the women who had caught the winti spirit, Mr. de Goeje found that they all complained of feeling very dizzy or giddy when in such a trance.

* * *

Certain localities, as well as individuals, may be possessed 776
by evil spirits. The Pwaba Creek is such a place. Were a 751
Djuka to go up this creek with any clothing on, he would
never come out alive. So upon entering the waters of Pwaba
the Djuka strips off all his clothes. That nullifies the bad
magic.

Every Bush Negro, to protect himself from all varieties 751
of black magic, wears a number of charms or amulets. He 778

751 calls them *obeiahs*. An obeiah is a charm or a form of magic
778 to be distinguished from a *trafer*, which is a taboo. Obeiahs
may be worn in the form of bracelets or necklaces, called *boe*.
Bush Negroes never start out on a hunting or river trip without a number of boe around the arm, or leg, or neck. Thus the machinations of the evil spirits are set at naught.

One boe which Abaisa made for us is formed of heavy wire wrapped with white cord and set with cowrie shells. Worn on the arm, this will make you very strong. The charm will protect you while engaged in dangerous doings, such as
[431] drinking river water after someone has been drowned in it.
Abaisa made this bracelet out of friendship. It was given, not purchased; therefore the old-time gods are not offended at its being possessed by a white man.

[782] He presented it with great solemnity, taking a mouthful of rum and spitting it on the ground as a libation to the ground god, then squirting another mouthful over the bracelet. After that we all had a swallow of the same liquid and
[553] Abaisa said a prayer in deepee-talkee. A somewhat similar
ceremony attended the giving of a Djuka name to the white man—*Abentee,* provider.

751 The cowrie shells with which the obeiah is set are smeared
321 with pemba dotee. The clay closes up the openings of the
778 shells, thus preventing evil spirits from entering into the interior. These cowrie shells, which decorate practically all the
[171] magic emblems of the Djukas, are commonly found among
the savages of Africa, both on the East and West Coasts. They are also common in African art work, and at one time constituted a form of currency, papa moni.

stituted a form of currency, *papa moni*. They come originally 778 751
from the East Indies, having been brought to both Africa and [177]
South America by Portuguese traders. When a savage takes
a fancy to a thing, he will go to some trouble to get hold of it.
Thus the tin cans of the Standard Oil Company have penetrated
into almost every primitive community now known.

Projecting from the wrapped cord around Abaisa's boe is a bit of blue cloth to ward off the spirit of a dead enemy. A bit of red cloth blinds the wearer to evil sights and makes him serene. A small strand of white cloth provides protection from the bad spirits called *Bakru*. Underneath the cloth are bristles from the anteater to give strength. All these charms make the obeiah bracelet a powerful affair.

Another boe is used to foretell the future. It is similar to 778
the bracelet, but projecting from the wrapped cord is a short 787
bit of tubing. The device is suspended from a string and held
motionless, the tube pointing toward the ground. When no
air is stirring a question is asked concerning the future. If the
pointer remains motionless the answer is "yes," but if it
moves the reply is "no." In this simple way the Bush Negro
acquires knowledge of coming events. Our tent boy had
several questions he wanted to ask, and when they were answered
he had "a peculiar feeling."

Another obeiah that we obtained is a jaguar-tooth necklace. 778
Strung on the same string with the pierced tooth are
two little carved fetishes of Cromanti and Aflamu, crudely
done. All religious articles are extremely crude in their carving,
compared with the delicate tracery of Djuka implement

778 carvings. Still another magic device is a red necklace of macaw feathers, to bring luck in hunting. Another obeiah with [843] a tinkling bell is worn around the neck by pregnant women to tell the unborn child that everything is auspicious in the outside world.

Some of the beliefs accompanying these amulets are odd [776] and child-like. The Djukas think that spirits are afraid of strangers, and flee in terror when a stranger is encountered. The inhabitants of the little town of *Pekein Say* (Talk a Little Bit) have the power to call back hunters who are lost in the bush, a virtue peculiar to these townfolk alone. These curious beliefs persist despite the fact that they could easily be tested and exposed. Any coincidence will strongly reinforce them. Late one evening, going up the river, we came to an Aucaner village and stopped to spend the night. Not liking the looks of the place we told our paddlers to push on to the next village before night. Tired, they grumbled at this. To give weight to our decision we told the blacks that our obeiahs were warning us not to stay, and that it would be dangerous to let this warning pass unheeded. Impressed with the gravity of the warning, they acceded to our wishes. We went on, although not being able to reach the adjacent village in time we were forced to spend the night in the bush.

Later, coming back down the river, we learned that the village we had passed by had held, on that very night, a great and disastrous dance. There had been much drinking of high [579 731] wine, and, in the drunken and hysterical excitement that followed, half the town was burned down and three men were Killed.

were killed. When we told Abaisa about this, he nodded ap- 778
provingly, not at all surprised that his obeiah charm had
warned us of the impending danger.

Other bush beliefs come under the head of *trafers,* or ta- 784
boos. Primitive behaviour is very largely governed by categorical rules; although the individual is unaware of the origin and purpose of these rules, violation of a taboo is unthinkable. It is trafer, for instance, to sit on the ground. This explains the many intricately carved stools in our collection of Djuka art objects. It is also trafer for a Bush Negro woman to have intercourse with anyone outside of her own tribe. This was not so in the old days, for Stedman mentions that the white commissioners parleying with the rebel blacks were liberally entertained and provided with women for the night. Such a thing would be trafer now. It is taboo to harm the alligator,
and if you were, by some unspeakable chance, to kill one, [825]
its ghost would return and destroy all the children in your family.

Besides these general taboos, there are personal trafers and 825
food taboos that differ for each individual. If one man shoots 784
a sloth (*seloss*) it will spoil his gun, but his brother or his neighbour may kill one with impunity. It is that particular Djuka's trafer. Another man may have the turtle as his food taboo. The turtle is a well-known figure in Djuka folklore. The *sacri patu,* also called *logosu* and *kaw,* is spoken of as "walking like a sick man." The belief that when a turtle bites a man it will hold on until it thunders, a common belief in parts of rural America, is also found in Djuka land.

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

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Saramaccaner

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769

Ancestor Shrine. Village of Adawai, *Saramaccaner Tribe.*

[Facing p. 152]

784 These food trafers are sometimes chosen by the individual,
262 and are acquired also by inheritance. A certain Bush Negro
[424 got his trafer in this way: His grandmother had a vision,
787] called *papa winti,* and she informed her grandson that she had been possessed. This made him feel the spirit of Cromanti. In that bad state he got the *idée fixe* that shooting a turtle would be reprehensible and dangerous. This animal then became his tabooed food, and for the rest of his life it is trafer so far as he is concerned.

* * *

797 So far only a slight attempt has been made to Christianize the Djukas. The Catholics and Moravian Brothers have established mission stations at a few points along the rivers. Their efforts at conversion appear on the whole to be unsuccessful. The Bush Negroes are converted in small numbers and very superficially; in moments of stress they will revert back to their jungle deities. The whole spirit of Christian customs is foreign to their mode of life. They have the Gran
776 Gadu, an adequate enough image of divine power. Their
782 prayers are sometimes said directly to him, or they pray to their ancestors to intercede with the Gran Gadu for aid. Sometimes the prayer is said by being beaten out on the tomtom,
[778] for the tomtom is sacred, and the throbs of the great

776

drums carry farther toward heaven than the talkee-talkee 782 778
of a lone supplicant.

It is not easy to distinguish between the primitive's magic 756
and his medicine. In the village organization a distinction is 793
sometimes made between the *medicine man,* who is concerned with remedies for sickness, and the *obeiah priest,* whose business is charms and rituals. There are two or three obeiah priests to each village. Their profession is the propitiation of spirits, that is, magic and religion. The magic of the obeiah men is largely secret. Once we arrived at a village while a ritual of some nature was going on. Pots were stewing in the centre of the clearing, while obeiah men were moving around them. One held a rattle, which he shook monotonously. The bahkra was asked to leave. It was magic in the making.

The Bush Negroes possess an extensive system of primitive 824
medicine. Various roots, herbs, and nuts are gathered in the
jungle, and their use is mingled with various superstitions.
The witch doctor or medicine man who prepares infusions 756
from these herbs holds no exalted position in the esteem of
the villagers; he is simply following a particular profession
to which no special prestige is attached. He may, however, [793]
be an obeiah priest in addition to being a medicine man.

He prepares several kinds of medicine, among them the 756
snakee-kutti, or snake-bite cure. It cures the bites of all rep- 789
tiles and makes the person immune from future attack. 278
Snakee-kutti is made in this way: a venomous snake is killed
and the head and the tail-end are cut from the body; the tail

756 789 278 is placed in the mouth of the snake and the whole is roasted over a slow fire, along with certain herbs. Incantations accompany the business. After the materials are thoroughly charred they are reduced to a homogeneous powder, which is administered in two ways: first, internally, and second, by making a small incision in the arm and rubbing some of the powder into the wound. At first we were inclined to think that some of the venom might remain in the poison glands of the reptile's head, and so act as an antigen to set up a real immunity. But the heat of the roasting fire would probably destroy any such toxin remaining, leaving the resultant powder non-antigenic.

Even in Paramaribo enthusiastic accounts of the marvellous powers of snakee-kutti are common. It is supposed by some to have the power of making snakes turn and flee. Being curious we tried it ourselves, but noticed no effects.

778 784 Some doctors are skilled in the preparation of a certain strength-giving concoction especially in demand by Bush Negroes before a fight. If by the following day the combat has not taken place, the man who swallowed the medicine must get it out of his system by hacking viciously at a tree with his bush-knife; otherwise he will become ill.

According to Abaisa, men who drink this magic potion sometimes become so strong that with one blow of the machete they can make all the leaves of a tree fall off.

Bathing is another way of acquiring extraordinary strength. Three baths in water infused with *bimbe* leaves will give a man the power to pick a red-hot axe-head out of the midst

of a burning fire without being harmed. Bathing every day 778 789
for nine days in water in which rusty scrap iron and peanut [515]
husks have been boiled renders a man impervious to the cut
of a knife and his flesh capable of turning any blade.
Stomach-ache is treated by drinking an infusion from the [757]
hollow handle of a dance rattle. Especially potent in all magic [825]
preparations are the bristles of *tamanua,* the anteater. *Obeiah
watra,* another infusion, is drunk by men before going into
the bush, to give them luck and strength. It is also possible
to acquire strength or other virtues by rubbing one's body
with the putrescent fluid gathered from the corpse of a dead [764]
man who possessed those qualities.

If a person should find fecal material in front of his hut
or rotten eggs along the trail in such position as to make it
likely for him to step upon it, it is certain that this material
was placed there by a member of the community who is attempting [754]
to *wissi* or bewitch him. Anyone who removes this
matter is liable to insanity.

Minor cuts and wounds may be treated with the bark of 757
the *aproconyo* tree. This is ground up and mixed with the
brew prepared from the leaves known as *pekein fol caca*
(little rooster).

Boni

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A Bush Negro Woman of the Boni Tribe with a Carved Wooden Flail Used Instead of a Wringer, for Cloth. The right hand holds a tin containing an infusion of tobacco leaf and water.

[Facing p. 156]

164 The Djukas suffer from a number of diseases also common among white men. Yaws, a syphilis-like disease, caused by infection with *Spironema pertenue,* is frequently found among them. Individuals may be seen suffering from all three stages of it. Malaria, including the severe tropical form, is spread by the mosquitoes along the rivers. An ulcerous condition known as leishmaniasis, the result of infection by Leishman-Donovan bodies, is an ordinary occurrence, as is hookworm. The Town Negroes are occasionally infected with filariasis and schistosomyasis of the rectal type. Leprosy is present in the town of Paramaribo, but we saw none of it in the bush.

648 The Djukas do not fear to take the bahkra's medicine. The
757 gratitude of more than one mother was earned when we gave
[515] her child castor oil. Of the principle of asepsis, naturally, the
[304] Djukas know nothing. Their incisions for making *cutty-cutty* (ornamental scars) are septic enough to give a bacteriologist nightmares.

On one occasion, snakee-kutti, the snake protector, did not work, and a Bush Negro, who had been bitten was taken to the hospital at Moengo. His leg had gone untreated for five days and was in the serious stage of gangrene. The limb was amputated by the doctor in charge and the Djuka made an uneventful recovery. He would not have been brought to the hospital by his family if there had been anything more for the Bush Negro medicine man to do. But there was not, and they went to the bahkra as the last resort to save his life.

778 Far up the Surinam River is the sacred medicine city of
756 Dahomey (pronounced Daumay). Into its sacred precincts

the white man has never been allowed to enter. A spirit 778
named *Hini* hovers over the town, and it is he, not the 756
Djukas, who would be offended by the presence of a bahkra.
People seriously ill are brought to Dahomey from the surrounding
villages. The witch doctors there, old women as
well as old men, and occasionally a virgin, administer their
potent charms. Only young married women are debarred
from the profession of medicine among the Djukas.

Here also comes the Granman of the Saramaccaner tribe,
to undergo the sacred ritual before making his annual visit [643
to Paramaribo. He receives absolution from the Dahomey 783]
medicine men in preparation for his sojourn among the
bahkras. The ceremony is known as *makee suka,* or putting
himself in favour with the gods.

Our friend Abaisa, headman of Lombe, tells us something 755
of the Dahomey rituals. To mend a broken bone the patient
is shut up in a small hut with the doctor and three white
cocks. The first fowl is killed by having its neck wrung, the
blood from its beak running on the floor of the hut as a sacrifice
to Amu, the ground god. The second fowl is cut open
for inspection. If the bladder is light in colour the prognosis
is good, but if dark the reverse is the case. The third cock has
its leg bone broken at a point approximately corresponding
to the patient's fracture. After this both the fowl and the
human patient undergo daily treatment at the hands of the
doctor, to the accompaniment of prayers to Amu and the
shaking of rattles to scare off the evil spirits. The nature of
the treatment could not be ascertained, but on the day when

755 the cock is able to stand up and crow the patient is said to be cured.

787 The killing of the white rooster and inspection of its bladder are performed also in order to foretell the future in other than healing situations. There are several methods of prophesying. In one of them a plank is supported on the heads of two men, and on it are placed various little bundles. A third man stands before the plank and asks questions while the men bearing the plank jump up and down. The Gadu (the spirit in the bundles) is supposed to reply with a yes or no, as indicated by the way the bundles on the plank move. The questions are put metaphorically and in such a way as to exclude the possibility of the plank bearers deliberately influencing the answers. After one man has asked several questions, the bearers run with the plank to another part of the village where further questions are put to it. The carrying
[463] of this plank seems to be the prerogative of certain individuals, and only certain others understand the making of the bundles and the correct placing of them.

778 Not even Mynheer Wolff, who has lived among the Bush Negroes for many years and undoubtedly commands their profound respect, has been permitted to enter Dahomey. The headman or captain of Dahomey, interestingly enough, is named Songai. There is a district on the West Coast of Africa still known today as Songhay. The name is the remnant of a great Negro empire that once flourished in North-West Africa, near the Sahara Desert. This empire is thought to have had universities and astronomical observatories, wealth

and pageantry. Now it is only a name. But the name has been 778
carried overseas to the South American bush, and persists there long after its origin has been forgotten.

◆

As has already been noted, the villages are universally 364
clean and sanitary. There is no filth or debris scattered about. The garbage is disposed of by being thrown into the river at a point below the village. A small amount of it is fed to the chickens, which we found in practically every Bush Negro village. Feces are disposed of in small outhouses made of leaves placed on bypaths some four hundred yards from the village clearing. When these become seriously polluted, they are removed to another location. Some villages have no outhouses.

Bathing is indulged in frequently by all of the Bush Ne- 515
groes. There are few who do not bathe in the river two or three times a day. No bodily odour could be detected on them, except one of perspiration, when the men poled their canoes for long distances and did not have time to bathe at their accustomed hours.

Sometimes as a punishment a woman may be condemned 681
to act as scavenger for the village for as long as two years; it is then her duty to be continually cleaning up the village.

68/ It is incumbent upon the captain who convicted her to supply her with food throughout the entire period of her punishment. Sometimes an entire family is condemned to clean the village of the Granman for a longer or shorter time, according to the crime committed. If they refuse to accept their punishment, the culprits have the alternative of being placed in the white man's jail, but such cases are few.

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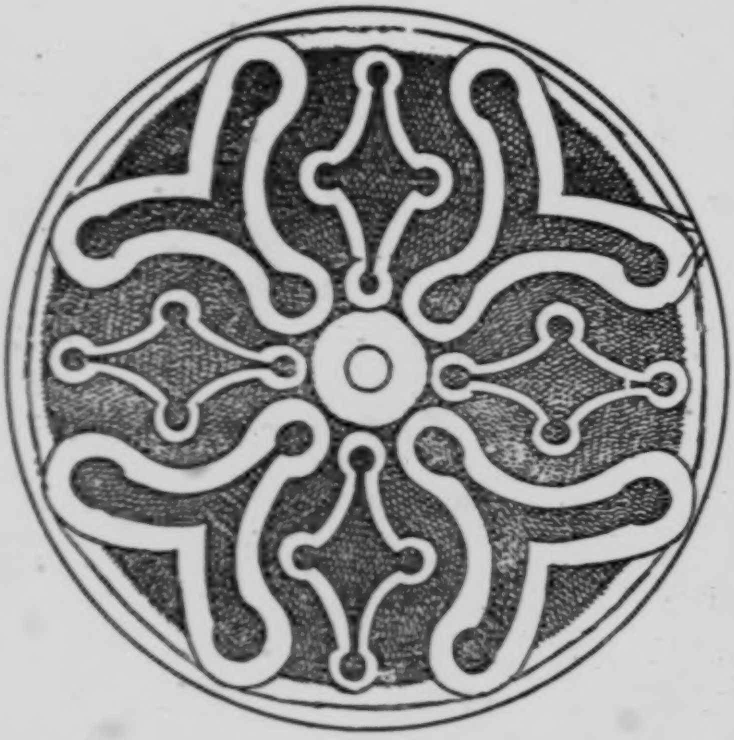

Chapter Ten

DJUKA TALK

THE Bush Negroes have two languages. The ordinary 197
tongue, phrases from which are scattered throughout 191
this book, is known as talkee-talkee. It is the common *lingua franca* of the entire colony, used not only by the Djukas, but also by some of the Indians and by the Town Negroes of

4 [For caption, see category 116, p. 204. – Analyst]

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Bush Negro Men of the Aucaner Tribe. Note scar tissue decoration on faces. Cottica River, Dutch Guiana.

Photo by Klein

197
191 Paramaribo. Outside the boundaries of Dutch Guiana it is unknown.

198
177 Talkee-talkee is a pure-vowelled pidgin language, as picturesque as the countryside itself. Its vocabulary is drawn from many tongues, although English and Dutch words preponderate. The Dutch words are either vestiges of the slave days or infiltrations from the daily speech of the present Dutch colonists. The English words may date from the British occupation of the country, which lasted, with some brief intervals, from 1630 to 1674; or they may come from the English-speaking colony on the west, brought in by British Guiana balata bleeders. As numbers of the early colonists were Jews, originally from Brazil, Spain, or Portugal, as well as from Holland, one still encounters occasional Jewish terms, like *trafer* (taboo), among the Bush Negro speech. There are also a few French words, like *bon,* which still retains its original nasalization. They come from the convict colony toward the east. A few Spanish and Portuguese words, like *balata* and *camissa,* add to the variety of tongues. And finally we recognize a certain light sprinkling of West African dialect, such as *pekein* meaning small.

When the bahkra becomes accustomed to local idioms, the learning of talkee-talkee is not difficult, and the many familiar or half-familiar phrases are of great assistance. At first glance one might expect to find the Bush Negroes speaking a language largely Dutch, but this is not the case. It is doubtful, says one commentator, whether Dutch will ever be widespread among them, because their ancestors who came from

Equatorial Africa were accustomed to the use of many broad, 198
open vowels, and "no faucal gutturals or abruptly collocated 197
consonants" (H. H. Johnson). Talkee-talkee is fluent and
euphonious, with many haunting phrases and graceful in- [194]
volutions. The phrase that designates the spider stories, *anansi-tories,* is markedly musical; *balata bleeding,* with its succession of broad vowels, is a memorable term.

The early rebels came from many different tribes, and were thrown into contact with alien races. Some common language was a necessity; talkee-talkee is the result. But despite the importation of many foreign words, the dominating characteristic of talkee-talkee is the pure intonation of the West African tongues.

The musical effect is enhanced by the use of distinct tones, 194
and words or phrases are often sung in a sustained pitch, in a manner made familiar to Western ears by the Chinese language. The phrase that occurs on page 45, *So matti, fie you tang,* is intoned with a rising inflection, prolonged on the last word. Sharp inflections of single words are also common, such as the word for the palate, *tu-tu.* But the musical nature of talkee-talkee is most evident when the Bush Negroes are communicating across the water. We have already described how they talk from one canoe to another, across great distances, by lowering their voices and drawing out the tones resonantly. There is still ringing in our ears the long drawn-out *Ah-e-e-e* of the boatmen, sounding across the yellow waters of the Surinam.

The individual words are strung together with very loose 000

193 The individual words are strung together with very loose grammatical construction, varying with the idiosyncrasies of the speaker. The nouns and verbs have no regular order; instead they are twisted around for convenience and emphasis. The implied meaning is usually not difficult to grasp.

We have resorted to arbitrary spellings, as the Bush Negroes possess no written language (see Appendix A), and the phonetic transcription of their speech is a task for an expert in linguistics. A few words have conventionalized forms adopted by previous writers, such as talkee-talkee, pronounced more nearly "tahki-tahki." The names of certain villages also, have a conventional spelling because they appear in the reports of the Dutch government. Examples of these are Gansee (Gan zay) and Lombe (Lom bay). Djuka is pronounced Djukah by the Aucaner.

197 The only difference between the Bush Negro's talkee-talkee and its use by the other natives of the colony is that the former have many words peculiar to themselves, such as the names of their gods and their implements. In addition to this common language, spoken by almost everyone in the colony, the Saramaccaners have a tribal language of their own. It is known as *deepee-talkee* (deep talk), or *odo, Saramacca tongo* or *Cromanti.*

In this language, which the Town Negroes and Indians cannot understand, is preserved a saga of the slave rebellion. It recounts the skirmishes and pitched battles, and the fate of the brave leaders who raided the plantations of the Dutch masters. It tells how they magically escaped the white man's bullets by the potency of their obeiahs. It ends with the white man suing for peace, and the independence of the Djukas in their forest clearings. 197

As odo is used whenever the Bush Negroes desire secrecy, it is often difficult for the white man to get anyone to translate it for him. That deepee-talkee varies considerably from talkee-talkee may be seen from the comparison of the following words:

	Talkee-Talkee	*Deepee-Talkee*	192 197
child	pekein	meh	
cicatrizations	cutty-cutty	cumum bah'	
chicken	fow	ganee'ah	
knife	nee'fee	fah'kah	
leaf	wee'fee	pow uh' wee	

It can be seen even from these few words that talkee-talkee is a simple, childlike speech, bearing a superficial resemblance to the baby-talk of English-speaking parents. The word for chicken, *fow,* is the English word "fowl" as any small child would be likely to pronounce it. Odo, on the other hand, is a more complicated and comprehensive language.

The English derivation of most of the following talkee-talkee words is apparent: 192

boat: *boto*
water: *watra*
tongue: *tongo*
current: *tonga watra* (strong water)
sandy: *santi*
ground: *gron*
country: *condree*
foot: *futu*
big: *gran* (French, *grand*)

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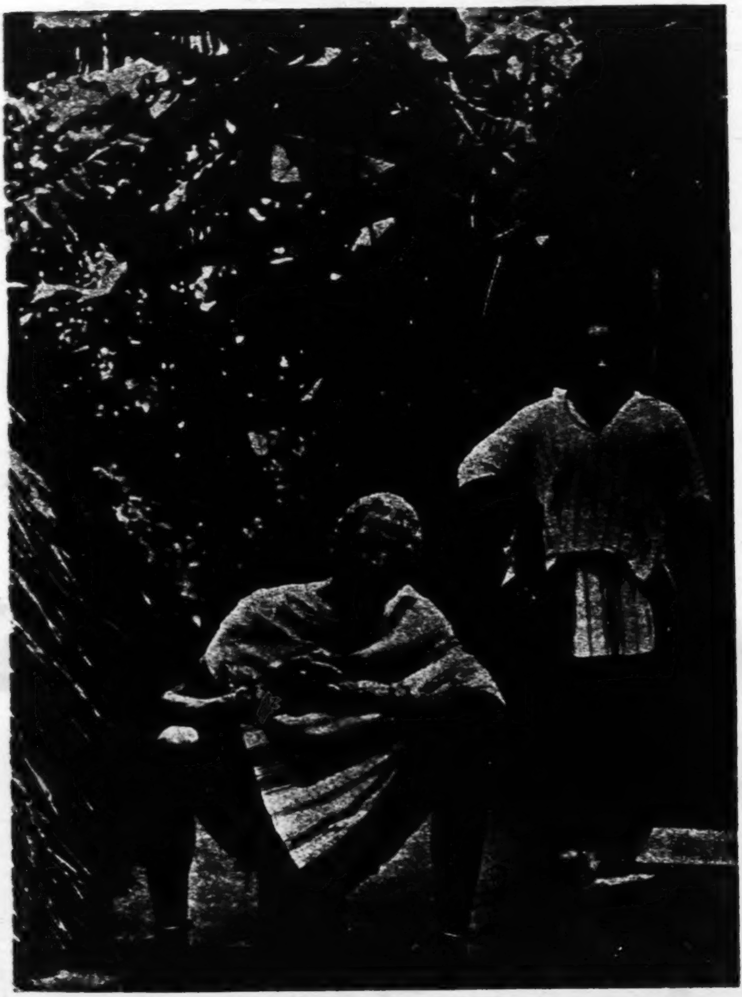

"Cow Fie" (Cow Fly), Six Feet Tall, and "Moi-Man" (Nice Fellow), Two Expert Canoemen from the Upper Tapanahoni River.
Aucaner Tribe.

[Facing p. 166]

192 finger: *finga*
toe: *gran finga*
ear: *yresee*
knee: *kinee*
eye: *woyo*
mouth: *buka* (Spanish, *boca*) or, *muffo, mussi*
nose: *nusee*
heart: *hatoo*
hand: *hanu*
belly: *beh*
breast: *bubbee*
hair: *oowee*
neck: *gunga*
ankle: *ago futu woyo* (the eye that keeps behind the foot)
nipple: *bubbee buka* (the mouth of the breast)
thigh: *asaqua*
buttocks: *gogo*
nails: *hunya*
teeth: *tandah* (Portuguese, *tanda*)

Other common words, some of which we have used before in phrases throughout this book, are:

canoe: *corial*
Bush Negro: *Djuka* (sometimes *Aucaner*)
wood carvings: *sanni* or *timbeh*
house: *osu* or *oso*
tobacco: *tabak*
toga: *asay sintee* or *camissa*
tapir: *bufra* (buffalo)
woman's cloth: *coyo*

The names of common Bush Negro implements are distributed about equally between odo and talkee-talkee, with a few words from the aboriginal Indian tongue:

stick or small paddle: *pow* (talkee-talkee)
paddle: *pada* (talkee-talkee)
stool: *bangki* (talkee-talkee)
bush knife: *buhfangee* (odo)
cassava squeezer: *matapee* (Indian)
fan: *wa wa'i* (Indian)

hook: *tukusi'* (odo or Indian) 192
knee band: *sepu* (odo or Indian)
paddle for washing knee bands: *sepu pow*

In making phrases and sentences, the verbs are not conjugated at all: 193

"*Anga a killa me*"—"I am hungry" (Hunger is killing me).
"*Me nanga me ooma wannee bahkra fu makee sweetee muffo na da meh oso*"—"I and my woman want the white man to come eat (make sweet mouth) at my house."
"*Bahkra go nanga leeba*"—"White man goes up the river."

A few sentences of talkee-talkee follow:

Neti de cun mekki we letti fai you.	Night is coming; light us a fire.
Go sidom en fu teli me fa you nanga you matti ben waka.	Sit down, and tell me how you and your friend have travelled.
Me fredui taki you de kori you srifi.	I am afraid you are fooling yourself.
Sam you sa do nah?	What will you do now?
Wo, me sah?	Who, myself? (Who, me?)
Me no sa tan dia.	I do not want to stay here.
Me prak seri fo go na Lombe.	I think I am going to Lombe.
Suma pekein data?	Whose child is that?
You wanni screevee wan breevee fu you matti.	You want to write a letter for your friend.
You savvy talkee-talkee, massra?	Do you understand talkee-talkee, master?
Pekein so, me savvy, matti.	I understand a little, friend.
Ah go kissi fissi.	I go to catch fish.
Tamara Ah sa go honti.	Tomorrow I shall go hunting.

538 The Djukas possess, in common with many other primitive tribes, a number of trickster stories. They are called *anansitories,* and are usually concerned with the adventures of a clever spider, who outwits all the other animals. They resemble closely the Br'er Rabbit tales of the Negro of the
[171] southern United States. These are West African themes, and can be found not only in the Carolinas and in Surinam, but scattered also throughout the West Indies. In the middle of the last century a collection of these stories was made among the Town Negroes of Paramaribo.

173 As most primitives possess no writing materials or technique, their knowledge is necessarily passed on by word of mouth, which imposes a severe limitation upon its possible extent. History, for the Djukas, starts with the rebellion, and of what came before they know little and care less. If they have stories of the Creation, we did not hear them. One approach to written language is in the Aucaner nation, where
212 a few rudimentary symbols are carved on paddles or other implements, a form of symbol-writing (see Appendix B).
[431] The implement is given to someone as a token of affection, the symbols constituting a greeting. Some of them may be seen in the illustrations of small paddles and pot-stirrers.

202 For communicating over a long distance, the Djukas use
[177] a system of drum telegraphy. This they have brought over from their West African homeland. At the town of Biodoti the news of our expedition was sent upriver by being drummed out on a tomtom. Squatting over the reverberating *apenti,* the Djuka buck rapped out the peculiar rhythm that

signifies the coming of the white man. The tomtoms carry as far as three miles on a clear night, and the distant listeners in the next village pick up the message and repeat it, thus relaying it on to villages further upstream. Simple messages can thus be carried for great distances by being relayed from town to town.

This method of communication is not in use all day long. The river is not constantly booming with calls. Only on particular occasions do the villages signal each other, as when some intruder makes his way up the river. Sometimes a village was warned beforehand of our arrival, but more usually our arrival took the villages by surprise. It is an exaggeration to say that the signalling announces the bahkra's coming "over more than two thousand square miles of impassable land." Drum telegraphy is more common among the Aucaners than among the other tribes.

For telegraphic purposes the rhythm is arranged in a code pattern of long and short beats. Some calls we heard were interpreted as signifying: "Call the captain," "Come at once, sick," and so on.

When no drum is available, the Bush Negroes sometimes sound out a message by pounding on the side of the beached corial with a stick tightly wrapped in rags. This produces a hollow, booming sound that carries far—an excellent substitute for the drums. This method is reminiscent of the African tomtoms of resonant boards built about a hollow centre, which boom loudly when struck with the butt of the hand.

202 In communicating by means of a beached canoe, instead of a series of long and short beats, the drummer will imitate the pitch and rhythm of a spoken sentence. By striking in different places along the gunwale of the boat, tones of different pitch can be obtained, which mimic the sharply modulated intonation of spoken words in talkee-talkee. The listeners match the sounds with the words that they suggest. The device is too difficult to be widely used, but seems to serve well in emergencies.

* * *

551 The method of naming people among the Djukas is ex-
tremely curious. There is a superstitious fear of mentioning
certain names among them. This is very probably of African
origin. In slavery days, no Negro, when passing an estate,
[552] would dare to mention its name until the estate had been
passed. When we went over a falls in the river, we could learn
its name only after the danger spot had been passed.

For personal names the Djukas have one which everyone
may use and another which depends upon the day of the
week on which the individual was born. This latter can be
learned only after explicit inquiry and often not at all. There
is also the secret name that strangers seldom know, if ever.
[171] This custom of secret names is also prevalent among the
Surinam Carib Indians and other primitives.

For example, one of our Bush Negro guides is called 55/ *Moi-Man* (Nice Fellow). He is also known as Kwassi which means Saturday-child. The Bush Negro woman known as Koko was also called Akoea because she was born on a Wednesday. This method of naming children after the day in the week on which they were born seems to have been [177] brought over from the Tshi-speaking people in Africa. The similarity is easily recognized after consulting the following table, compiled by Mr. Charles de Goeje.

	Male		*Female*	
Born on	*Djuka*	*Tshi*	*Djuka*	*Tshi*
Sunday	Kwassi	Kwassi	Akwasiba	Asi or Akwasiba
Monday	Kodjo	Kwadjo	Adoea, or Adjoba	Adua
Tuesday	Kwamina, or Kwabina	Kobina, or Kwabina	Abena, or Akoba	Abena, or Arabat
Wednesday	Kwakoe, or Quakoe	Kwaku	Akoea	Akua
Thursday	Jaw	Know, yow, or Akhor	Jaba	Awbah, Awybah, or Yawa
Friday	Koffi, or Koffay	Kwaffi	Afida	Yah-awfua
Saturday	Kwassi	Kwassi	Amba	Amenimwah

Some interesting, popular names for men are as follows:

Benzini, meaning benzine
Taki Laffu, laughs when he talks

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

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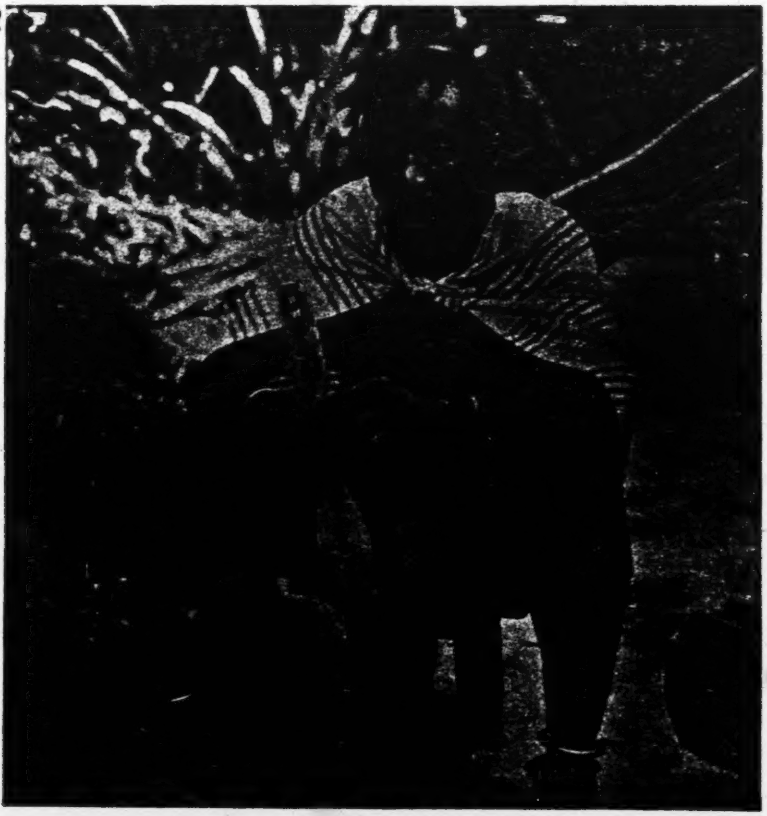


Bush Negro Man, "Amehkimoi" (Makes Nice Things), with a Carved and Inlaid Pot Stirrer Which He Has Just Completed for His Wife. *Aucaner Tribe,* Upper Cormotibo River, Dutch Guiana.

[Facing p. 172]

Tak Lettie, he speaks the truth
Aporimoi, he spoils nice things
Pina Ingie, starving Indian
Fransie Boy, French boy
Horlogie Buka, mouth like a watch
Bor-Boriman, shouting man
Dansiman, dancing man
Sweetee Libbie, sweet life
Ameke Moi, makes nice things
Lobbi Sweetee, love is sweet
Apasaso, it happens so
Bat Jau, salt fish
Abbetam, he is in time
Addri, turning around
Kengieahnem, he changed his name
Pai Fini, exact payer

The following personal names for men are possibly of African origin:

Akwambo
Agenteno
Lado
Payong
Twojong
Tombey
Somboay
Wonpay
Adjuju
Adjau
Ajonga
Tojo
Jong
Yuyu

For the following names borne by men we were unable to find particular meanings:

Lawne
Maddy
Angasi
Dandilo
Tjafaka
Abeyoni
Abionie
Samtoni
Samsie
Saleh

A few feminine names are as follows:

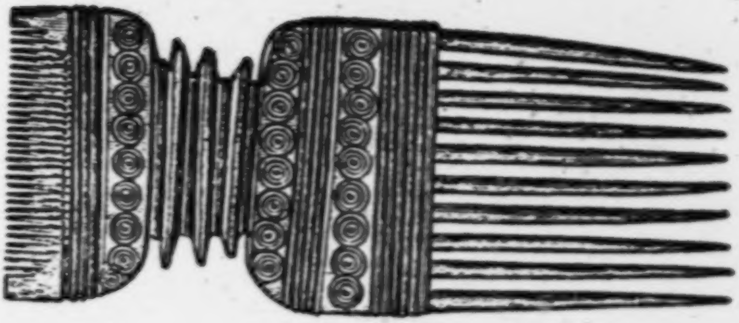
Koko
Amehna
Mehlee
Suri
Widuma
Anitee
Nee Nee
Afanisi
Cudu
Yomeh
Saomeh
Tia Kabah

* * *

No stringed instruments were seen among the Bush Negroes, although they may exist. The musical impulses of the blacks are expressed chiefly in the beating of the tomtoms. The *saka-sake,* which means "shake shake," is added to the drum ensemble to emphasize by contrast with its light pebbly sound the vast heavy tonality of the drums. The same is probably true of the *quaqua,* the board beaten with sticks. Occasionally a nose flute is seen, a direct survival of West [177] Africa. It is a plain flute, made of a reed, but blown with the 534

534 nose instead of the mouth. The only other accompaniments of the dance are the anklets and bracelets of Kahee-seed rattles, in which the dried nuts add a sensuous, whispering sound to the lithe movements of the limbs.

195 There are three expressions used among Djukas which are equivalent to swearing among ourselves. These are: *Tinkee muffo,* stink mouth, which is the worst possible insult; and two other insulting terms of lesser degree, *T'jobo teefee,* dirty teeth, and *sika futu,* jigger foot.



1/A [171]

Chapter Eleven

WEST AFRICAN SURVIVALS

FROM the Moors, the Spanish and Portuguese learned of out the existence of the black races inhabiting the land of Africa. Recent archæological investigations have indicated that great Negro civilizations once flourished where the Sahara Desert now stretches its interminable sands. The drying up of the country helped cause the decay of these mighty empires, and Timbuktu today is almost forgotten. The final blow to Negro culture in West Africa was administered by the slave trade, in which thirty million blacks were either exterminated or transported across the ocean. The first cargo of slaves to the New World was landed in Haiti in 1502, and from then on increasing numbers of slave ships plied the Middle Passage with their squalid freight.

The Dutch, having won their freedom from the yoke of Spain, looked with envy upon the prosperous slave trade. In

1/A [For caption, see category 116, p. 204, — Analyst]

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

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Carved Wooden Board for Mashing Peanuts.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[Facing p. 176]

1595 they made their first slaving voyage to the Guinea Coast. They attacked and captured Spanish slave factories at Arguin, Goree, El Mina, São Paulo, and elsewhere. As many of these were lost, in turn, to the French, the Dutch colonists in America were forced to rely for their supply mainly upon the factories situated along that part of Africa known as the Gold Coast. For many years Negroes from the Gold Coast were shipped to the Dutch colonies in the West Indies and the Guianas. It is along the middle coast of West Africa and in the adjacent interior, therefore, that we must look for the direct ancestors of the Djuka tribes.

At the end of the sixteenth century, according to Charles Douglas, an old-time resident of Dutch Guiana who has pieced together a considerable lore concerning the early slaves, no Europeans inhabited Surinam. In 1613, however, the Dutch had a small tobacco plantation on the Corantyne River, near an Indian village known as Purmerbo. Both these settlements were destroyed soon after by hostile Indians and Spaniards. In 1630 a few English came to the colony under the leadership of one Captain Marechal, and settled on the Surinam River to plant tobacco. Not long afterward there came a small number of French colonists and a few Jews who had been driven from their homes in Brazil. They brought their slaves with them and, like the English, planted sugar cane as well as tobacco on the Surinam River. Toward the last half of the seventeenth century the Dutch sent ships to the "wild coast of South America" to trade with the Indians, and about the same time the Dutch West India Company, with an establishment at Curaçao, received permission to deliver slaves to Surinam. In 1673 there were some 1200 African slaves in the colony as well as about 300 English colonists, and 200 Dutch, including Jews. 000

By this time the Negroes had already begun to desert the plantations and give trouble by raiding, burning the plantations, and murdering the inhabitants. The first village of escaped slaves was situated on the Upper Surinam River near the Bannister Creek under the leadership of a Coromantyn Negro named Iermes.

Gold Coast slaves "were usually called *Coromantis,* from the Dutch fort of Coromantyn or Koromanti near Cape Coast Castle." "The Coromanti slaves," says a historian, "on account of their disposition to rebel, were not admitted into the French or Spanish colonies and consequently found their way into the British colonies, the only market open to them. Surinam was English from 1630 to 1667, and for shorter intervals thereafter.

"These Coromanti slaves," he continues, "were distinguished from all others by their firmness, courage, and impatience of control, characteristics which caused numerous mutinies aboard the slavers, and several rebellions in the West Indies, in fact every rebellion of slaves in Jamaica." Another writer adds: "The Coromanti slaves were always the prominent or sole fighters in the slave revolts of the West Indies during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

As many Coromanti slaves landed in Surinam, it is probable that the ancestors of the present Djuka tribes included 174

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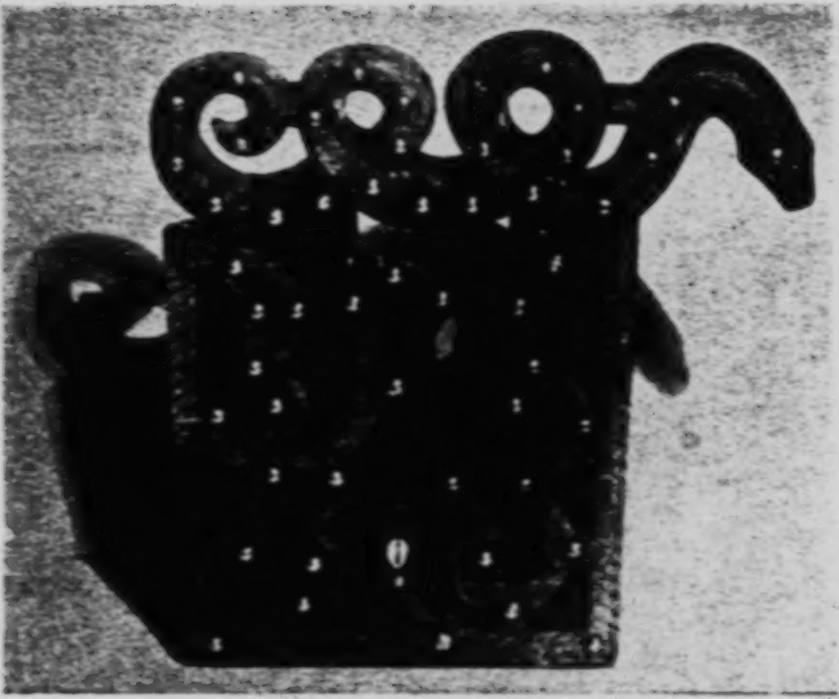

Snake Motif Bench Top or "Obeiah Bangi" (Sacred Bench) Carved from a Single Piece. *Saramaccaner Tribe*. On other benches and trays and similar pieces of wood carving the coil and serpentine motifs are often executed in such a way as to form figures of men and women.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[Facing p. 178]

174 many of these brave and hardy blacks, who rebelled in Jamaica, Haiti, and elsewhere, as well as in Surinam. This intractable and high-spirited nature still characterizes the contemporary Bush Negro, who has the same hardihood, the same impatience of control, that marked the wild Coromantis of the early revolts. They may have been slaves in fact, but they were never slaves in spirit.

The name of these fractious slaves is not unfamiliar; we have encountered it in contemporaneous Bush Negro life. [776] *Cromanti* now designates a god of the South American bush. The name has apparently travelled from one continent to another, from a Dutch slave factory of the seventeenth century to the Bush Negro villages of the twentieth. Today there are "fetishes to the bad, wild god Cromanti."

776 174 In the person of Cromanti, the Djukas have obviously deified their own ancestors. The bad, wild god of the bush is to be identified with the Bush Negroes' Coromantyn forbears. The dancers smeared with sacred clay, whose mad gyrations [781] with whistling bush-knives signified that they were possessed by the spirit of Cromanti, were reincarnations of the rebels of the old days. The Djukas' bad demon of the forest is an atavistic memory, personifying the spirit of the uprisings.

It is impossible to trace all of the individual African tribes 175 from which the Djukas came. The relationships have been too much confused by the ravages of time and the depredations of the slave trade. The first slavers plied their trade along the coast, picking up a few natives here and there, but with the passing of years the growing demand for slaves rendered this practice inadequate. So the slave factories were established, and the trade extended far back into the interior of Africa. The resulting body of slaves was a conglomeration of natives from practically every tribe around the Bight of [619] Benin, the Abo, the Conia, the Blitai, Congo, Gango, Konree, Riemba, Loango, etc.

Aside from the aforementioned, Douglas enumerates the following African groups as contributing slaves to Surinam: the Calabari, Doomakookoo, Foola (or Fooloppo), Gola (or Gongola), Mende, Madingo, Papa, Pro, Temne, Tjamba, and Wan-Wie Negroes. The Negro woman, Semire, sentenced to death in 1836 for killing and eating Negro children, must have been from one of these tribes. This suggests that the practice of cannibalism was not unknown among some of them. Douglas also cites Hartsinck for other African tribes and regions whence came many of the Negro slaves of Dutch Guiana:

"The Ardras or Dongo Negroes came from a part about 000 fifty miles north-east from Ardras, and do not make the best slaves. Born in slavery and brought up for agriculture, they do not like service, but when treated well they are good slaves. The men, women, and children have for a mark some

600 cuts on the cheeks, but the ones that have been slaves of the great people in their country have cuts around the forehead.

"The Nago Negroes differ little from the aforementioned and are also good workers; on the forehead they have long stripes and deep cuts, which, combined, show the rough outline of a certain animal.

"The Mallais Negroes, so called from Maillais, were to be found at the market of Fida, Audra, and Jaquin, but they come from far away. They are of a strong race and able to do the heaviest work, which they do willingly if treated well; for which reason they are sold at highest prices, no matter what marks they have, except those with the marks of Tebou and Guiamba slaves.

"The Aqueras Negroes are much appreciated because they are very trustworthy; they are known by several cuts on the back and chest, showing a likeness to lizards and snakes.

"The Tebou slaves are the worst, not fit for anything, if not taken up at the age of ten to twelve years, when they can be used for domestic or other light work; they have long cuts on cheeks, chest, and belly.

"The Foin Negroes are known by several cuts on the temple. They are a bad people, lazy, and of a thieving disposition, full of crazy imaginations, and will kill themselves by eating clay and by other methods.

"The Guiamba Negroes are, as regards custom and habits, similar to the two last-mentioned tribes, being marked with the same cuts as the Tebous.

"The Delmina Negroes proper, are born in the *crom* (village) of d'Elmina and may not be sold unless they have sinned against the law of their country. Most of the slaves which are sold at St. George d'Elmina come from Assiantyn or Akimsche. The men and also the women are marked on the cheeks and breasts with several cuts. The scars of these cuts may grow out about one finger's breadth. Among them are many old slaves, whose hair the traders colour with charcoal to make them appear young.

"The Annambo Negroes, mostly called Fantyns, are under English supervision; they are well made and a people of discretion, and are known to be the best people along the whole coast for plantation work or any other kind of work. Their foreheads are marked with stips which are burned in with gunpowder. Among the Fantyns are to be found the Akimsche and Assiantyns; there is no difference among the three people except in language. The Assiantyns are also somewhat finer limbed than the Fantyns and Akimsche, but aside from that characteristic it is very difficult to separate them. The Assiantyns are, since the death of their king, nearly thirty years now, in a permanent war with the Wassasch people; the captives from both sides are delivered to the people on the coast to be sold, or they are brought to the forts to be exchanged for goods.

"The Acra Negroes are brave, strong, and good slaves, but expensive. They belong to the Danes but our nation (Dutch) and the English have authority over those among them who live under the protection of our respective forts.

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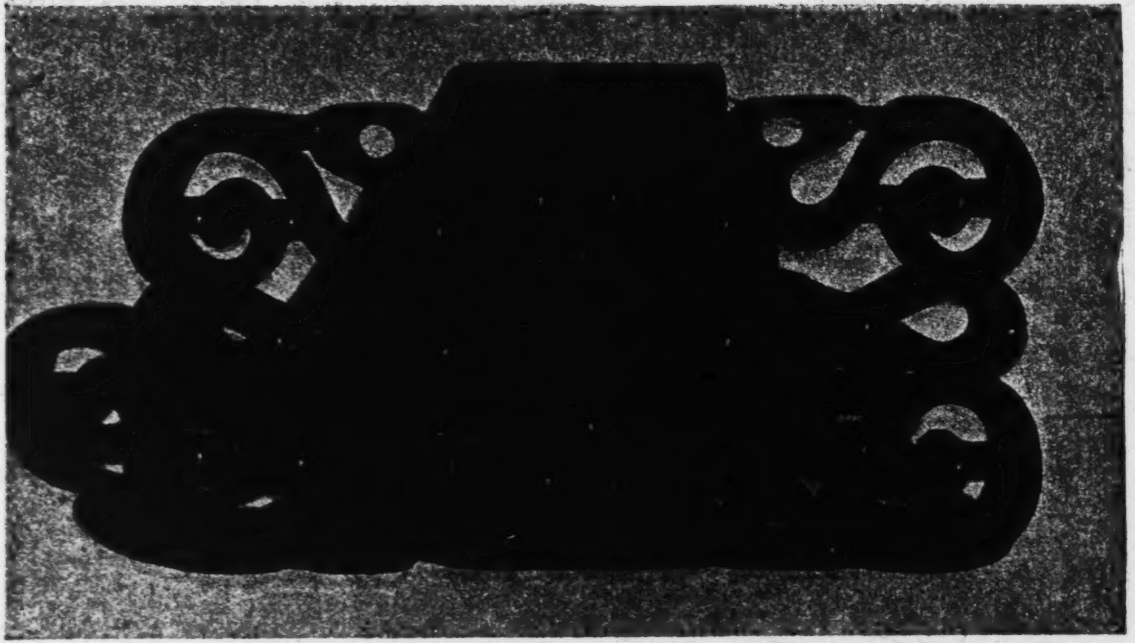
2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

[Facing p. 182]



Open Work Bench Top Carved from a Single Piece, Human Face Motif. *Aucaner Tribe.*

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

005 "One may find also Abo and Papa Negroes, who are very willing when treated well; the last named have a certain poison under their nails with which they are known to poison their adversaries so that they pine away.

"The Coromantyn Negroes have a good heart but cannot stand wrongs or punishment without reason, and if this happens they take a gun or a knife to take vengeance, and if they are not successful in this they very often cut their own throats. These Negroes are very well built, they have no marks whatsoever, only a very smooth black skin.

"The Loango Negroes or Gangoo Negroes are the very worst. They are cannibals and will kill one of their own kind to feast upon when celebrating the wedding of their king. They also file their teeth so as to be able to bite off one's finger. They are hated and feared by the other tribes for their treachery and cruelty, and when these people desert they hide themselves in the bush living on all kinds of reptiles such as lizards, snakes, frogs, and other creeping reptiles."

Thus, some idea may be obtained of the varied sources whence came the ancestors of the present-day Bush Negro tribes.

175 Perhaps it will suffice to say that the Djukas are descended
619 from the tribes of the Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, Slave Coast, Dahomey, Nigeria, Muni, Cameroons, Liberia, and the general adjacent equatorial interior of West Africa. Most of these natives were forest people, and after being transported across the ocean they could adapt themselves without great difficulty to the similiar jungles of Surinam.

From the very earliest times some of the slaves managed to escape. They found in their new home a number of palms and plants with which they were familiar in Africa. The bush was much like the African bush. The rivers of Dutch Guiana resemble the West African watercourses. Grown men do not change their habits readily, so it was only natural that these escaped blacks should continue, so far as possible, the mode of living to which they were accustomed in Africa. Huts, paddles, clothing, ornamentation—there was no necessity for them to alter their old habits. They could build the same kind of hut, fashion the same kind of dugout canoe, hollow out tomtoms, and dance the ancient dances of the Old World. For the most part they could duplicate in the South American jungle the manners and habits of their West African birthplace.

If the Bush Negroes had remained slaves for a number of generations, it is probable that they would have adopted to a large extent the white man's culture and forgotten their own. Because of the plasticity of human nature in childhood, any race bred in captivity changes its original characteristics. Thus blood-relations of the Surinam slaves, transported to the Carolinas and Virginia, sloughed off their West African culture and became "civilized" in the white tradition. But this was not the case in Dutch Guiana. The first slaves to escape belonged to the original generation brought over on the slave ships. As the years went by they were joined by other Negroes, many of them born in Africa. A few years of enforced residence among the whites was

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
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Boni

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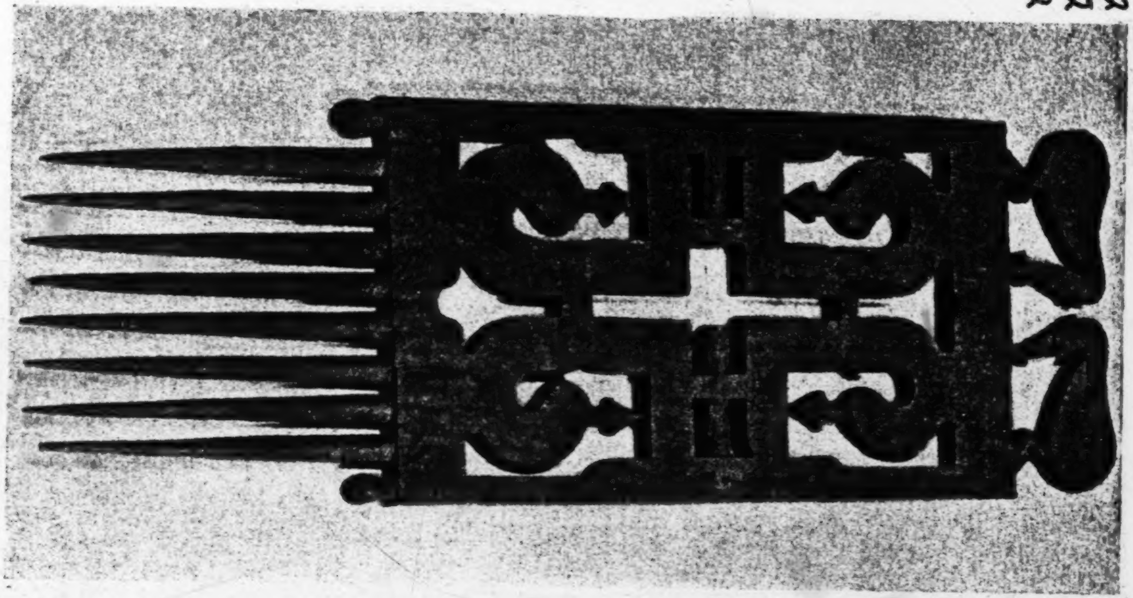
[Facing p. 184]



Carved Wooden Comb of the Boni Tribe, French Guiana. The central cross is a symbol of a woman surrounded by four phallic symbols in the form of curved arrows.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

175 not sufficient to make them adopt the white man's culture.

Many of the rebels, indeed, had been born on the sugar plantations and raised in close contact with European civilization. These were probably inclined to modify in many details the West African habits of their parents. But the white man and his magic were the object of universal hatred among the blacks. They had no incentive to adopt European ways, when they were proud of their own. And when they escaped into the bush, they found a typical West African culture reconstructed in the Surinam bush by the escaped slaves who had preceded them. It was as though a section of West Africa had been picked up bodily and deposited almost intact in the South American jungle. To this day, therefore, we have many evidences of West African culture in the life of the Surinam Bush Negroes. Their entire social structure, with the exception of a few items borrowed from the [177] Indians and certain European inventions like gunpowder which were forced upon them, is analogous to that of the Old World.

178 Conditions were not the same in every particular. In 182 West Africa there is iron ore, and the art of iron working was invented and carried to a high point of perfection by the African natives. There is little iron ore in Surinam, so that the art of working it is lost to the Bush Negroes. A limited quantity of iron weapons and implements was pillaged from the plantations, and all of it was probably converted immediately into arrow points, hatchets, and bush-knives, to carry on the guerilla warfare against the despised Europeans.

Common household implements for everyday use had to be 178
made out of different material. Wood was used wherever 182
possible. So in place of iron the Bush Negroes developed an elaborate and beautiful art of carving domestic utensils. Pots are stirred with wooden paddles instead of with iron [412
ladles. Enormous wooden trays are used for carrying food. 415]
Combs, stools, beaters, and a dozen other implements all bear evidence of this extraordinary technique of wood carving, and this too is a heritage from their African ancestry.

In tracing the relationship between any two cultures, such 177
as the West African and the Bush Negro, we should always 182
bear in mind the possibility that both developed independently and that similarities between them may be due to the influence of similar environments rather than to actual culture contact. Thus, for example, while the Djuka corial is hollowed out of solid logs in a fashion similar to the West African canoe, which at once suggests borrowing, it is also true that the rapid waters of the Surinam, Marowyne, and Saramacca Rivers make any other kind of board or bark canoe impracticable. The Bush Negroes' dugout canoes may be an independent adaptation to the environment rather than a heritage from Africa.

This difficulty is a common one in anthropological speculation; examples are to be found on all hands. Thus, it has been maintained that the Reindeer Men who lived in France during the Magdalenian Age are related to the present-day Eskimo, because their bone implements and crude drawings bear certain resemblances, although the two races are

177 separated by ten thousand years of time and two thousand
182 miles of space. It has, however, been pointed out that both peoples had to face environmental conditions that are roughly alike, and that a similar world may well have led to certain similar responses and adaptations. In Dutch Guiana, on the other hand, we do know of a direct historical connexion with Africa, so that the customs, habits, art work, social organization, and general material culture of the Bush Negroes must undoubtedly be related to the similar culture of West Africa. A great many articles in everyday use among the Djukas are of West African design. African words and African habits can readily be identified.

177 We also know that certain articles used by the Djukas are borrowings from the aboriginal Indians of the district.
[252] Thus the cassava squeezer, the *matapee*, and the whole technique of preparing cassava, the grater and sieve for the flour, are borrowed from the South American Indians. But by far the greater part of Djuka culture comes directly from the Dark Continent.

A Swedish anthropologist, Gerhard Lindblom, made a study of Bush Negro implements and wood carvings in
[322] European museums, and compared them with the implements and wood carvings from West Africa, pointing out a number of homologous forms.

[643 The Granman's throne, an intricately carved wooden stool
352] made by the Djukas, as Lindblom pointed out, is similar in construction to those owned by the headmen of the Gold Coast, Ashanti, Slave Coast, and the Niger tribes. The ornate

The ornate 177
combs used by the Bush Negroes are a most direct West [142]
African heritage, being found along the Upper Guinea coast, Ashanti, Cameroons, Ivory and Gold Coasts, Dahomey, Muni, and many other regions of Africa. The wooden plates and trays are likewise found among the Ewe-speaking tribes [1415]
of the West Coast.

The custom of personal decoration by the cicatrization of 304
the skin is very common throughout many parts of Africa. 177
Captain John Stedman remarks on this strange habit in his *Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition to Surinam*: "The Loanga Negroes distinguish themselves by puncturing or marking the skin of their sides, arms, and thighs with square, elevated figures something like dice." This custom was widespread on the Slave Coast. The scar designs varied widely according to the different tribes as well as the social position and wealth of the individual. As the Indians of South America do not practise this cicatrization, it is evident that the Bush Negroes brought it over with them from their former home.

The Bush Negro coiffure, the method of arranging the 177
hair in plaited tufts, is found also on the Gold Coast, in [171
Cameroons, and elsewhere in Africa. The Djuka method of 302]
weaving is similar to that of the Sudan, Gold Coast, Mandingo, [286]
Ashanti, and the Ewe. The spindle used in weaving is called by an African term, *kyekye,* a Tshi word. The woven leg band, the *sepu,* is the same as the leg bands found in Cameroons and the Upper Guinea coast in general.

The method of finding out who is responsible for the 000

Boni

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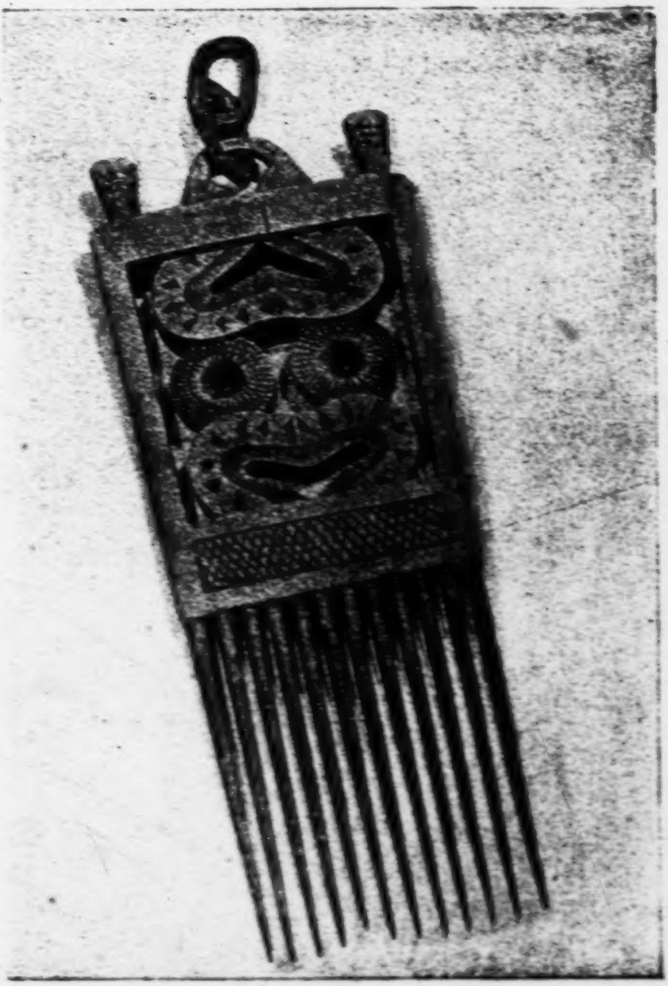

Carved Wooden Comb, Human Face Motif. *Boni Tribe.*
Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[Facing p. 188]

177 [695] The method of finding out who is responsible for the death of a man is found in many parts of the West Coast. The details vary considerably, but the essential idea that death is caused by witchcraft, and that some individual is guilty, is found in West Africa as well as in South America. [764] The method of binding the corpse on a platform, covered with blankets of weeds, comes from the Gold Coast.

177 192 A number of Bush Negro words are African in origin. *Lo,* the Djuka word for clan, designates a village in Yoruba or Ibo. The *quaqua,* the resounding plank which accompanies the drums, is possibly a Kikongo or M'pongwe word from the Ivory Coast. *Azeman,* meaning a kind of vampire, is an Ewe and Tshi word, as well as a Bush Negro term. The fetish house, the *kifunga,* is probably derived from Bacongo, Luango, Cameroons, or Togo, and the word itself is in all likelihood a Bacongo term. *Leeba,* meaning "river," is an Ewe word. *Akra,* designating a kind of ghost, is a Tshi word. *Makuku,* designating a Bush Negro fireplace made with three lumps of clay, is a Kikongo word, and the custom itself is derived from the Yoruba, Slave Coast, the lower Niger, and the Central and East Sudan region.

177 [322] The carved wooden locks, the quintessence of Bush Negro wood carving, are found also among the Ashanti, in Dahomey, and in the Sudan. [226] The method of poisoning fish by beating into a stream the pulp of poisonous plants is common in South America among the Indians, but it is likewise found in West Africa among the Tshi, Yoruba, Togo, Congo, and Angolo peoples. The same is true of other Djuka fishing practices, such as the custom of fishing at night by torchlight.

177
torchlight. The Djukas have a rodent trap that is a direct African survival, found on both the West and East Coasts of Africa. [224]

Stedman mentions in his *Narrative* that the Bush Negro 177
rebels used a kind of conch-shell trumpet to call their people 534
to arms. The same species of trumpet is still to be found among the Djukas, and is similar in type to those found on the Gold Coast. The nose flute used by the Bush Negroes also comes from the Congo region of Africa. Wooden trumpets like those used by the Bush Negroes are found also along the Gold Coast and in the Congo country.

The drums form perhaps the clearest and most characteristic West African survival. They are not at all like the Indian drums of the same region, which are flat and more like a tambourine. The Djuka manner of constructing them from a hollowed-out log, with skin stretched over the opening and thonged over pegs, is commonly in use among innumerable African tribes. The tuning of them by hammering on the pegs, set at an angle, is also a detail from Africa. The use of drums for communication over long distances, and the development of an elaborate code of drum signals, is developed to a high degree among West African tribes. Rattray, in his study of the Ashanti people, gives an extended [202] description of this.

The *anansi-tories*, the spider stories, ubiquitous in the West 177
Indies, are also found among the Tshi-speaking peoples of [538]
the West Coast. The use of white clay for smearing cere- [778]
monial objects and amulets is African. The decoration of

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

177 The decoration of objects with cowrie shells comes by way of Africa. The [328] monkey dance said to be practised by the Djukas is described as similar to the gorilla dance of the West Coast. The coiled [796] wire bracelets and anklets are of African design, and the [301, 291] general mode of dress is the same.

The Djuka attitude toward the silk-cotton tree is common among the tribes of the Guinea Coast. "Throughout West [824] Africa from Senegal to the Niger the silk-cotton tree is regarded with reverence and believed to be the abode of a god or spirit. This general consensus of opinion is no doubt due to the stupendous size attained by some of these trees, which tower far above all others of the forest."

[524] *Adji-boto,* a game in which seeds are placed in round holes in a board, is played not only by the Bush Negroes but also by the Town Negroes of Paramaribo; it is found along the Gold Coast, Benin, Sierra Leone, West Sudan, and, in modified forms, in many other parts of Africa. The fish spear [227] of the Djukas is found in Liberia, Mandingo, and the Gold Coast. Shooting fish with a bow and arrow is an African [226] custom, but it is also widespread among the aboriginal Indians of South America. On the other hand, according to Dr. W. Roth of Demerara, a number of traps and hunting devices now used by the Guiana Indians are of African origin and have been borrowed from the Negroes.

[373] The Djuka fire fan, woven of split rattan, is borrowed from the Arawak Indians, but different types of the same device can be found also among the Tshi- and Ewe-speaking people and in Liberia, Cameroons, etc. The Bush Negro

obeiahs, house gods, fetish houses, menstrual huts, and matrilineal 177 178
system of inheritance are all to be found as ancient [343 611]
customs among the forest tribes of the West Coast. Other
details, such as the use of chickens for sacrificial animals, [782]
the huts with their rectangular walls, the manufacture of
butter from the palm worm, the sacredness of snakes and [825]
alligators, the use of drums for religious supplication, and
the beating of them with the hand instead of with a stick [534]
as the Indians do, are also customs which are similar to
West African customs and probably derived from them. The
impaled turtle-shell on a staff, the badge of the witch doctor's [756
profession, represents the symbol for the female genitalia 437]
among some West African tribes. The Bush Negroes' boats
and paddles are typically African in design. The *awasa* dance [501]
of the Saramaccaners was borrowed from the Aucaners, [796]
among whom it is a direct West African survival.

From the study of these culture survivals among the Djuka tribes it can be seen that most of the jungle civilization of the Bush Negroes is derived from their West African ancestry, modified here and there by contact with the Indians of their new home. The remainder of the material culture of the Bush Negroes is borrowed from the white settlements along the coast, from which gunpowder, fish-hooks, bush-knives, and other articles filter upstream.

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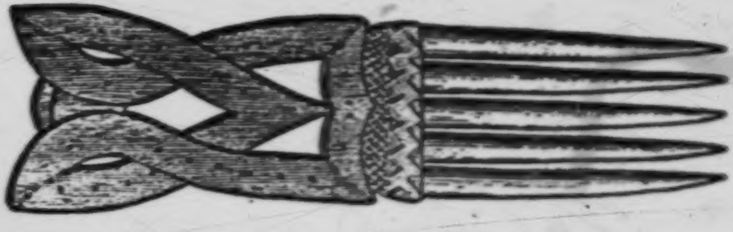


[1] [412] [302] [533]

Chapter Twelve

PRIMITIVE ART

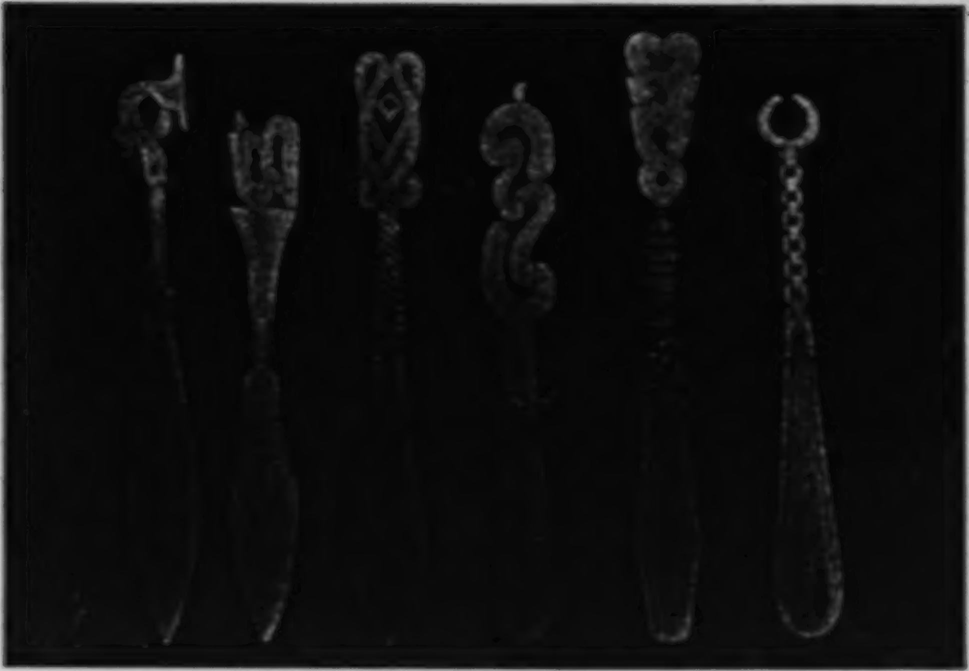
THE sense of beauty is not absent in the jungle. The 517 Djukas have definite æsthetic feelings and in their wood carving they have a well-developed and conventionalized art form. Art is highly socialized and universally appreciated among them. There are definite artistic conventions and common conventionalized forms.

Among ourselves the production of artistic objects is confined to a small group of especially gifted individuals, whereas among the Bush Negroes it is a regular part in the life of proportionately many more individuals. Common objects of everyday use, which among ourselves are designed for utility alone, are developed by the Bush Negroes into elaborate objects of art. They represent one of the most characteristic features of any Bush Negro village. One is sure to find in every village the carved plates and long-tined combs and pierced decorations that constitute the art of the Bush Negroes.

[1] [For caption, see category 116, p.204.—Analyst]

Saramaccaner

[Facing p. 194]



Pot Stirrers. *Saramaccaner Tribe.*

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

531 322 In the combs, paddles, and other pieces of wood carving illustrated in this book, the most casual observer will discern a great beauty of form and design. The sense of line, the feeling for balance, combined with elaborate conception and execution, compare well with the productions of the highly sophisticated artists of our urban civilization. All of the wood carvings, collectively known as *sanni* or *timbeh,* follow certain traditional patterns. The individual motifs, however, are products of the individual imagination, and, judging by the variety and originality of the designs shown herewith, that imagination is evidently quite fertile.

[462] All the carving is done by men. There is a ceremonial significance to this. These wooden pieces are tokens of love.

Love in the jungle is not the etherealized sentiment portrayed by Victorian novelists. When a man and woman [831] want each other the satisfaction of their desire is easy and immediate. The people are largely promiscuous among themselves. Under such conditions the existence of romantic sentiments is an impossibility.

822 322 431 Individual preference does, of course, exist, and this implies courtship. A man may want a woman who does not want him, and this implies wooing. The wooing consists in presenting the woman with specimens of sanni. Thus, every piece of wood carving is a token of love and affection, presented by a Bush Negro to his woman. The woman who accepts sanni from a suitor accepts his love along with it. The man naturally stores up a quantity of sanni in expecta-

tion of falling in love, and the woman is inordinately proud 832 322
of her pieces of wood since each one betokens the affection 431
of a male. A great part of the love-life among the Djukas
is wrapped up in these carved household implements.

Those unfortunate natives who are not clever at handling 532
a knife must trade fish or game or some other personal possession [438]
for sanni produced by a more deft handicraftsman. 555
Almost any Bush Negro can hunt, fish, and care for a wife, but a man's value is enhanced in the eyes of the woman when he can carve artistically. The women appreciate him and the men respect him. Wood carving, therefore, is assiduously cultivated by the Bush Negroes from early childhood.

As sanni is a prized commodity everywhere, exchangeable 532
for female favours, a great deal of time is spent on each 322
individual piece. A single comb may take weeks to carve. The women are very good judges of sanni, and can tell a good piece at a glance. With such a critical audience, the Djuka artist is careful of his skill, and few awkward or ill-formed designs are seen. Boys between the ages of eight and ten years may be proficient carvers, and critical elders preside over their work, ready to point out any minute mistake. The father or uncle who is expert with the knife will train his son or nephew in the same tradition, so that certain families are known for their beautiful work.

This erotic significance of the wood carvings makes them
difficult to obtain. The woman who sells one is not parting [833]
with a domestic utensil so much as with a treasured memento. Sentimental attachments are bound to appear. As

As
532 one woman said: "He gave me this piece when we were
322 first married. I won't part with it now." Usually an elaborate
439 parley is necessary. The women are undecided whether to sell or not. They laugh, giggle, put their finger coyly in their mouths, joke bashfully with bystanders, and cannot make up their minds as to the price. They never know how much to ask for a piece. Sometimes they will mention a preposterous figure, hoping like a naïve child that the strange bahkra will pay that much. But on such occasions a rebuke will make them more reasonable. Once an arrogant witch doctor intervened in a transaction with a Bush Negro woman, demanding angrily that she receive an exorbitant payment. His anger was squelched with a few sharp words, and, contrite, he sat up all night to carve an ornate implement to present to the bahkra as a peace-offering. Cunning Adjobo, the medicine man!

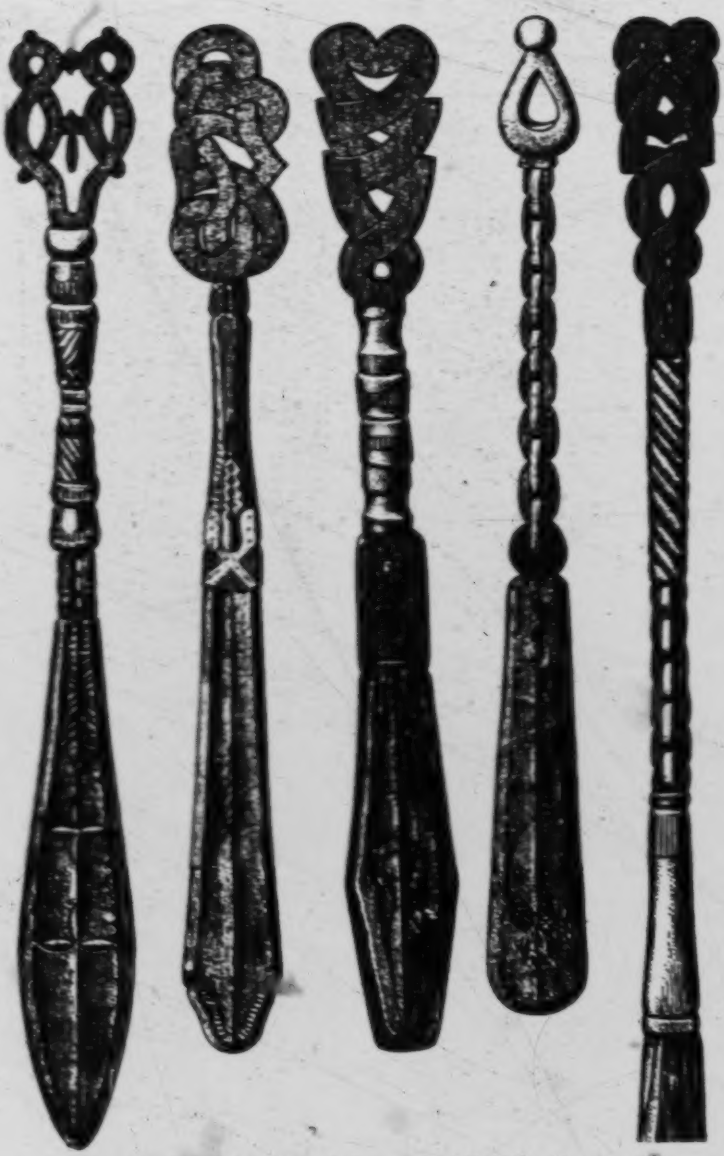
4/2 The Bush Negro implements are carved out of jungle
322 wood. Some are made of lignum vitæ, the hardest wood
[824] known. A few of them are made of soft wood, light and spongy, but these are not popular. The small paddles are used for stirring in the cooking pots, and the combs are
[301] actually used for the hair. They are never worn as personal ornaments, and when not in use are hung up on the walls of the hut. The utensils are all made with common trade
[177] jackknives and compasses which are used as dividers. It is principally with these dividers that the serpentine motifs
322 are executed. After the carving is finished the piece is smoothed off by rubbing it with matted grass and river

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Saramaccaner

412
501
532



Pot Stirrers and Canoe Paddle Handle.

Saramaccaner Tribe.

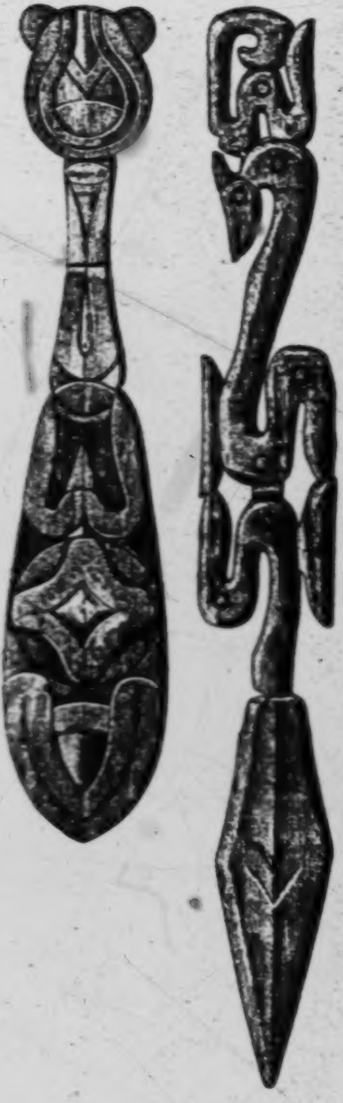
[Facing p. 196 (A)]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

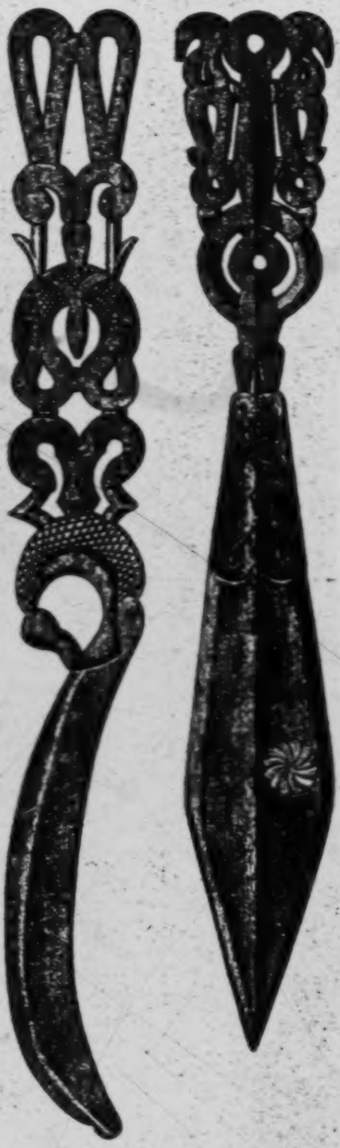
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Boni
Aucaner

412
532



Clothes Beater and Food Paddle. *Boni Tribe.*

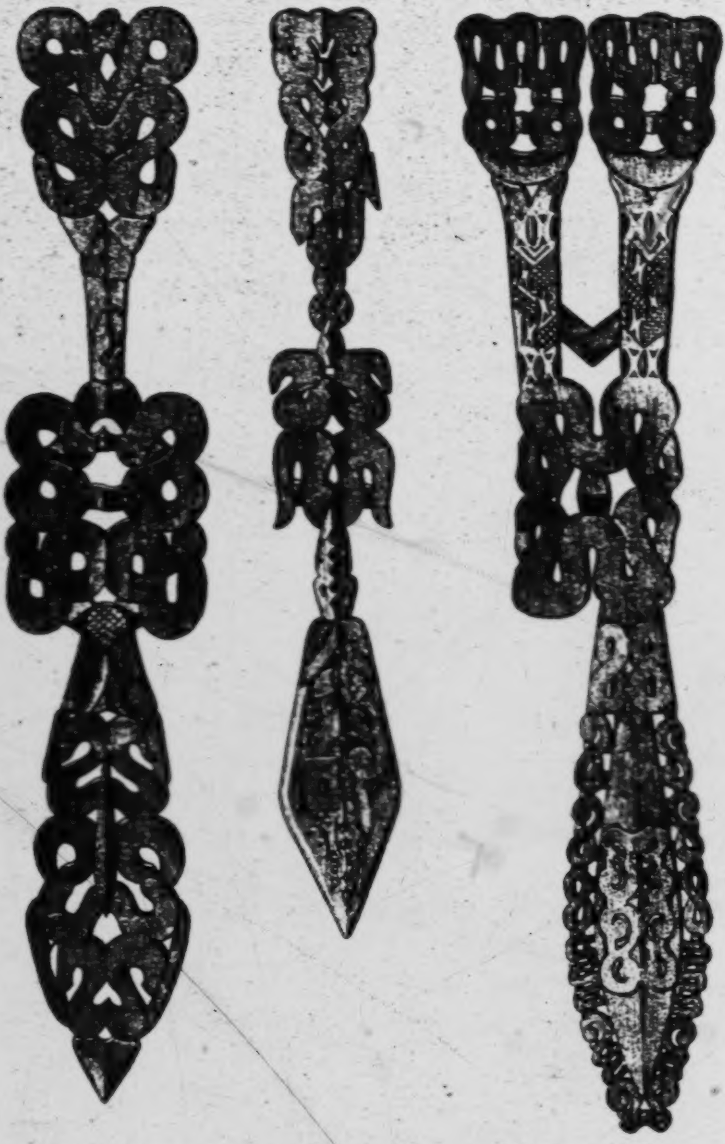


Ceremonial Sword and Pot Stirrer. *Aucaner Tribe.*

[Facing p. 196 (B)]

Aucaner

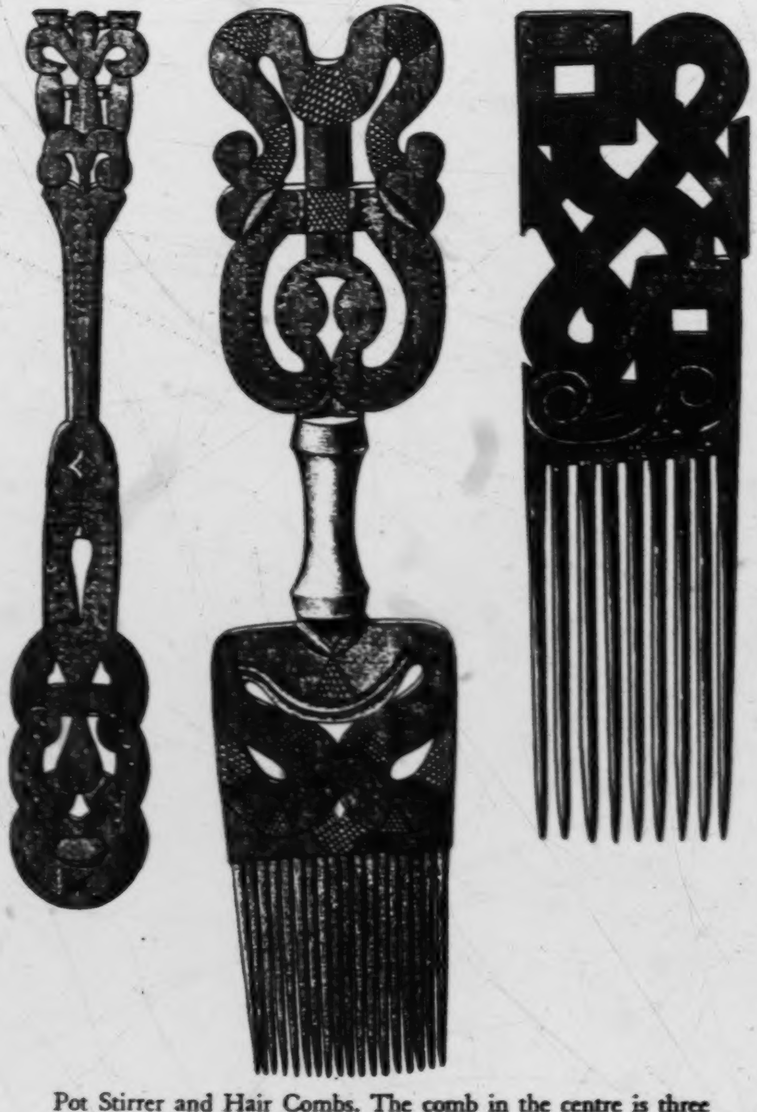
412
532



Pot Stirrers. Stylized human figure and snake motifs.
Aucaner Tribe.

[Facing p. 196 (c)]

Aucaner



Pot Stirrer and Hair Combs. The comb in the centre is three feet long. *Aucaner Tribe.*

[Facing p. 197]

sand. A few chisels and carpenter's tools can occasionally 322
be found. Where compasses or dividers cannot be obtained,
a nail and piece of string are often used to execute the involved serpentine patterns.

Bush Negro sanni is not used for trading purposes. A 438
few pieces find their way down to the coast, of course, but 322
they are never articles of commerce among the Djukas. In
some villages, and particularly among the Paramacca tribe, it
is practically impossible to obtain many carvings. But the
willingness to part with these objects naturally varies with
the village and the individual. Being known to the natives
greatly facilitates trade.

One outstanding feature of this work is the complete 322
absence of colour. The finished piece shows the natural hue 532
of the wood, and rarely anything more. An occasional variation is obtained by inlaying with racuda wood, brownheart, or purpleheart, but tints and dyes are seldom applied. A different shade is also obtained once in a while by branding or burning the wood with a hot iron. The Aucaners, who paint red and black devices on their large canoe paddles, represent exceptions to the general rule of showing only the natural wood shades.

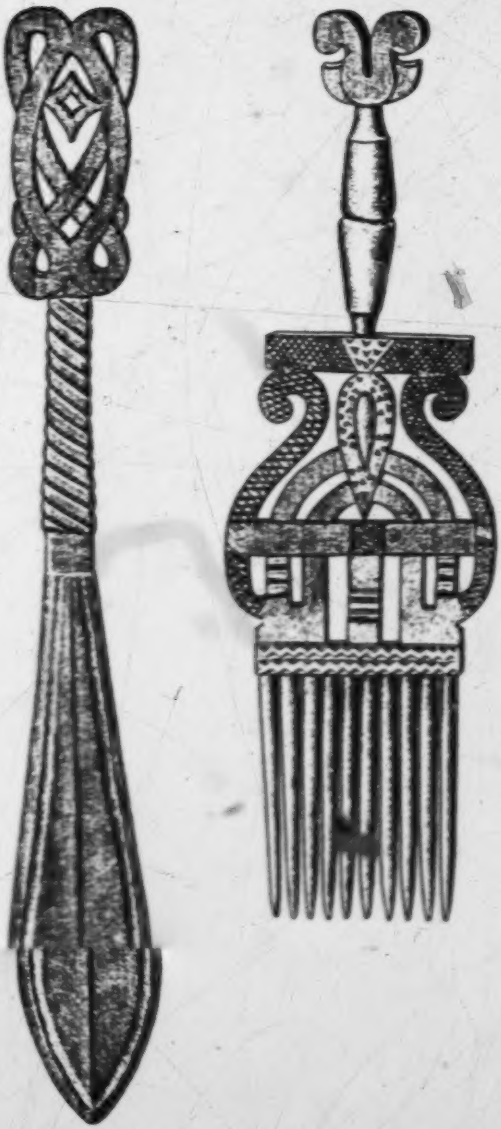
Nearly all the pieces are utilitarian in origin and purpose, 412
but some of them are so highly carved as to be of little [431
practical use. These are much prized as gift pieces. The 415]
trays are actually used to carry food on, and also for winnowing rice. The stirring paddles dip into the food pot every evening. After being used they are washed with river water and [264]
hung up on a peg.

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

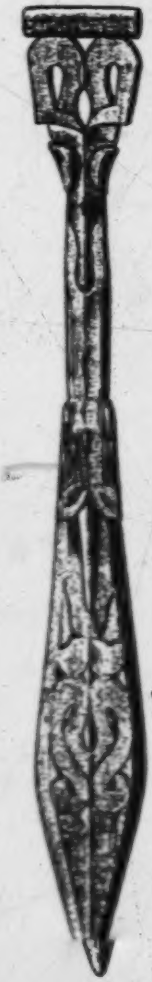
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Saramaccaner
Aucaner

412
532



Pot Stirrer and Hair Comb.
Saramaccaner Tribe.



Pot Stirrer.
Aucaner Tribe.

[Facing p.198]

412 hung up on a peg. The canoe paddles are actually employed
[501] every day on the river, and the flails beat the day's wash of
soiled togas and coyos.

352 Since it is taboo to sit on the ground, a large number of
[784] stools are made, pierced and decorated, with now and then
a tiny cabinet inside them. Wooden locks that actually work
[414] are seen on the doors, especially in Aucaner villages, guarding the treasures inside. These are West African survivals; the same type of device can be found in several parts of the Old Continent. They are huge affairs often two feet in length. Door sills and door posts, bows and sterns of canoes,
532 canoe seats and calabash gourds (occasionally decorated by a woman) are all embellished with ornamentation of great intricacy. It is amazing that these designs could be wrought without preliminary designing, which would seem to be necessary, but so far as we were able to observe there is no conscious planning before the carving begins.

The symbolism employed in these pieces of sanni is limited to a few conventionalized motifs. Moreover, there is a variation in the symbolism peculiar to the individual artist, which is not comprehensible solely from an examination of the piece itself. Unless one can locate the original carver, it is impossible, for the most part, to be certain what the symbols mean. The same motif will be differently interpreted by different natives, and often has no objective meaning. It is therefore impossible to undertake an elaborate interpretation of Djuka symbolism.

There are a few outstanding designs found on a large number of pieces. The first of these is the snake motif. It 532 takes the form of serpentine coils and twists, fancifully involuted and superimposed. The same general design is also interpreted as a liana motif, referring to the twisted tendrils of the jungle vines, convoluted and snarled. The second most important is the chain motif, an attempt to duplicate the links of iron chains.

The vulva motif is commonly found, and is consciously employed as a love symbol. The natives have no hesitation in [832] interpreting this design as referring to the female genitalia; it is impressed on articles as a symbol of desire. The bill-bird, or toucan, provides another motif that can be recognized on a variety of pieces. Another West African survival is the [177] bone motif, for the human scapula is frequently seen conventionalized on calabash objects. A few of the white man's objects also furnish themes for wood carvings, such as the rifle stock.

Other motifs are entirely without symbolic intention, and 531 represent symmetry and proportion only. The cross-hatch and notch motifs are African in origin, and can be found on West African objects. Other details of execution vary widely, without especial significance. The tines of the combs may be rounded or square. The food paddles may have two handles and one blade, or two blades and one handle. The size of the pieces varies considerably, from small combs a few inches long to the great six-foot canoe paddles. Outside of the vulva [532 832] and penis motifs there is little erotic symbolism.

A peculiarity of Aucaner wood carvings is the system of 800

Aucaner
Boni

A peculiarity of Aucaner wood carvings is the system of
532 212 sign language imprinted thereon. If some of the pieces are examined closely, it will be seen that they have odd symbols apparently placed at random, not conforming to the general pattern of the piece. These marks represent personal messages from the giver to the recipient, special indications or signs of affection, comparable to the marks at the ends of Victorian *billets doux,* indicating the place to kiss. Conventionalized letters are known as *schriefie,* a Bush Negro word that means "writing." Animal, bird, and human figure motifs are more common among the Boni and Aucaner tribes.

322 532 Besides the practical implements in everyday use there are a number of trick pieces apparently made for no other purpose than to show the virtuosity of the artist. Thus there are pieces where a loose bauble is placed in a cup from which it cannot be forced. Some of the stools have tiny doors which [352] open, and some of them are folding stools which close up like camp stools, yet are made from one piece of wood. There are stirring paddles with loose rings around the handles, carved from the same piece of wood and undetachable. Some have chains of wood attached, with separate links, all from one piece of wood. The Bush Negroes are also fond of mak- [243] ing bush-knives in wood, or ornamental swords to be worn on ceremonial occasions. Small knives ordinarily seen in metal are also carved out of wood.

There are two general types of decoration, with one or two subsidiary devices. The commonest consists of pierced ornamental work, made from a single piece of wood. Except

for benches, no pieced specimens are ever found. Because 322 532
of the practical necessity of having a large number of benches, and the difficulty of executing both legs and seat out of a continuous piece of wood, benches are commonly made of [352] several pieces of wood fitted together, as can be seen in the photographs. A number of them, however, are made from a single piece, and this continuity is preferred by the Djukas. The Africanesque crescent stools are carved from a single log.

Relief work is the second form of decoration. It occurs 532 in the form of high relief on the plates and trays. It can be found to a modified degree on door-posts and other carved objects. Ornaments in low relief are represented by the calabash pieces, which are carved when green and allowed to dry.

Branding is done with a hot knife or wire, or else the piece may be charred by holding it in the flames. Circles are burned into the pattern by heating empty cartridge shells red hot and pressing them against the wood. Brass upholstery tacks, obtained in the white settlements of Para- [177] maribo and Albina, are in especial favour, and some pieces are heavily laden with these. They fit in very well with the general spirit of Djuka art, and although the material is anachronistic, the effect is not.

Religious carvings, unlike the practical implements, are 532 778
executed with a crudeness that is surprising. The fetish to the god Aflamu which was brought back to the Museum is nothing more than a rough section of pole with a crudely hewn face and seeds for eyes. Other religious pieces are

532 778 likewise roughly done. The reason for this seems to derive from the general nature of primitive religion as it occurs among the Bush Negroes. Two explanations of this were given by native informants. If the god is a good god, and well disposed toward the black man, he doesn't care whether his fetishes are well executed or not. If he is a bad god he is going to continue to be bad, regardless of whether much time is spent on his fetishes or not. Another Bush Negro, questioned about this, said: "Me no sabby de Gadu luku"—"I don't know what God looks like." The primitive æsthetic feeling, apparently, is bound up with practical ends. There is absolutely no care or pains taken with religious objects, whereas erotic objects are finished with great skill.

322 184 532 There seems to be considerable variation between the tribes of Djukas in the character of their art work. The Aucaner wood carvings have, in general, a more refined and delicate cast than the wood carvings of their neighbours, the Saramaccaners and Boni. The differences in treatment of the motifs among the Bush Negro tribes and the general dissimilarities and likenesses of the carvings are best understood by consulting the accompanying illustrations.

412 322 The combs vary from two and a half inches to twenty-four inches in length, and even these more immense combs see actual service. They are always made of a single piece, including the tines. For the most part they are made of harder woods, with occasional inlays. A number of them are trick pieces, with little ingenious devices that catch and hold the imagination of the primitive. For comparison, a West

African comb, from the region of Nigeria, is shown on page 412 322
175. It can be seen that the wooden comb is not a Djuka
invention, as every characteristic of the Bush Negro pieces [177]
can be found on this West African piece, except the ornamental piercing.

The arts of weaving and basketry are not as highly de- 286
veloped among the Djukas as is the carving of wooden implements. The Bush Negroes do not weave the cotton cloth
they wear. It is obtained, instead, by trading at the white [[illegible]]
settlements. The only weaving among them consists of cotton leg and arm bands—things that do not count for much so far as industry is concerned, but which expand the wearer's
ego and add enormously to his or her self-esteem. The bas- 285
ketry of the Djukas, like the weaving, is simple and compe- 415
tent. Unornamented circular baskets, varying in size from a foot to a yard in diameter, can be seen in all the villages. They are used for carrying yams, rice, and foodstuffs generally. The finest basket work does not occur in these baskets, however, but in the cassava squeezers, those elongated tubes for producing cassava flour. These are beautifully woven of uniform rattan, and decorated with darker strips to form a simple pattern near each end. The finished product is an admirable piece of work, of which the owner must indeed be proud.

Pottery is made by the Djukas for utilitarian purposes 323
only, and the solid black, absolutely undecorated clay ware has no particular element of beauty. The pots are black, stolid, and unimaginative. They are simply necessities.

But when the necessities of life have been provided for, 000

But when the necessities of life have been provided for,
417 and leisure is at hand for more beautiful and tender endeavours, the Bush Negro, seated before his evening fire, sharpens his knife and begins marking, with fine, deft lines, the graceful outlines of another paddle or comb to please his woman.

412
352
322
532

LIST OF CARVINGS SHOWN AT CHAPTER OPENINGS
WITH EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLISM

Carved Bench Top, *Saramaccaner Tribe*: Eight Women Dancing Around a Gadu Pole (title page)

Carved Bench Top, *Boni Tribe*: Stylization of Male and Female Figures (page 3)

Hair Comb, *Aucaner Tribe* (page 7)

Carved Pierced Bench Top, *Saramaccaner Tribe*: Two Male Figures Each Holding a Snake Aloft (page 27)

Carved Bench Top, *Saramaccaner Tribe*: Two Highly Stylized Human Figures (page 39)

Hair Comb, *Aucaner Tribe*: Male and Female Snakes (page 53)

Carved Bench Top, *Boni Tribe*: Vulva Surrounded by Phallic Symbols (page 63)

[415] Carved Inner Surface of Calabash Gourd, African Bone Motif, *Saramaccaner Tribe* (page 83)

Carved Bench Top, *Saramaccaner Tribe*: Frog Design Executed with Serpentine Technique (page 91)

Hair Comb, *Aucaner Tribe*: Vulva Motif; the triangles on the cross bar represent snake teeth (page 119)

Hair Comb, *Saramaccaner Tribe*: Male and Female Figures (page 133)

[415] Carved Outer Surface of Calabash Gourd, *Saramaccaner Tribe* (page 161)

[171] Comb from Nigeria, West Africa (page 175)

Hair Comb, *Saramaccaner Tribe* (page 193)

Appendix A

PHONOGRAMS OF THE AUCANER BUSH NEGROES

212
126

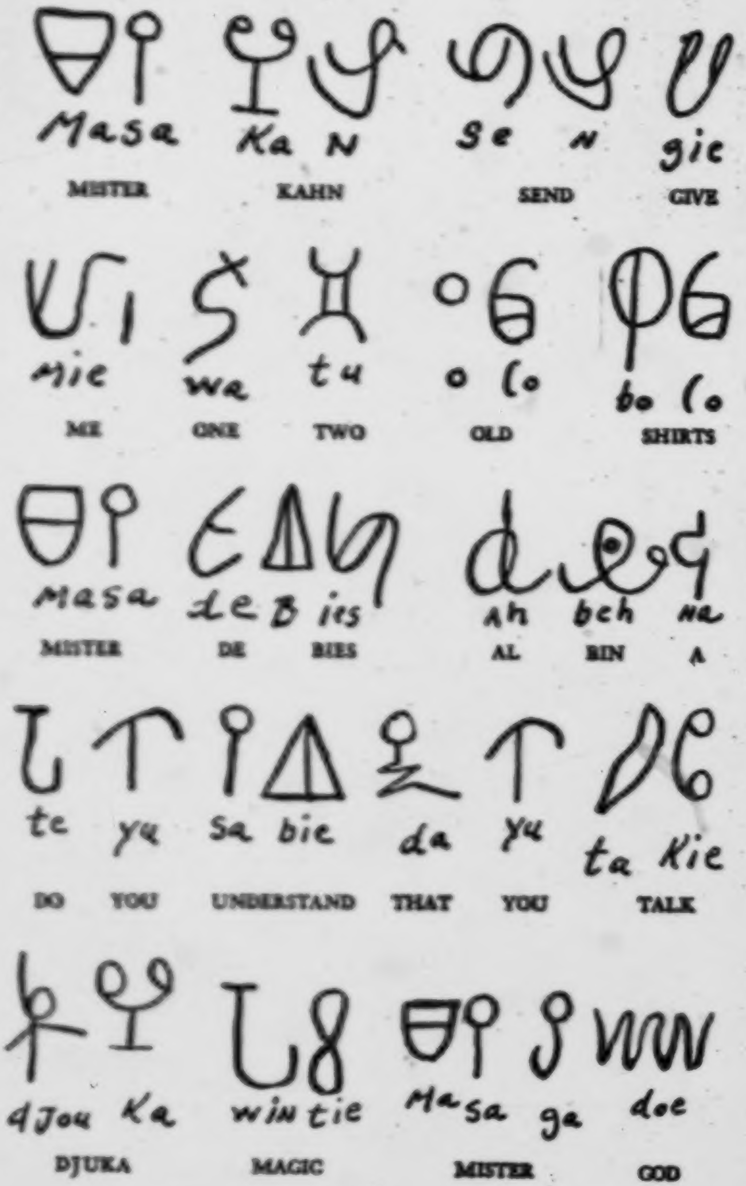
These phonograms were collected for me by Mr. G. deBies, Dutch Government agent at Albina. They were set down by a Bush Negro named Aflakka, with the aid of an attendant Krutu or assembly. So far as is known, they are in use only among the Aucaners, and their use is limited to the older members, who employ them for purposes of sending messages over long distances. These characters are extremely difficult to collect, and Mr. deBies is to be congratulated on his efforts in this regard. The characters were redrawn for the purpose of publication by Ruth K. Kahn.

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Aucaner

212

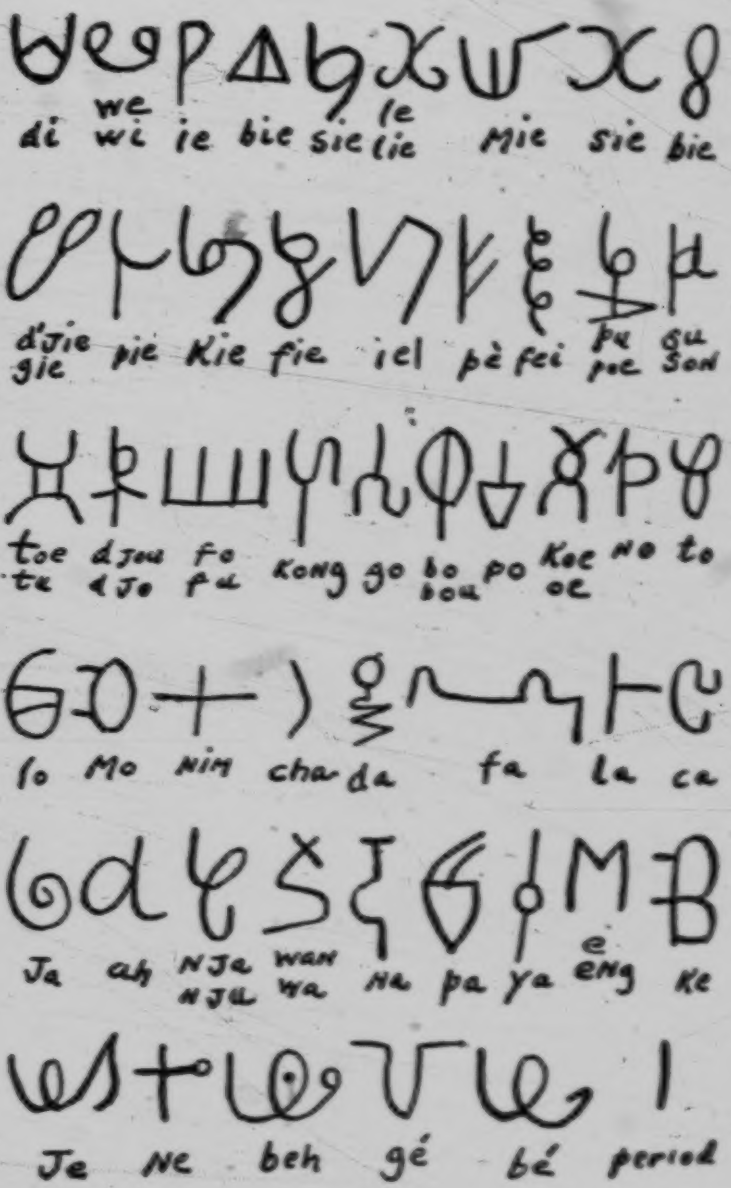

Masa Ka N Se N gie
MISTER KAHN SEND GIVE
mie wa tu o lo bo lo
ME ONE TWO OLD SHIRTS
Masa de B ies Ah beh na
MISTER DE BIES AL BIN A
te yu sa bie da yu ta Kie
DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YOU TALK
dJou Ka wintie Masa ga doe
DJUKA MAGIC MISTER GOD

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Aucaner

212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poe
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Son
toe
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djou
djo
fo
fu
Kong
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bou
po
Koe
oe
no
to
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Mo
nim
cha
da
fa
la
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Ja
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NJa
NJu
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eng
Ke
Je
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beh
gé
bé
period

Appendix B

SYMBOLS IN DJUKA CARVINGS

532 In the work of the Djukas sexual symbols are frequent. These symbols must not be taken to indicate preoccupation with lascivious interests, for they are not always even representations of coitus or of sexual desire on the part of the male donor of the carved wooden piece upon which the symbols occur. They are sometimes expressions, through conventional and decorative signs, of the entire fertility cult, embracing the Earth Mother (Mama fu a gron) and kindred spirits. The figures marked with the letter P are taken from an article by Jonkheer Van Panhuys (see bibliography). [114]

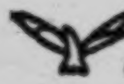
[P.208 is blank]

Explanation of Symbols

1 P A bird
2 P Monkey head
3 P An electric eel
4 P Snakes
5 P A star with two tails, symbolic of a comet
6 P A parrot tongue
7 P A parrot tongue
8 P Snakes
9 P Two chickens
10 P Anchor and two fowl
11 P Interpreted as birds in a furious battle, but possibly the symbol of a phallus
12 That the carved symbols on the gift piece are true in conveying their message of desire
13 P Bird killing a snake
14 P A centipede

2;Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

532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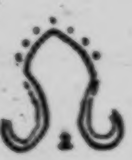
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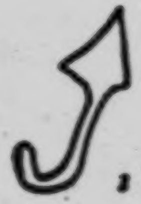
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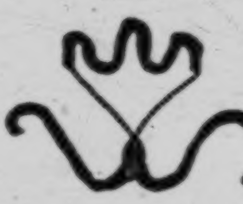
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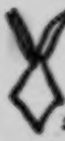
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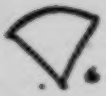
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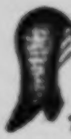
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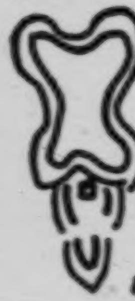
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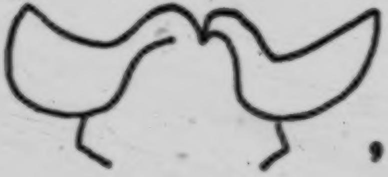
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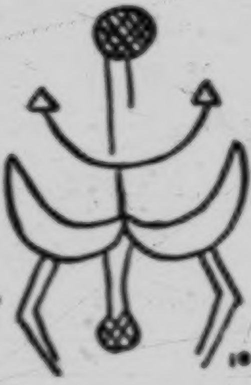
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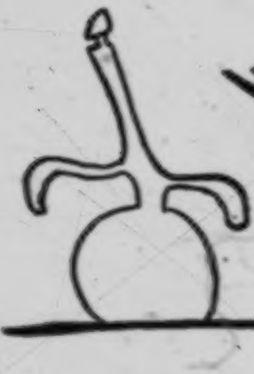
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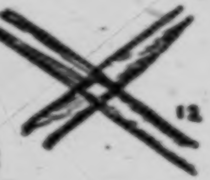
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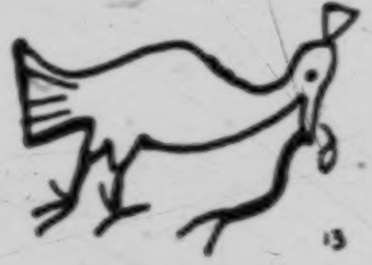
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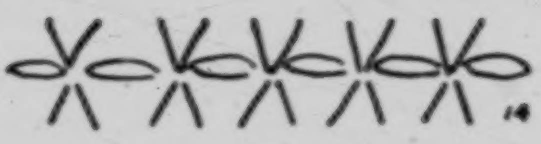
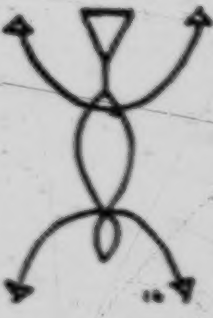

14

Explanation of Symbols

15 P A water fowl
16 P Figure of a man
17 P Figure of a man
18 P A human figure
19 P Human figure
20 P A human figure
21 P A human figure
22 P A human figure
23 P Symbol of a man
24 P A human figure
25 P A woman
26 A symbol of a woman
27 P Symbolized woman

532

15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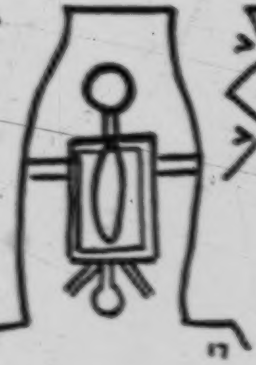
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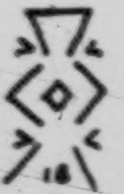
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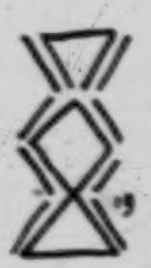
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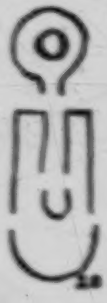
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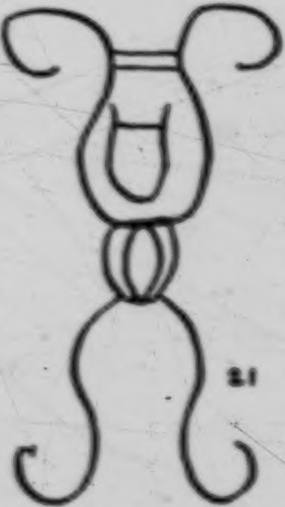
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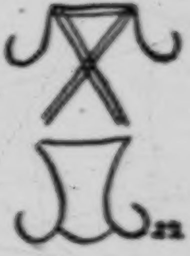
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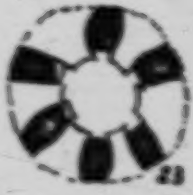
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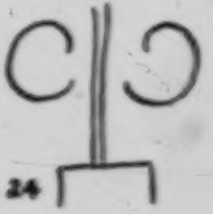
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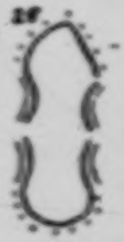
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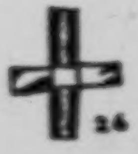
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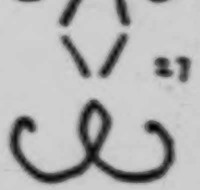
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Explanation of Symbols

532

28 Symbol of a woman in the form of a duck
29 P A European woman
30 P Figure of a woman
31 Figure of a woman
32 P Symbolized woman
33 P A woman
34 P A human head
35 P Human head?
36 P Human head with feathers
37 A coffin. "His desire will last until death"
38 Two coffins. A hope that his loved one will lie with him in the same grave
39 A symbol of affection
40 P A man running with a snake on his head

2;Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931

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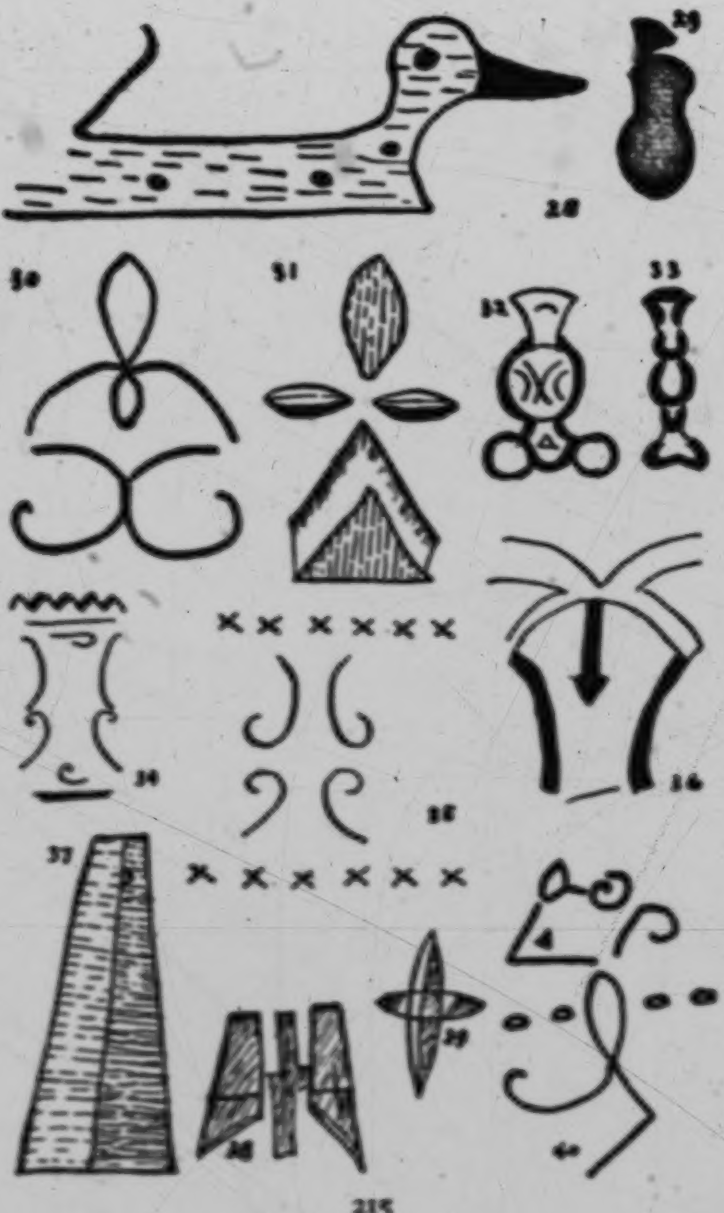
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Explanation of Symbols

532

41 P Tattoo marks simulating a dancing man

42 P Bush Negro hut upside down

43 An affectionate greeting

44 An affectionate greeting

45 A curse upon anyone who states that the carving is not a good one

46 Curse motif, as 45

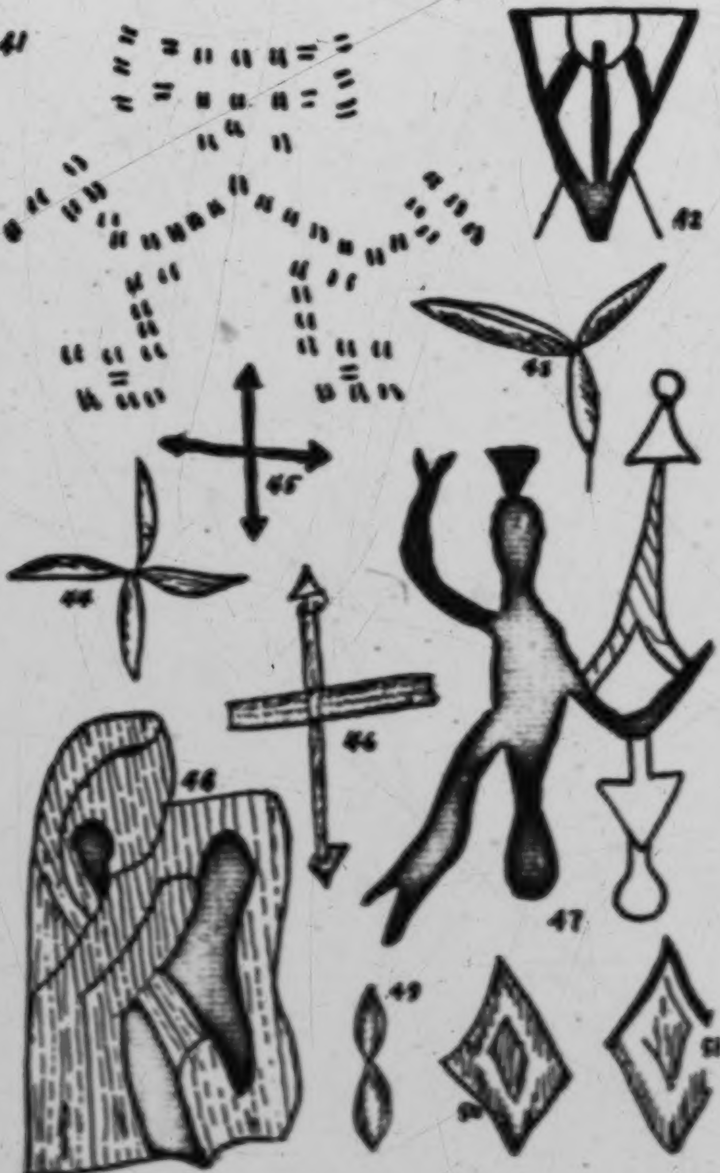
47 P Man with two fingers and two toes (webbed) symbol of a water spirit

48 Symbol of a man and woman engaged in the act of coitus

49 Vulva symbol

50 Vulva symbol; Desire

51 Vulva symbol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Explanation of Symbols

532

52 A human face with vulva motifs; a woman

53 Vulva motif

54 ▶ Man without a head giving forth his sex energy, here represented by a ball and arrow

55 Symbol of a woman being held with an arrow (penis) and therefore unable to escape

56 Symbol of a man about to engage in the act of coitus

57 ▶ Man and woman in the act of coitus

58 ▶ Figure of a man in the act of coitus

59 ▶ Woman in the act of coitus receiving a phallus

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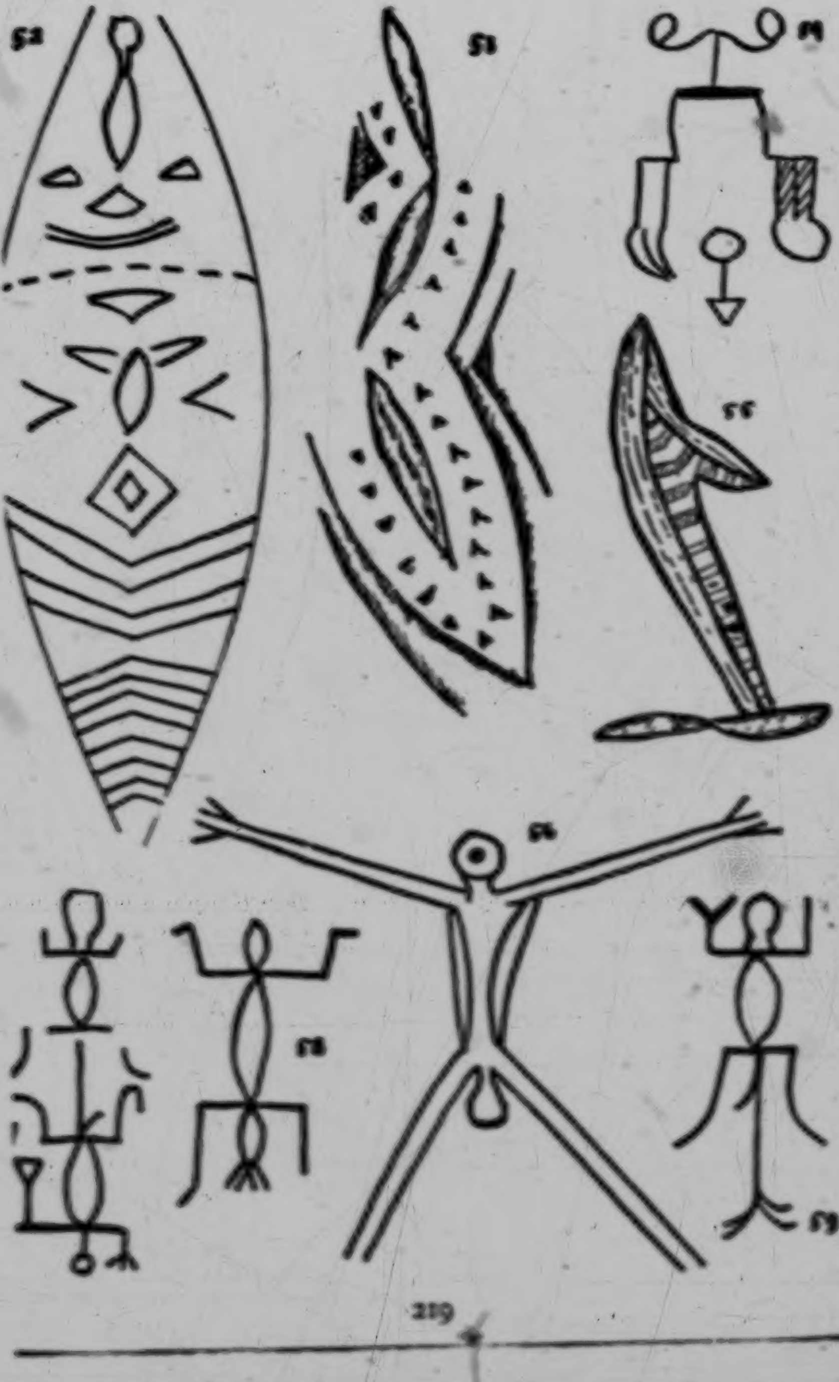
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For NATIVE TERMS only such references are given as may serve to explain or translate them. This index may thus be employed as a GLOSSARY.

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